MODERN SCREEN

VEMBER

10

ENTS

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IDELL

ILL BETTE DAVIS MARRY GEORGE BRENT OR HER "EX"?

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A thrilling new enchantment is brought to you by Irresistible RED OAK make-up . . . whose rich shade was created to bring out the beauty of your coloring and match your fall and winter costumes! — Wear it with green—it's dramatic! Wear it with brown—it's exotic! Wear it with black—it's exciting!

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Don't let this happen to *you!* Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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OCT 16 1939



Regina Cannon
Editor

Lois Svensrud
Hollywood Editor

Abril Lamarque
Art Editor

MODERN SCREEN

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SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay's lather seems different to me . . . for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!

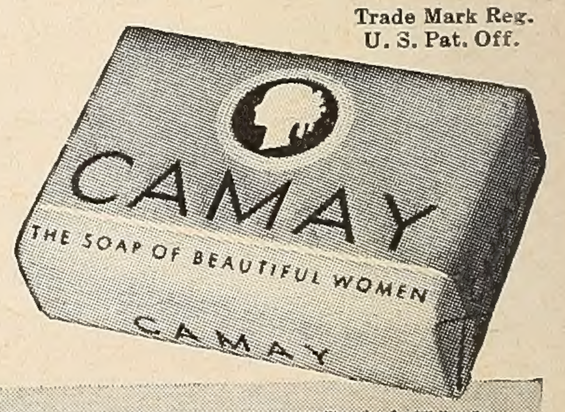
Middletown, Ohio
August 1, 1939

(*Signed*) HELEN ANDERSON
(*Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson*)

BEAUTY—ROMANCE! When a girl has *both*—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help *you!*"

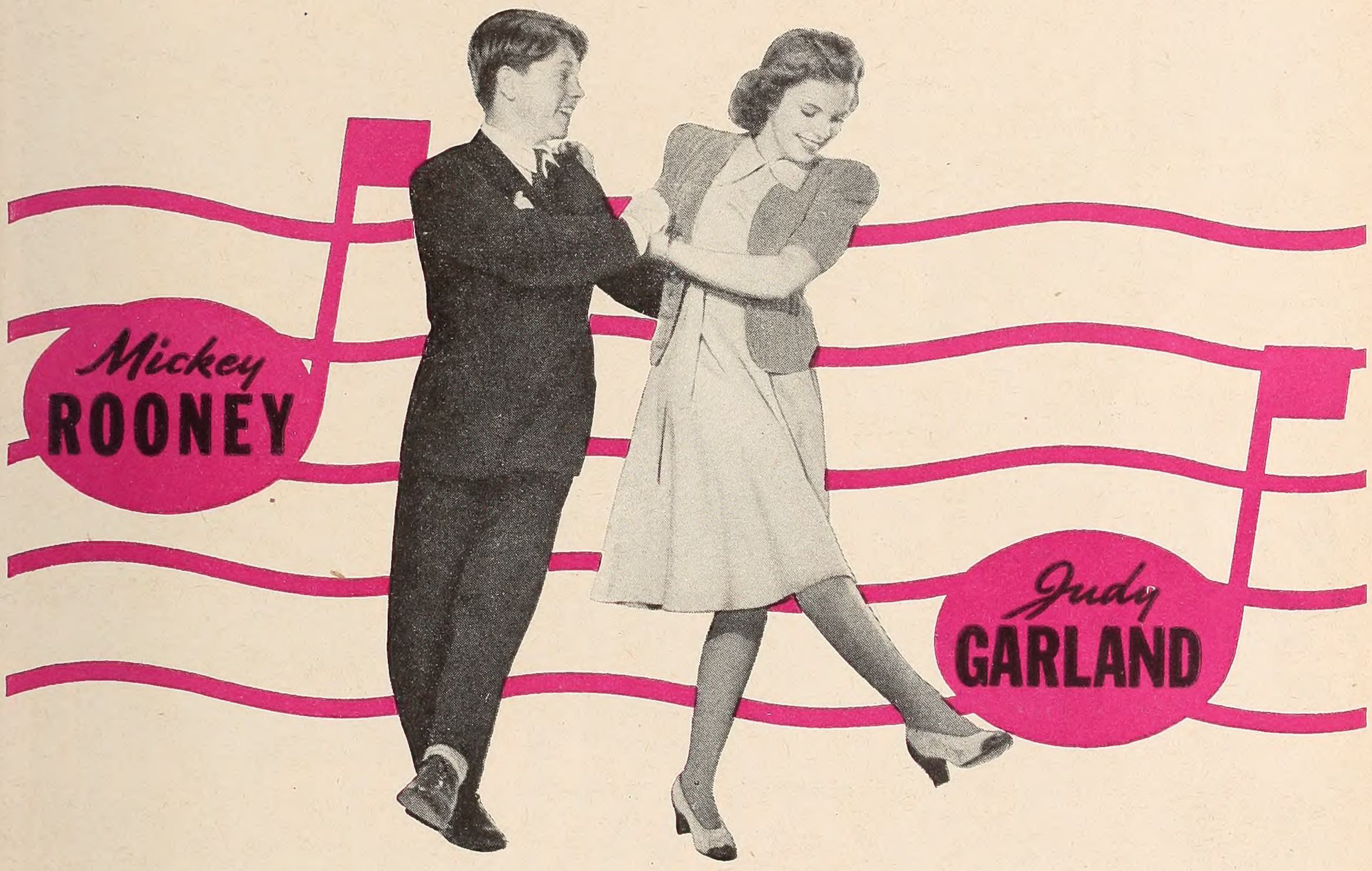
Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of *thoroughness* with *mildness.* It gets skin completely clean... is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay proved definitely *milder!* Try Camay for your beauty *bath,* too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

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A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"



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with CHARLES WINNINGER · GUY KIBBEE
JUNE PREISSER · GRACE HAYES · BETTY
JAYNES · DOUGLAS McPHAIL · RAND
BROOKS · LENI LYNN · JOHN SHEFFIELD

Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper.
Directed by Busby Berkeley · *Produced by* Arthur Freed

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

. . . and the best of music! Hear:
"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg, "GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.



You'll see Shirley in "Unexpected Father" with the adorable Baby Sandy.



ANOTHER SHIRLEY

Her name is Ross, and when it comes to talent, she is right in there gaily singing

BY HUGH ROBERTS

SHIRLEY ROSS, after five years in the land of stars, is at last coming into her own cinematically.

Three years at a major studio didn't help further Shirley's career, but as she said, "I didn't do much in pictures, but I learned a *grand* game of golf!" And, after two years at her present employer's emporium, Shirley has at last the opportunity to make fans Ross conscious.

Smartly attired and looking more the pet model of some French coutourier, than the excellent comedienne she is, Shirley laughed as she confessed her weakness, "Now don't let me tell you the story of my life! Once I'm off on *that*, I'm good for a couple of hours at least. I love to talk, so if I get wound up just give me a poke under the table and change the subject.

"Y'know," she continued in a strictly confidential vein, "I just can't seem to get my pictures in these movie magazines. Do you suppose they're as bad as I sometimes think? Of course, my eyes may be too big for pictures," she chided, "but I'm not silly enough to use it for an excuse!"

Reticent though she admits herself to be, we managed, with one little question, to get Shirley started on her early training. For, a gal who was born in Omaha and reared in the sunny climes of California, needs a little schooling to combat the elements!

"All my life," Shirley confessed, "I'd wanted to go to a small school where you do the things that make college life fun. But, not me! I end up at U.C.L.A. where there're about seven thousand other inmates!

"As a result, I lost interest and played hooky. I'd fixed myself up with courses in music that I knew backwards. All I had to do to pass the course was take examinations. When I cut classes, I'd look for a job. I finally landed one, on a commission basis, at the Roosevelt Hotel. Some weeks I'd get a dollar seventy-five, but often it was 'thanks for the memory!' I'll never forget Gus Arnheim. He played there at the time.

"He doesn't have an orchestra regularly any more. But, each time the Orange Festival rolls around, they call Gus. He gets fourteen quick men on the phone, and leads his band! Gee, I'll never forget those days. That was when Mother thought of nothing but my becoming a concert pianist. And me at the Roosevelt! What a shock when she found out!

"*Her* baby entertaining in a night spot? *Unthinkable!* But, little Shirley had the fire of ambition burning in her soul. So much so, in fact, that I had visions of playing before great audiences whose applause was deafening at the close of each of my dream concerts. Wasn't long before I realized what a tough job I'd chosen. The thing that *did it* was one night when the orchestra (*Continued on page* 73)

A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!

America at its maddest! America at its merriest . . .

the land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday

of the hotcha — *the shock-crammed days*

G-Men took ten whole years to lick!

By far the biggest of all

Jimmy's big hits!

JAMES CAGNEY · PRISCILLA LANE

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!



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HUMPHREY BOGART · GLADYS GEORGE

FRANK McHUGH · JEFFREY LYNN · PAUL KELLY

Directed by Raoul Walsh

Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen

From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger

MOVIE REVIEWS

BY LOIS SVENSRUD



★★★ Golden Boy

"Golden Boy" rates raves on several counts. Besides action and suspense to recommend the story, it has a stirring and heart-warming philosophy that will provide food for thought long after the picture has faded from the screen. First and foremost credit is deserved by Bill Holden, the widely publicized "Golden Boy" who here makes his screen debut.

His acting has strength and sincerity, and the versatility shown in his characterization of the boy, who is torn between a love of music and the desire for fame and fortune, should mark Bill Holden as the "find" of the year. A truly beautiful performance is that of Lee J. Cobb, as the boy's father. Rarely indeed does a movie audience have the opportunity to see such fine acting as Mr. Cobb's. Then there is Barbara Stanwyck, who is perfectly cast, and the sympathetic insight which she brings to the role makes it a standout.

Adolphe Menjou, as a fight manager, is very good. Joseph Calleia's performance could have been improved by some judicious soft-pedalling. Except for the abrupt ending which is somewhat unbelievable, the picture is very good film entertainment. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.—*Columbia.*

(Additional data on Wm. Holden on page 12)



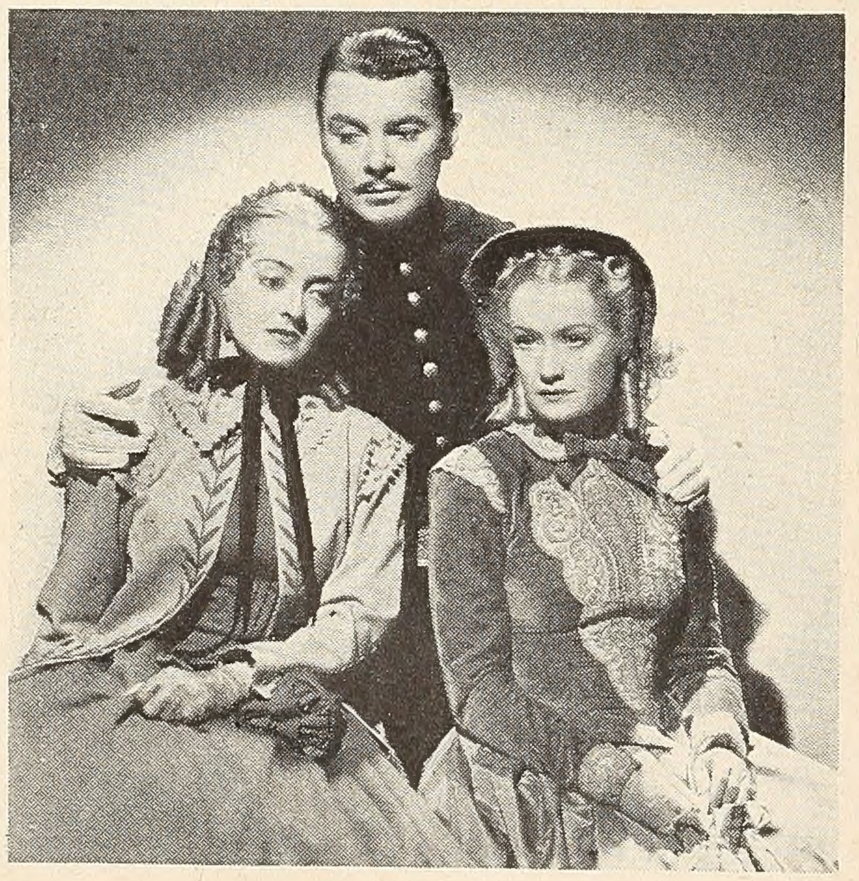
★★★ The Wizard of Oz

Audiences will fall under the spell of "The Wizard of Oz" just as does Dorothy, the heroine of this story, when a Kansas tornado blows her into the wonderful land of Oz. Remarkable technical effects and beautiful photography create an air of sheer magic throughout the picture.

Judy Garland, as the Kansas farm girl whose adventures have been enjoyed by two generations of "Oz" readers, makes a thoroughly believable and lovable "Dorothy." The good and beautiful fairy queen is well characterized by Billie Burke, while the loathsome old Witch is expertly done by Margaret Hamilton. Dorothy's pals, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion—are played by Ray Bolger, Jack Haley and Bert Lahr. So sympathetic are the portrayals that when the Scarecrow finally gets a brain, the Tin Woodman a heart, and the Lion gets over his timidity, there's rejoicing by everyone in the audience. Bert Lahr's performance of the King of Beasts is the highlight of the picture. Others in the cast who give excellent accounts of themselves are Frank Morgan, as the Wizard, Charley Grapewin and Clara Blandick as Dorothy's aunt and uncle.

The entertainment value is due not only to clever handling of the fantasy but also to the heart-warming aspects of the story. Directed by Victor Fleming.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(Ray Bolger biography appears on page 12)



★★★ The Old Maid

Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins with the assistance of Jane Bryan, George Brent, Donald Crisp and Louise Fazenda turn this picture into a memorable account of a family tragedy during the Civil War era, and each performance is praiseworthy.

Fans will applaud the transition made by Bette Davis from the gay, light-hearted girl into a sharp and critical old maid, but Miriam Hopkins comes in a close second on the acting honors. The Hopkins performance, with Academy Award winner Davis for competition, is never overshadowed and she gives depth to a difficult role. The story concerns the lives of the unwed mother (Bette Davis), known to her child as "Aunt Charlotte," her sister (Miriam Hopkins) who loves the child because she's the daughter of her spurned lover, and the subsequent turmoil caused in the life of the child. Jane Bryan gives an interpretation of her role that is well-nigh perfection.

George Brent, in the romantic lead opposite Bette Davis, has little opportunity for his usual good acting. Donald Crisp is splendid as the family doctor, counselor and friend. James Stephenson, Jerome Cowan, William Lundigan and Cecilia Loftus complete the cast. Edmund Goulding directed.—*Warners.* (*Cont'd on page 15*)

(More about Jane Bryan on page 12)

LADY ESTHER SAYS—



"To keep your Accent on Youth— Join this Revolt aqainst Heavy, Waxy Creams!"



Go get the facts and you'll never use a *heavy* cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!



Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older than you really are?* Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.



The speed of life today puts *new demands* upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.



Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself *"young skin care"*—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for *you?*

Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

ARE YOU sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there*...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams —Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

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FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

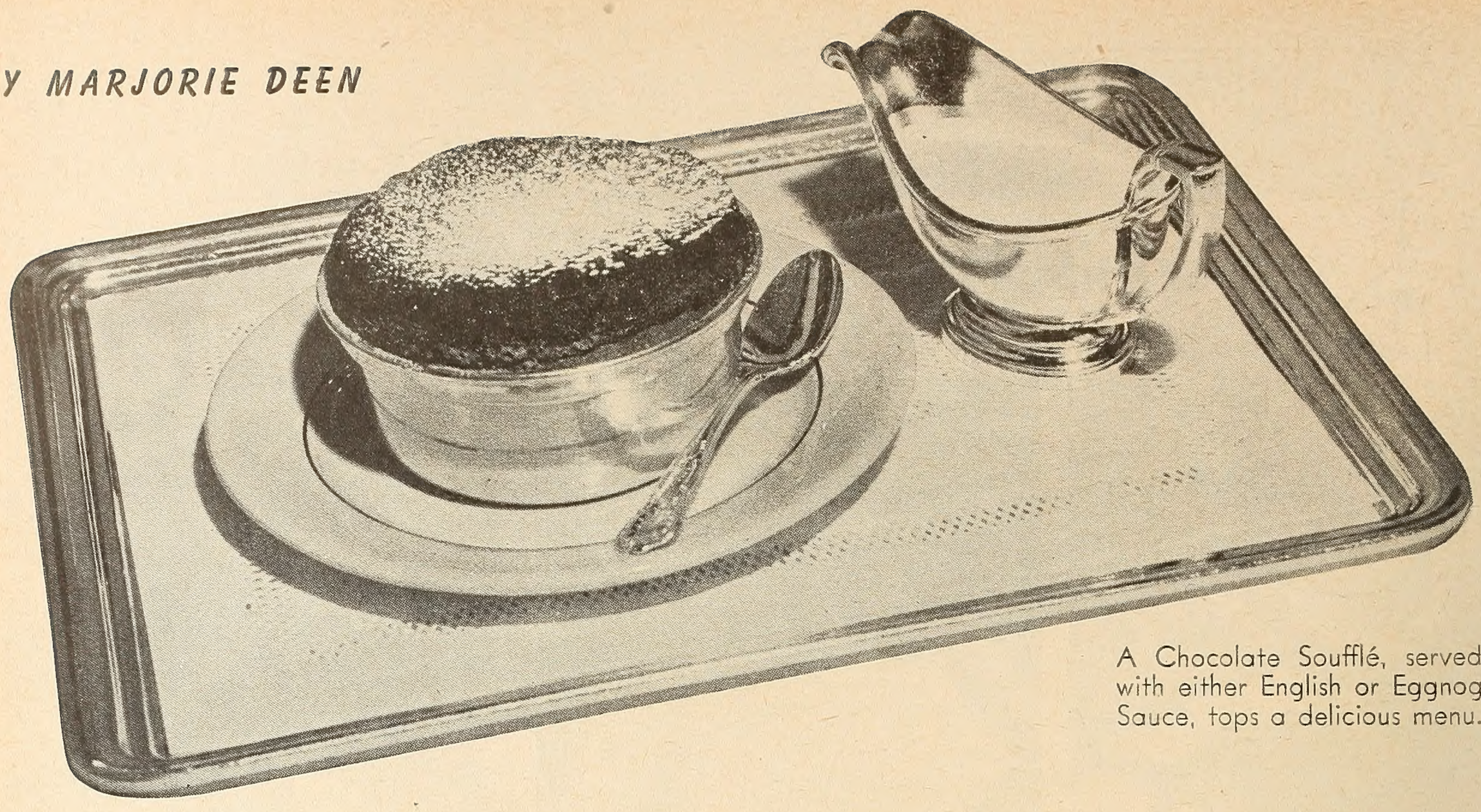
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BY MARJORIE DEEN

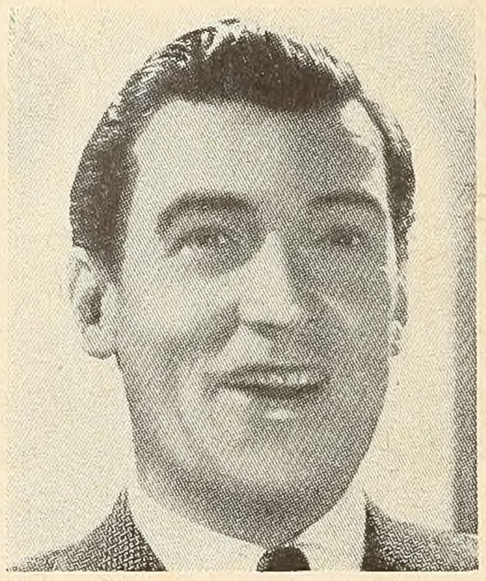


A Chocolate Soufflé, served with either English or Eggnog Sauce, tops a delicious menu.

DINING-GOTHAM STYLE

TIME was when the editor of a department such as this—dealing as it does with the favorite dishes of movie celebrities—concerned herself not at all with culinary specialties prepared anywhere east of the California State Line. But, so air-minded have our cinema stars become that the flight from west to east coast and back again is looked upon as a fine jaunt for a week-end. And, as a result, their tastes as well as their travels must be viewed from a more national angle.

Most debonair of these recent New York visitors was Walter Pidgeon, who as is his custom I understand, arrived without benefit of press agent, registered in at the Hotel Gotham and proceeded to do the town. Doubtless the fact this Fifth Avenue hostelry is the headquarters of the British Club is one important reason why Canadian-born, English appearing, Mr. Pidgeon chooses to stay there while in Manhattan. But to the Gotham's steward and chef should go some of the credit—as you will agree after tasting some of the same things that Walter ordered and enjoyed while there.



Walter Pidgeon is a fine food connoisseur.

However, unlike our star, you will not have to pack an airplane bag, nor become a visiting Gothamite, in order to enjoy these extra-special foods. Not that that wouldn't be a fine idea but most of us would also like to know how to prepare these tempting dishes in our own homes for our own "star boarders." So, on page 78, you will find recipes for menu delights which not only have had Mr. Pidgeon's enthusiastic endorsement, but also can boast of that certain indefinable something which suggests their chef-inspired origin.

Because so many dishes owe so much of their distinction to the sauces that accompany them, I'm glad to say that these are an important feature of every dish given here for you to try. As a result of leading questions as to just what Walter Pidgeon liked with fish, on salads, with vegetables, with meats and as accompaniment to a dessert, note the menu below, which incorporates the Pidgeon favorites.

Does it sound too dressy, too difficult for your modest capabilities? Not a bit of it. Starting off with the first course there is, on our recipe page, a Cocktail Sauce—highly seasoned as it should be and served icy cold over a suggested combination of oysters, shrimps and crab meat. Even those of you who live inland can start your meal in this fine fashion, you know, by using canned and quick-frozen sea foods.

The main course dish derives its inspiration and name from the Gotham's Swiss Grill. Note the suggestion of adding Hollandaise at the very last of this recipe. This is not strictly necessary, I discovered, when I tried it both with and without. However, I was glad to learn how chefs make their Hollandaise—a sauce which is a terror for most housewives! But it goes so well with so many things that you really should know how to make it too. You'll notice it is also called for as a cauliflower accompaniment—in fact the maitre d'hotel assured me that they wouldn't think of serving cauliflower without a side-order of this golden dressing.

The Lorenzo salad dressing that goes with the Mixed Greens is nothing but a novel version of familiar French Dressing; but a mighty fine one it is! Use it not once but all year, with this particular combination and with others.

Finally we come to the dessert and here, with this delectable Chocolate Soufflé, two sauces are given.

Haven't you often wanted to know how to make a really successful sweet soufflé? Well, here you have easy directions right from the large and efficient kitchens of a Fifth Avenue hotel. Small wonder that I feel safe in predicting that you will be as enthusiastic over this and the various other items on the menu as was the popular star whose food tastes we are featuring—and applauding!

GOTHAM DINNER
Sea Food Cocktail
Veal à la Suisse
Parsley Potato Balls Cauliflower, Hollandaise
Mixed Green Salad, Lorenzo Dressing
Chocolate Soufflé, Sauce Speciale
Coffee

Turn to page 78 for recipes for Walter Pidgeon's favorites.

Flash! Walter Pidgeon heads east to enjoy a delectable New York dinner

OUR MOVIE QUIZ

(Answers on page 93)

1. Who portrayed the role of Beau Geste in the old film version of the same name?
2. What does the F. in Darryl F. Zanuck's name stand for?
3. What movie columnist terminates her column with, "That's all for today. See you tomorrow?"
4. What picture is constructed around the life of Gus Edwards?
5. What player used to work in a department store and behind a soda fountain before Hollywood noticed her?
6. Whose father is a famous band leader and composer?
7. What famous character actress recently celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday?
8. Who is responsible for entrusting a highly important role to an ex-college student without any screen experience?
9. What is the name of the irrepressible pooch appearing in the "Blondie" series?
10. Who was introduced to America in "Wings of the Morning?"
11. What actor was involved in a wife and husband swap?
12. In which production did Marlene Dietrich first attract Hollywood's attention?
13. What actor is always associated with the town, Waukegan, Ill.?
14. What picture has one of its characters spending most of his time up an apple tree?
15. What is the name of Gene Autry's horse?
16. Which stars were the first to return from Europe on the Dixie Clipper?
17. Which glamorous star now finds herself in a western?
18. What young star is said to be secretly married to an assistant director?
19. What actress, who once shared an apartment with Hedy Lamarr, has at last gotten a break?
20. In what picture was it necessary to produce rain similar to India's?
21. Who was once known as "Ukulele Ike?"
22. Guess who's below—before glamor set in? You'll be surprised!



I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!



Wednesday, September 6th



We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

Thursday, September 7th



I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take *all* the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27th



Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

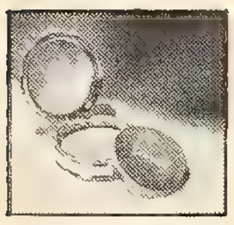
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.

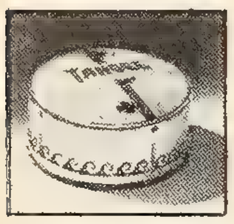


Instead of coating your lips with greasy artificial paint, Tangee uses the natural tint of your lips as a base. Orange in the stick, it actually changes when applied, to the shade of rose or red most becoming to you —gives you the warm, soft, alluring lips Nature meant you to have.

Try Tangee today. See in your own mirror what smooth, tempting loveliness Tangee—and only Tangee—can give.



Your Own Shade of Rouge—Tangee Rouge matches the color of Tangee Lipstick and actually seems to give your cheeks a natural blush.



Powder—with an *Underglow*—Tangee Powder, too, contains Tangee's color change principle . . . seems to give your skin a delicate "underglow."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one TANGEE. Don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Try Tangee Theatrical, too, for special occasions. Its creamy smoothness gives your lips daring, exciting color—yet never looks "painted."

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ MM119



Here are the biographies of the stars whose pictures



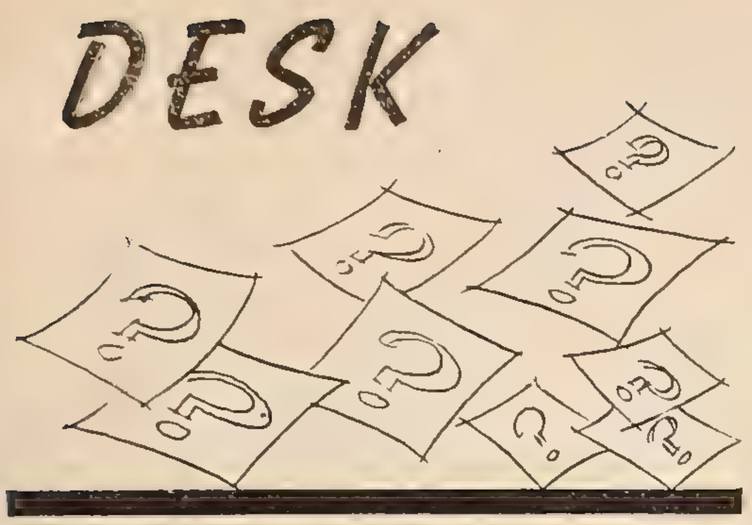
WILLIAM HOLDEN: Yesterday he was a college student, and today he is a star. To go back some, Bill was born in O'Fallon, Ill., on April 17th, 1918, of non-professional parents. His family moved to California when Bill was a small child. Here the boy attended public and high schools with a dramatic career in view. Upon graduation from high school, Bill registered at the Pasadena Junior College where he studied dramatics and various other courses, carrying off nearly all the honors in his class. While attending college, he became interested in the Pasadena Community Playhouse and appeared in several amateur plays. At school he received an assignment as the senior Curie in a play called "Manya." This producton was quite successful and so three of the "Manya" players were asked to take screen tests. Holden was one of the three. About this time, Director Mamoulian was searching for the "Golden Boy" for his picture of the year and, while going through thousands of screen tests, came across Holden's. He immediately sent for him, gave him another test and the contract soon followed. Strangely enough, Bill knew of the year-long quest for the "Golden Boy" but, modest as he was, he felt he couldn't make the grade. Surprisingly, William can both play the violin and box—a hoped-for qualification for the "Golden Boy" role. He resides in California with his parents and two younger brothers. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His favorite dish is anything his mother cooks, and his most prized possession is a clipping from a college paper with his picture and a little story about him as being in line for a great future as an athlete. Address him at Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal. See the review of "Golden Boy" on page 8.



JANE BRYAN: Jane is one of those destiny girls who had fame thrust upon her. Her real name is Jane O'Brien—a name which she changed for picture purposes—and she was born — of all places — in Hollywood, California, on June 11th, 1918. Her father is an eminent attorney and, oddly enough, there is nothing at all in her family background to indicate the strong predilection for the stage which she showed from school days. Jane was educated in grammar school, then Marymount Convent and University High. Her yen for the stage cropped up during her schooldays when she played her first role of Puck in "A Midsummer's Night's Dream." And, before long, Old Lady Fate led her toward the stage. She joined Jean Muir's Theatre Workshop in Los Angeles and learned all the essentials there. The Bryan gal immediately showed unusual acting ability and later was awarded the feminine lead in the stage play, "Green Grow The Lilacs." Her appearance in this brought her immediate success and a nice movie contract. Since her screen career has begun, Jane credits Bette Davis as being the most helpful person around the studio to coach her in acting and screen technique. She also feels that the training she got at Jean Muir's little theatre is wholly responsible for her instant success. Jane keeps her perfcct figure by playing tennis and badminton, and she likes to go to polo matches and champion tennis matches, but abhors prize fights. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirteen pounds, has grey eyes and light brown hair. Her hobby is reading books and she has a huge library of her own which she is very proud of. Jane is now currently appearing in "The Old Maid" with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins and George Brent. You can write her in care of Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal. You'll find a review of "The Old Maid" on page 8.



RAY BOLGER: He started out to conquer the world with vacuum sweepers, but his ability as a salesman was hampered by his awkwardness. Ray was born in Boston, Mass., January tenth, and as an infant showed rhythm in his feet. He was educated at the Oliver Holmes grade school and the Dorchester High School and, during his childhood, showed decided ability in dancing. He made the street corner his stage and the passersby his audience. After his school years, he found employment in insurance offices and banks. Then he got a job dusting the studio of a ballet master. Before long, he tired of the latter job and started to peddle vacuum sweepers to the farmers of Maine. However, his feet would not behave, so he went into traveling repertory with Bob Ott, specializing in ballet and tap dancing. He was a tremendous hit in the small industrial towns, and later decided to go into vaudeville with a member of the Ott company. They organized an act called "A Pair Of Nifties" and got bookings in all of the favorite night clubs. His real break came in 1934 when he substituted for Bert Lahr in "Life Begins At 8:30." That led him to the movies. He's appeared in "Yours And Mine," "Hats In The Air," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Rosalie" and is currently appearing in "The Wizard of Oz." Ray Bolger is over six feet tall, thin and has sandy hair. He is modest as he is talented. Ray not only dances all day long at the studio, but he then takes a busman's holiday and spends the evening dancing with his wife, for fun, of course. Ray's favorite sport is golf and he also plays the guitar and sings. He's been happily married for eleven years and answers to the nickname of "rubber-legs." He isn't particularly interested in clothes, and would just as soon buy them in Hollywood or any other place. Write him at M-G-M, Culver City, Cal. See the review of "The Wizard of Oz" on page 8.



are reviewed for you

Leslie Lambert, Hollywood, Cal. Vera Zorina is now appearing in "On Your Toes" and dances to the choreography of her husband, George Ballanchine.

Sylvia Warren, Buffalo, N. Y. Gloria Jean's history is short. She was born in Buffalo, New York, where her father was a welding instructor. Gloria was reared in Scranton, Pa., where her father became a piano salesman. She attended public schools in that city. She has three sisters—Nancy Ann, Sally and Lois, who is Gloria's stand-in. Her theatrical experience amounts to a few "local talent" shows in Scranton, Pa. Deanna Durbin is her idol. No doubt, you have enjoyed seeing her in "The Underpup," in which she makes her debut. You can write her in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Robert Stutz, Marion, Ind. Spencer Tracy portrays the role of Major Robert Rogers in "Northwest Passage." In it he sings his first song since "Captains Courageous."

Sarah Peterson, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Bob Steele's real name is Robert Bradbury and he was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906. He isn't as tall as you might think, measuring 5 feet 10 inches in his stocking feet. Nice and slim at 158 pounds, he has blue eyes of the twinkling type and brown hair.

Milton Boroff, Mountaindale, N. Y. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City on a Friday, the 13th. When she was a year old her parents moved to Santa Barbara, Calif., then to Los Angeles, and then to Denver. Her early education was received in convents. Later she attended Miss Fuller's school at Ossining and from there went to the Cathedral School in Garden City, L. I. She began to have a leaning toward the theatre. By a lucky chance she secured the role of the "Player Queen," which was a New York success. Then came the movies. Her last picture was "In Name Only," with Cary Grant and Carole Lombard. Address her at RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. And so, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—



EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing . . .yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* More business girls—more women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business . . . in love . . . guard your charm!

MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD



Important to You —

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



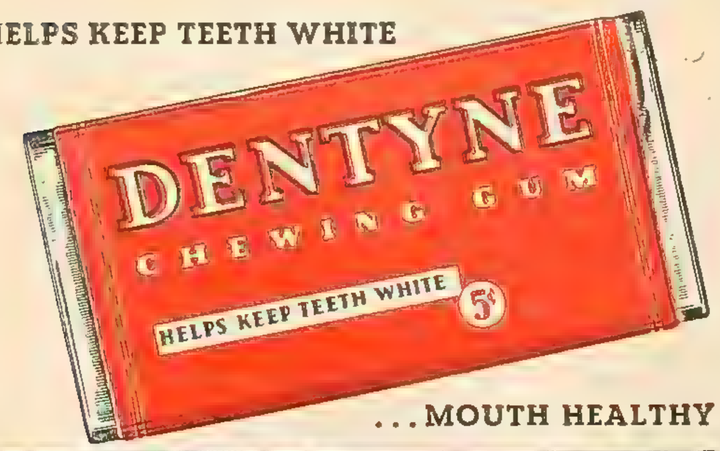
First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby.

"We moderns have lazy mouths!" he declared. "Our teeth get no real exercise on soft, modern foods. We all need Dentyne!

"Yes sir—Dentyne's special firmness provides the tough chewing we *need!* Stimulates active circulation of the blood in oral tissues. Helps the gums keep firm and healthy. Also—it flushes the teeth with an increased flow of saliva—and polishes them by gentle friction. Great gum, Dentyne!"

I started the Dentyne habit then and there! It's fine for my teeth. And that flavor's delightful! "Sugar and spice"—a rich, tempting spiciness that takes your taste by storm. Always fresh and luscious. Notice how handily Dentyne's flat package fits into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today. It's great!

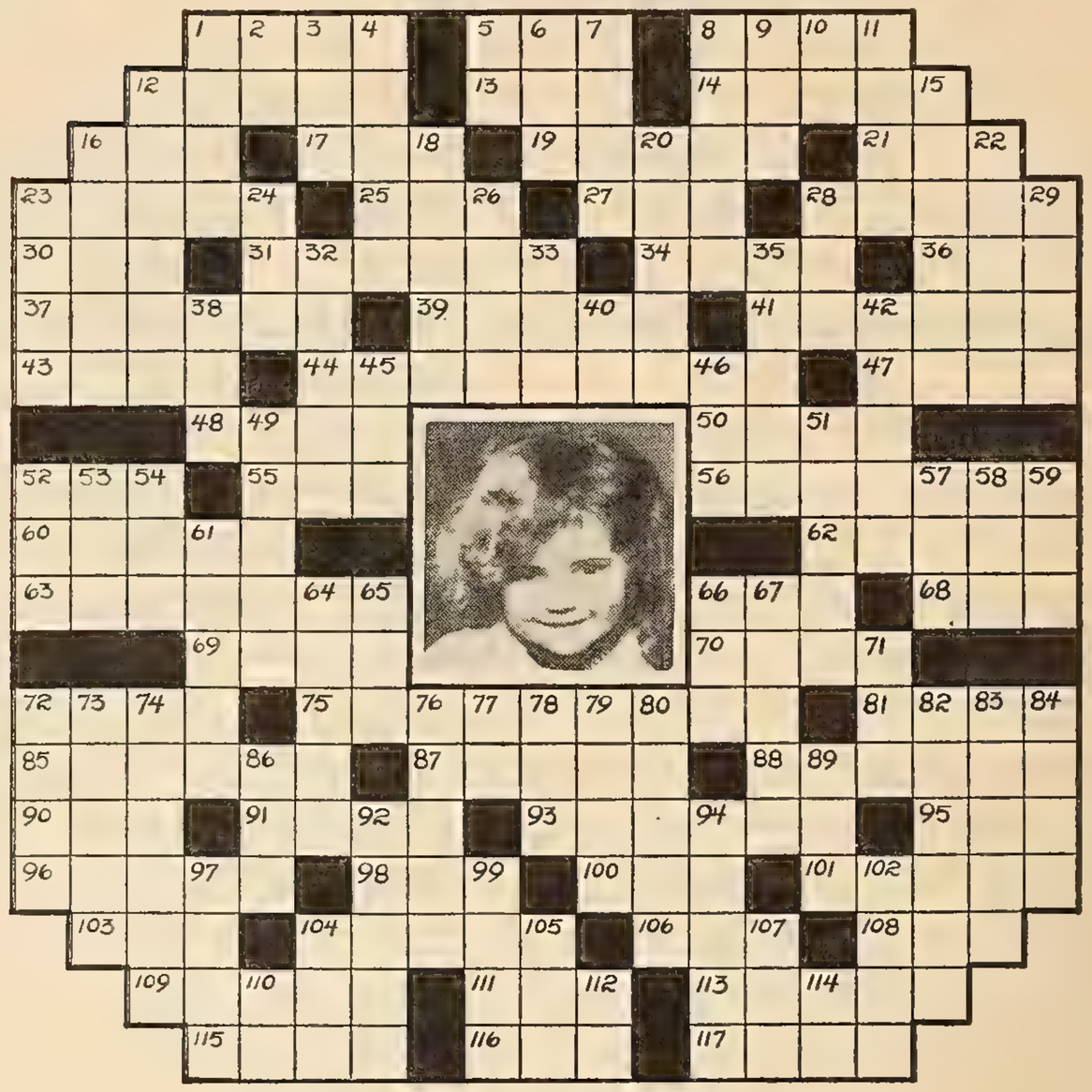
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 92

ACROSS

1. Star of "The Chicken Wagon Family"
5. The star pictured played in "- - - z"
8. One of the "Daughters Courageous"
12. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
13. "Fast - - - Loose"
14. Ventriloquist in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man"
16. Afternoon party
17. "Dinner At - - - Ritz"
19. Heroine in "The Gorilla"
21. Motion picture stage
23. "Blondie"
25. H---an Bing, comedian
27. Exist
28. Stern
30. Place of dwelling
31. Merited
34. Deanna sings this
36. Exclamation of amazement: colloq.
37. Directs
39. Choose
41. Leaped
43. Gaelic
44. Without flavor
47. Busy insects
48. A short jacket
50. Comic in "Unexpected Father"
52. Lair
55. "Wings Of The M - - - ing" starred 75 across
56. He's in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
60. Use
62. She's in "It's A Wonderful World"
63. Heroine in "The Man in the Iron Mask"
66. Hawaiian dish
68. Dead-pan comic
69. "Let - - - - dom Ring"
70. God of war
72. With John Garfield in "Dust Be My Destiny"
75. Lovely star pictured above
81. Held
85. Worships
87. - - - - - Borden
88. Opposite "Lady of the Tropics"
90. Conjunction
91. Ogle
93. "Bachelor Mother"
95. Is indebted for
96. Shirley Temple's birthmonth
98. One of the "Little Women" played by Joan Bennett
100. He roars for M-G-M
101. Wigwam
103. Metal
104. "- - - - - Of The Lonesome Pine"
106. Bobby Breen's producer: - - - Lesser
108. Ever: poet.
109. Pilfer
111. Row of church seats
113. Heroine in "The Sun Never Sets"
115. Gown designer for Warners
116. Visualize
117. Desires

DOWN

1. Comedienne in "Good Girls Go To Paris"
2. Article
3. Dumb comic in "Calling Dr. Kildare"
4. Atmosphere
5. "It": abbr.
6. She's in "On Borrowed Time"
7. Sonja's aunt in "Second Fiddle"
8. Star of "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation"
9. Girl's name
10. Initials of the star who played "Camille"
11. Point of the compass
12. Male lead in "Unexpected Father"
15. Star of "Code of the Secret Service"
16. Trend
18. Sea eagles
20. Angry
22. He's in "Tailspin Tommy"
23. Ronald Reagan smokes one
24. Nevertheless
26. Dwindle away
28. Juice of a plant
29. Barrels
32. Beauty in "Midnight"
33. Heroine in "Coast Guard"
35. Send out
38. By birth
40. Wife of Clark Gable: init.
42. More unusual
45. Our star's real name: Suz - - - e Charpentier
46. Salt
49. Star of the Charlie Chan series
51. Rochester in "Man About Town"
52. Small portion
53. - - - Arden
54. Femme lead in "The Underpup"
57. Sped
58. Piece out
59. Our star was in "Under The - - - Robe"
61. Deduce
64. Annoy
65. Number
66. Friend
67. Make a speech
71. Heaven
72. Glamor girl: - - - - Turner
73. Take as one's own
74. Male lead in "The Gorilla"
76. One of "The Women"
77. 75 across was in Brid--Suite"
78. Large
79. Bad
80. Unaspirated consonants
82. Fled
83. He recently married our star
84. Woody plant
86. Measure of length
89. Craft
92. Soon
94. Walt Disney's comic dog star
97. Preposition
99. Yelps
102. Slippery fish
104. Sailor
105. "Fixer Dugan"
107. Tell a falsehood
110. Hesitating word
112. Personal pronoun
114. Printer's type

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★★ Nurse Edith Cavell

A powerful message against war and hatred, "Nurse Edith Cavell" is a timely and engrossing picture offering. Anna Neagle, the English star, portrays Nurse Cavell in a beautiful manner. The characterization is noteworthy for the understanding with which Miss Neagle has invested the role of the calmly courageous nurse.

Important roles are taken by May Robson and Edna May Oliver. As two women who aid Nurse Cavell in her "underground railway" service for getting wounded soldiers out of the country, they give excellent accounts of themselves. Another worker for the cause is Zasu Pitts, a Belgium woman who runs a river barge and is able to sneak soldiers across the frontier. As always, Zasu Pitts leaves little to be desired in the way she tackles an assignment. Producer-director Wilcox has managed to make every character credible, even to the minor roles. Noteworthy is the performance of Rex Downing, who plays the grandson of May Robson and who is called upon to testify at the trial of Nurse Cavell. Lionel Royce, as the German official who is responsible for the unjust proceedings, makes his role a stand-out, and George Sanders, H. B. Warner, Mary Howard and Sophie Stewart are also highly commendable.

The fact that the story is based on actual events adds to the tremendous suspense of the picture. From the opening sequence through the inevitable death scene of Nurse Cavell, every audience will be spellbound with the picturization of the unnecessary brutalities of war. Again the director is to be commended for the sympathetic characteristics which some of the enemy soldiers show and which brings a genuinely humanitarian note to the picture. Directed by Herbert Wilcox—*RKO*.

★★★ Fifth Avenue Girl

"Fifth Avenue Girl" is commendable screen fare, but it doesn't come up to the grand entertainment afforded by Ginger Rogers' "Bachelor Mother." Director Gregory La Cava has gone to great pains to contrast the trials and tribulations of today's poverty-stricken and ultra-wealthy classes. The result is a story that provides considerable food for thought as well as many hilarious moments. But the clever situations and brisk dialogue, which get the picture off to a spirited start, give way to trite sequences that make the story pall long before the climax.

This is in no way the fault of Ginger Rogers or Walter Connolly, however. They give excellent characterizations, with Ginger in the role of a girl down to her last five dollars, who is befriended by Millionaire Walter Connolly. Though he's been able to provide them with all the comforts of life, Connolly's family regard him as pretty dumb. So the astute gentleman takes good-natured Ginger Rogers into his home to show up his spoiled wife (Verree Teasdale), his daughter (Kathryn Adams) and his polo-playing son (Tim Holt). Another important character is the chauffeur (James Ellison) who loathes the possessions of the rich, but finally decamps with the daughter of the house. With

Young "Lovelie" of 1939 says—

"Pond's New Rosy Powders are Divinely Romantic"



New Rose Shades are "Glare-Proof"... shine-resistant ...because they reflect only the softer rays

DEBUTANTE "lovelies" are giving half the credit to Pond's new rosy "Glare-Proof" powders! Even under bright lights, over their after-the-dance bacon and eggs, clever debs can still look heartbreakingly sweet and romantic—with one of these new rosy shades.

Pond's Rose shades reflect only the softer, pinker rays . . . lighten hard shadows...combat unromantic "shine."

See if one of these more flattering, shine-resistant rose shades doesn't increase *your* glamour—make you look more fragile, more thrilling!

Send for free samples today of Pond's 3 glamorous, shine-resistant Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream, Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PL, Clinton, Conn.



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the exception of Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly and Franklin Pangborn, as the butler, the performances are really only passing fair. Directed by Gregory La Cava—*RKO.*

★★★ Sherlock Holmes

Guaranteed—not one dull moment! This latest picturization of Sleuth Holmes' activities has enough thrills, chills and suspense to satisfy the most avid mystery-story fiend.

It's full of hokum—but such suavely presented hokum that any audience will take it and love it. The role of Holmes is again in the capable hands of Basil Rathbone, who seems to have such an elegant time himself snooping out incredible clues, that it would be an impossibility for any on-looker not to join in the spirit of the fun. Nigel Bruce as the blundering, jovial Dr. Watson is another happy choice. In the cast this time are also Ida Lupino, Alan Marshal and Terry Kilburn.

A murderous gentleman, George Zucco, determines to perpetrate a crime that will make Sherlock Holmes the laughing stock of London. Nothing could induce us to tell you the maniacal plans which Mr. Zucco conceives, but we can tell you this—he doesn't outwit the Holmes' super intelligence for very long. There's a romance, too, to give the customers their money's worth. Ida Lupino is the beautiful heroine who is shadowed by the fact that she will meet death any moment in the same gruesome manner which ended the lives of her father and brother. In short, "Sherlock Holmes" is a blood-curdler of the first order and mighty good entertainment—if you can take it! Directed by Alfred Werker—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Stanley and Livingstone

A powerful picture has been made by 20th Century-Fox from the famous story of Stanley and Livingstone. Spencer Tracy's portrayal of the reporter who is sent to find Livingstone ranks with the best screen performances of all time. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in the role of Livingstone, acquits himself admirably, while Henry Travers, Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan give highly commendable characterizations. Nancy Kelly, as the romantic interest in the story, has her best role to date and handles it with distinction. Richard Greene, as her fiancé and later her husband, is quite satisfactory.

No small part of the picture's interest lies in the authentic African background, which was photographed under the technical direction of Mrs. Martin Johnson. The matching of sequences filmed in Hollywood is so smoothly accomplished that one is never conscious of the technical tricks employed for the breath-taking effects.

From the time Tracy receives his assignment to track down Livingstone, the missionary who has disappeared into the Dark Continent, there is never a dull moment. The almost insuperable obstacles which are in the reporter's path, the final discovery of the missionary and the heart-breaking reaction of the public to Stanley's news on his return to England, make a story which is full of suspense and is completely engrossing. The deft handling of the spiritual quality of the picture is another strong point in its favor. Indeed, here is a picture that can be reissued time and again to everyone's complete satisfaction. Directed by Henry King.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Four Feathers

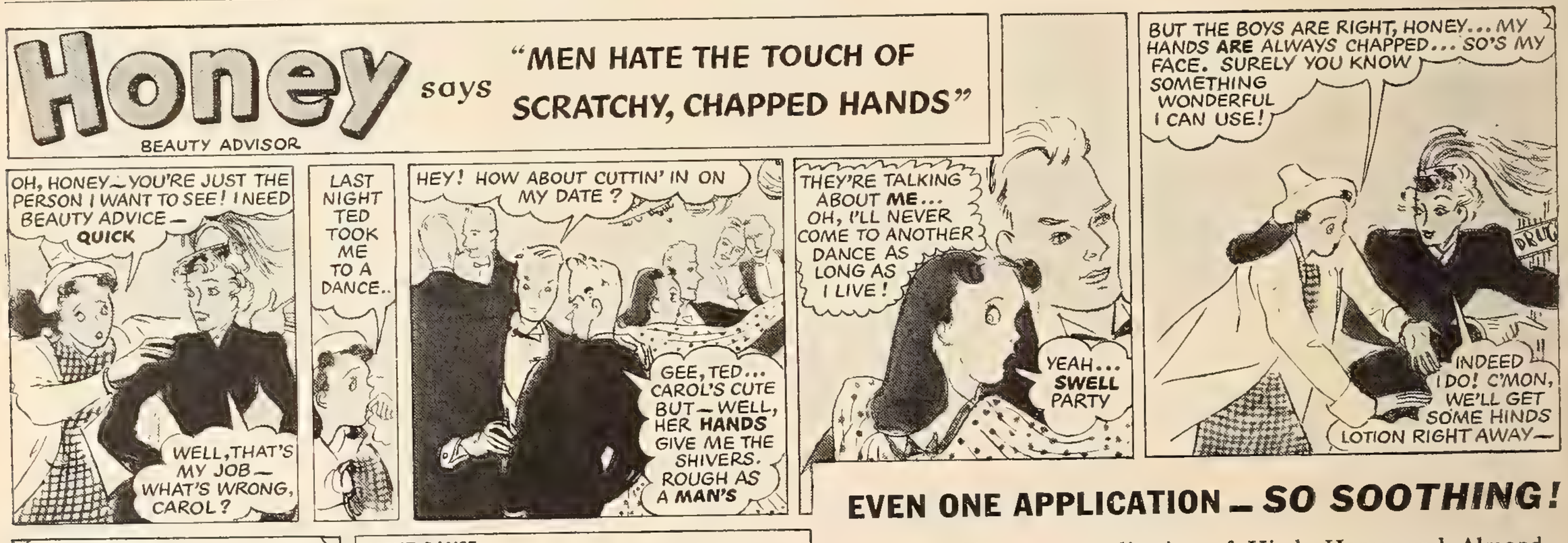
A colorful and engrossing story of high adventure, "Four Feathers" will find both young and old among its admirers. The picture was made in England and is a credit indeed to its producer, Alexander Korda, and Director Zolton Korda. Besides the intensely interesting story, a capable cast and beautiful photography are further recommendations for this film. Technicolor shots in this have not been surpassed by anything on the screen.

The story deals with Lord Kitchener's campaign to win back the Sudan for the Empire, and into that exciting bit of history has been woven the story of a young Englishman who is branded as a coward when he refuses to go with his regiment into the Sudan. His three pals each send him a white feather, and the fourth badge of cowardice is given him by the girl he had planned to marry. The young man then proceeds to prove his courage by going to Egypt, having himself branded so he can pass as a native and finally becoming the hero of Khartoum and the talk of London. The harrowing adventures which befall him as he makes the perilous trip to the Sudan keep audience interest at truly fever pitch.

In the cast are Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements and June Duprez. But there are thousands who perform in the battle scenes and in the remarkable action sequences along the Nile who deserve mention, also. A really stupendous moving-picture was undertaken here and the results are praiseworthy throughout. All in all, a swell evening's entertainment. Directed by Zolton Korda.—*United Artists.*

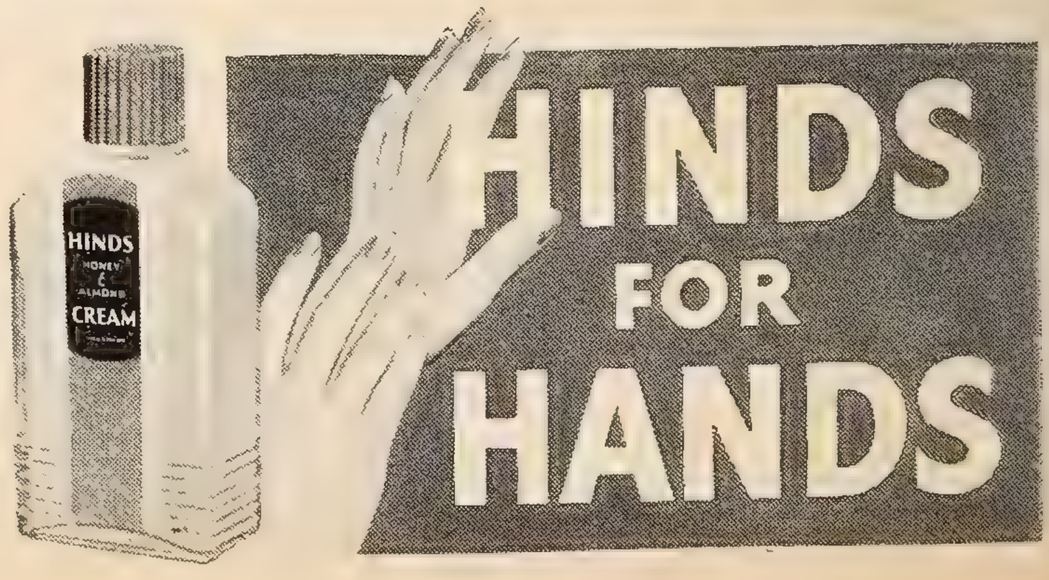
Honey says "MEN HATE THE TOUCH OF SCRATCHY, CHAPPED HANDS"

BEAUTY ADVISOR



EVEN ONE APPLICATION—SO SOOTHING!

YES! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps dry, chapped hands feel smoother. It's *extra-creamy, extra-softening!* Every soothing drop brings comfort to your work-abused skin. Coaxes back the dainty look-and-feel that harsh cleansers, hard water, cold weather, and housework take away. Makes hands look nicer, feel better *right away!* Now contains 2 vitamins—A and D. In 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, $1 sizes at toilet goods counters. New! Hinds Hand Cream. Ask for it too.



WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network Coast to Coast
First Show: 7:30-8:00 E. S. T.
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Chapping • Dryness
Roughness • Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

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★★★ Hotel for Women

There's plenty of pulchritude and lots of laughs to recommend "Hotel for Women." You may be unfamiliar with many of the names in the cast but having seen the picture you're not likely to forget the line-up of newcomers. First and foremost is Linda Darnell, whose screen debut is marked by an extraordinary performance. She's prettier'n the proverbial picture, too. There's Elsa Maxwell, who will never win any beauty contest but will garner many fans as a result of the excellent screen personality she shows in this picture. Then there are Jean Rogers, June Gale and Katharine Aldridge, all comparatively new faces to movie audiences, and each one of these girls gives a commendable account of herself. Lynn Bari has her best role to date and Ann Sothern gives another one of her swell performances. Jimmy Ellison is the lucky leading man in this bevy of beauties and handles the assignment nicely. But another gentleman in the cast, John Halliday, steals the acting honors in every scene in which he appears.

The interesting plot concerns a New York hotel where working girls live. The many types assembled under one roof and all their trials and tribulations make a lively, colorful and always entertaining story. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ In Name Only

Thanks to a capable cast, this picture has turned out to be passable entertainment in spite of the mediocre story. Supposedly based on that excellent novel, "Memory of Love," the script turns out to be something that its author would never recognize. But movie-goers won't have any trouble that way. From the first scene to the last it will be familiar —that old, old story of a man in love with another woman, a wife who doesn't understand him, and what to do, what to do!

Cary Grant is the gentleman in the case, Carole Lombard the girl he wants to make his wife and Kay Francis the woman who unfortunately already occupies that position. Cary Grant can always be depended upon to play the handsome hero with zest, and this role is no exception. Carole Lombard looks lovelier than ever and in several tensely dramatic scenes she rises to the occasion in a noteworthy manner. But we wish Miss Lombard would kick up her heels and have a swell time like she used to do in the good old days before she felt called upon to prove her versatility. Kay Francis draws a rather thankless role, but carries it off satisfactorily.

Helen Vinson, Charles Coburn, Katharine Alexander and Jonathan Hale are others in the cast worthy of comment. Directed by John Cromwell.—*RKO.*

★★★ Dust Be My Destiny

The melodramatics are laid on pretty thick in this picture, but it's good entertainment in spite of the heavy accent on tough prison life. Priscilla Lane comes through her first serious role showing definite acting talent, but John Garfield, still the cynical, embittered character, doesn't fulfill the promise he gave of great ability in earlier pictures.

The boy and girl are fugitives from justice, on the "lam" because the police think Garfield killed the county work farm superintendent, father of Priscilla

(*Continued on page 79*)



Out of the hearts of its people . . . out of the very soil of America . . . a great director creates his most stirring, human drama . . . of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart . . . of a woman who helps make his dream come true . . . and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring . . . in the seeing! Precious . . . in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S
"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"
co-starring
JEAN ARTHUR ★ JAMES STEWART
Claude RAINS · Edward ARNOLD · Guy KIBBEE · Thomas MITCHELL · Beulah BONDI
Directed by FRANK CAPRA • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
A Columbia Picture

THE ROMANCE OF HOLLYWOOD FROM BATHING BEAUTIES TO WORLD PREMIERES!

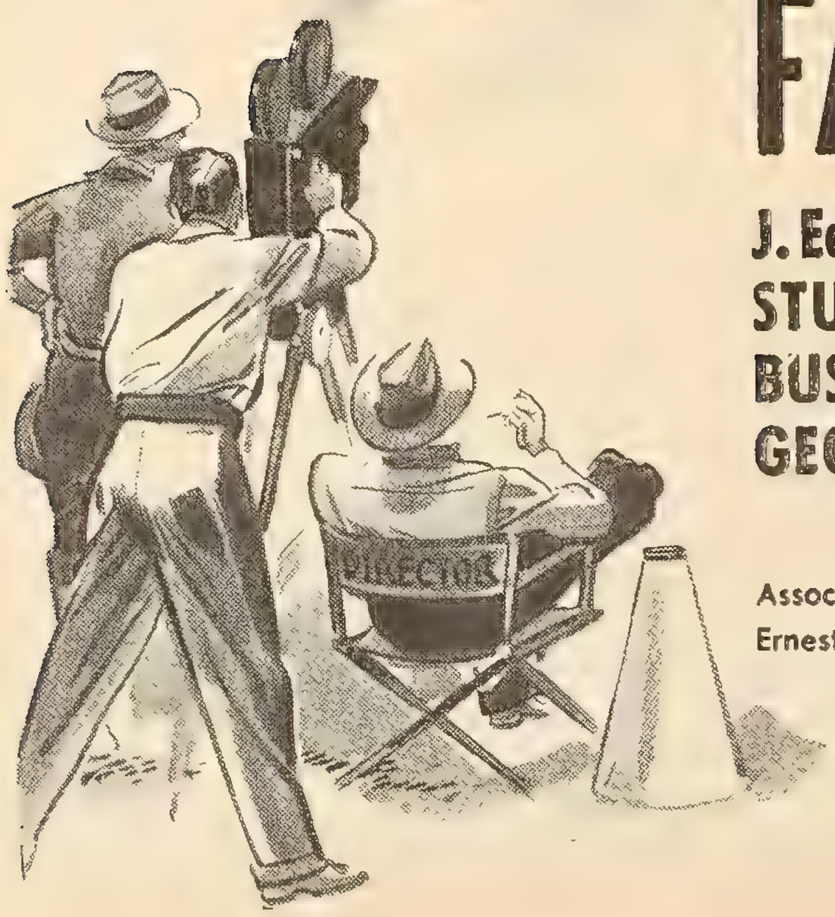
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DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment! A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!



starring

ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

J. Edward BROMBERG · ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN · JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON · DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT · EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

A 20th Century-Fox Picture




PAULETTE GODDARD

RONALD COLMAN


MADELEINE CARROLL

ROBERT
TAYLOR

LORETTA
YOUNG

MYRNA LOY

NOTES from

A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by Jane Grant



"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.



"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.



"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

Propinquity! Everywhere that Bette goes, George Brent is sure to be!

WILL BETTE WED BRENT OR HER "EX"?

BY GLADYS HALL

WELL, I can say that I haven't been a fool on two counts, anyway," said Bette, "for if I were planning to marry George Brent or if he were planning to marry me, whichever way a gal speaks of such matters, we're not coy people and we'd *say* so!

"Likewise, if Ham and I had any plans for what people are pleased to refer to, so very brightly, as a 'reconciliation,' I'd say that, too. I've never been known for my shy evasions. I say what's on my mind. Why not?

"I'm saying what's on my mind now: George and I are not contemplating matrimony. Ham and I are not planning a 'reconciliation.' Which adds up to this: If ever I've been a fool, it's not been the quivery, quaily, hide-my-head-in-the-sand species of simpleton, anyway.

"The newspaper columns, the airwaves, keep up a constant chirping about how George and I will be married 'in October,'" continued Bette, with rare relish. "Well, Ham and I don't get our final decree until December. Hence, should I marry Brentie in October, I would be a bigamist. And I'm not such a big fool as that!

"I've also read, with morbid interest, that George has bought 'the little bride' (*me*—don't you *love* it?) a several hundred acre ranch somewhere near Eureka! If George has bought a ranch somewhere near Eureka, he has done so without consulting his friend, Miss Bette Davis. And if, having bought a ranch at all, he has bought it for 'the little bride,' that little bride is not, to the very best of her knowledge, this same *Bee*-tie Davis!

"As for the reconciliation rumors—no! I did go out with Ham a couple of times when he was in Hollywood last summer. Which was a mistake on my part, I suppose. Maybe this was one of the instances where the question, 'Have you been a fool?' should be answered in the affirmative. Anyway, I just went—Ham and I, and a couple of other couples. I never gave it a thought. I never think that people will pay any special attention to me, where I am, or with whom.

"We're still friends, Ham and I. And this in spite of the fact that a few years ago I gave out a story which stated that I did not believe in 'friendly' divorces; that I did not, indeed, believe that there are such things as friendly divorces. I said, if I remember correctly, that people do not divorce, if the truth be known, unless they hate each others' innards, unless they are fighting, cat and dog, tooth and talon, claw and fang.

WELL, THAT'S one of the times when I was a fool. I didn't know what I was talking about. I still say that people don't divorce if they are all cozy and chummy and 'at one' about everything. But I also amend my previous rash statement by saying that neither do people divorce because they can't stand each others' faces. I know better now. Ham and I enjoy being together. You can't be married to a man for ten years, most of them completely happy years, without having accumulated interests and experiences in common which you want to discuss. All I can now say, truthfully and honestly, is this: I have no plans at all where my 'private life,' as I'm pleased to call it, is concerned.

"I hold the quaint theory, too, that during the year of divorce, you should say nothing, see nothing, hear nothing and do nothing about personal plans. You don't know your own mind. I don't know my own mind yet and that's about all I do know. It's a wrench, both hurting and confusing, this breaking up of a marriage. And I wouldn't dream of taking any steps in an altarly direction until I am better oriented than I am now.

"I'm not making one of those well-known, classic statements such as 'I will not marry for five years,'" laughed Bette. "You know as well as I do that no one can make such a statement. Or rather, no one *should* make such a fool statement. How do they know they're not going to marry for five years? Since when have the emotions been done in calendar years? Another common pronouncement is this: 'I'm going to retire in five years!' Asinine! At the end of that neat five years the bank account may well 'forbid the banns.' I've even read of some famous person quoted as saying, 'I'm going to have a baby in a year!' Well, *really*! Isn't this all rather tempting Fate, Biology, Economics or some of the forces over which *no* puny mortal has much control?

"I do say this, this and no more: I hope I don't marry for at least two years. I have a lot of work to do and I want to do it, my mind as free, my emotions as uninvolved as possible. Besides, why should I inflict myself on anyone, the way my life is now? Do you realize that I've made five pictures in twelve months?

"It's because of the kind of life I lead that Ham and I separated. It was no kind of a life for a man who is a *man*. Seeing Ham now, how fit he looks, how sort of challenging and upstanding and on his own feet again, I know how good this break has been for him." (Really, I thought, the 100 per cent "un-vain" honesty of Davis is breath-taking, for you know as well as I do that nine out of every ten women would be painting their "exes" as practically suicidal because of the loss of them, as wan ghosts haunting the old haunts . . . not 'Bee-tie!' Ham looks better since the break, feels better, is his (*Continued on page 69*)



Habit! Bette was married to Harmon Nelson for ten long years.

Bette Davis herself answers this very personal question here for you—which at last puts an end to all those rumors



Boyer's in debt to his mother, who taught him honesty.



Then, there's Pat Paterson, his wife, who brought romance.



Too, the lovely lady who dropped her glove.

HE'S IN DEBT!

Yes, Charles Boyer readily admits that he owes about everything but money

BY MARTHA KERR



Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, who helps to keep him very young.

CHARLES BOYER is in debt. Oh, not financially, but in other ways, and to such extents that it will take him the rest of his life to write his debts off the books of his remembering and grateful heart.

Mr. Boyer is, especially, in debt to the ladies. He is in debt, in very special ways, to his mother. He is in debt, also in very special ways, to his wife. He is in debt to a lovely lady who once dropped her glove. He is, admittedly, in debt to all the women he has ever met, all women who have given him, whether deliberately or not, the ingredients of the charm, the subtlety, the rich-toned tenderness which he now gives back to all women, making all of us who see his face and hear his voice, his fans.

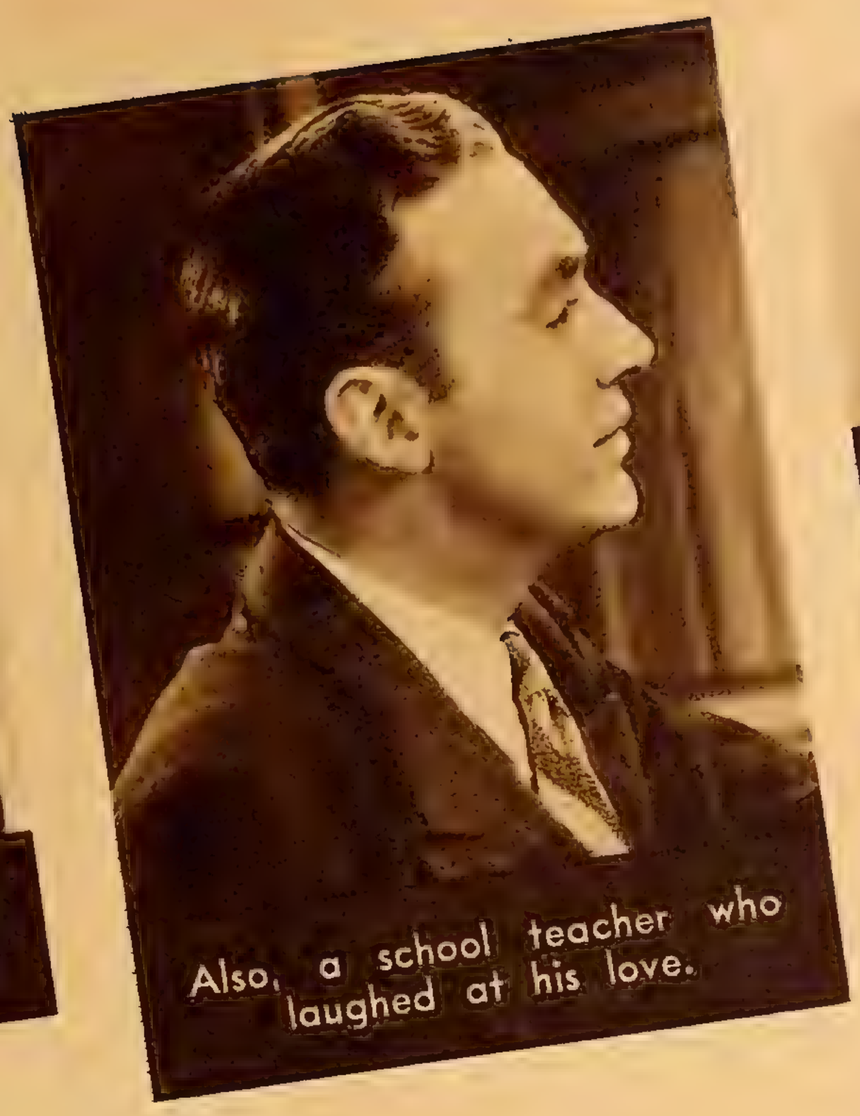
Mr. Boyer is in debt to books . . . to Lucien Guitry, who gave him his vision, his ideal of what the theatre should be, to a wise and seasoned man who, when he was sixteen, gave him a new outlook on life . . . to the War, the repercussions of which made of him, then an adolescent, older than his years, wiser, a little sadder . . . to music . . . to Lady Nicotine for her solace and her gift of meditation . . . to America . . . to a school teacher who, many years ago, laughed at his passionate love letters and by so doing, gave him his modesty which is one of, if not his greatest, charm . . . to all the girls and women who, and especially since "Love Affair," write him "so very flatteringly."

"Such letters give me," said Mr. Boyer, "a confidence. They show me that I am on the right track. Flattered? Of course, I am!" He is in debt to his first stage director, M. Gemier, who "rid me of all phony conceptions of acting" . . . to Henri Bernstein who gave him a sound sense of values in the selection of material . . . to an old extra in whose patient eyes he read a lesson that not even the years could teach. "Every person I have ever met has given me something," Mr. Boyer told me. "Every one of them taught me something so that I am forever, and deeply, in their debt. By telling about some of them, permit me to try, a little, to repay a few of these debts I owe."

And so, in his portable dressing-room on the set of "When Tomorrow Comes," in which, happily again, he and Irene Dunne will co-star, Mr. Boyer attempted to discharge some of his "debts." He walked up and down the narrow space as he talked, smoking, sitting now and again on the edge of his dressing table . . . very smart in a sleekly tailored dark blue suit with a white pin stripe.

"I owe a great debt to my mother," he said. "Not only because of her love for me. But because my mother did her best to give me, also a sense of personal honesty. She talked to me honestly. She did not permit her love for me, her only son, to be blind to my faults. I owe her a great









Boyer and Irene Dunne are together again in "When Tomorrow Comes."

debt for not allowing me to take myself too seriously. Often, an only child is permitted to get a very magnified, flattering opinion of himself and of his own importance. My mother saved me from this distorted viewpoint. She taught me to weigh carefully the 'praising' things that people said to me. She made me question, 'But what are they saying *about* me, when not to my face?' She taught me to discriminate between flattery and truth. When, as a small boy, I would play in theatricals in our little school in Figeac, France, and when I would win prizes, she would remind me that others won prizes, too. Thanks to my mother's wisdom, I am now forever conscious of how I am but one of many. I think I have no delusions of any kind. I realize that if I am so fortunate as to give a pleasing performance in a successful picture, there are also many others who are giving pleasing performances in successful pictures. We all fail sometimes, my mother made clear to me, and we all succeed sometimes. It is therefore folly to be too depressed about the one or too elated about the other.

"I am next in great debt to Dr. Mouchet. I was about sixteen when I first knew him. He was a man of thirty-five. I had the opportunity of translating some of his notes into German for him and so spent many hours in close contact with him. Having lost my father when I was a very young boy, it was of inestimable benefit to me to come into contact with this seasoned, very wise man. It was an awakening for me. Dr. Mouchet was a brilliant surgeon who also did research work on the heart. And for me his patience, the endless hours he would work, his forgetfulness of self, was a lesson for which to be grateful. He gave me a standard, this Dr. Mouchet, of what a man should be. He gave me, suddenly, a lot of maturity. Living, as I did, in a small provincial town, having lived the last years of my youth through the War, if not in it—I was thirteen and a half when it began, eighteen and a half when it ended—I was living in the midst of many confusions, my own adolescence, the chaos of the world around me. Dr. Mouchet gave me what you call the 'right steer.'

"And once," said Mr. Boyer, "on the set of one of the pictures I was making, there was an extra, a very old man who, when he was young, had had ambitions to be a great actor. He had never in his life got so much as a credit line. But in his eyes was such patience, such an acceptance of his destiny, such a fine pride in doing his humble job to the best of his ability, as to make him of heroic stature in my mind. Remembering him, I must laugh when I read stories about the 'Hardships of the Stars.' Remembering him, I would not dare to complain about my lot, wherever it might fall.

"And once, in London, I came upon an old charwoman, on her knees, scrubbing the stone steps of a hotel which was frequented by titled ladies. She happened to look up at me and I have never seen such beauty, beauty of such a rare quality, in the eyes of any 'international beauty' I have met. To her I owe the debt of realizing that Beauty does not always wear orchids and sables nor ride in limousines.

"I am also greatly in debt to M. Gemier, my first stage director after I had gone to Paris. He took me just at the end of my dramatic school training. All I know of acting I got, originally, from him. He rid me of any phony conceptions of acting I might easily have had. He taught me to feel whatever I was doing, to *honestly* feel what I was doing, not to be satisfied with a pretense, however showy it might be. So that, now, when I play a love scene, I am feeling in love. When I am playing a tragic scene, I am feeling, in my heart, whatever that character is feeling. For five years I worked with M. Gemier and today I can honestly say that if ever I am stuck with a line, a scene, a mood, I think back to what he would have told me to do.

"I owe an immeasurable debt to the late Lucien Guitry, to his uncanny ability which made those who were with him on the stage not to exist at all. I went to see Lucien Guitry, sometimes twenty times in one play. (*Continued on page 94*)

SUGAR AND SPICE

yum, yum, and everything nice—that's what Olivia is made of!

BY NANETTE KUTNER



David Niven is one of Olivia's army of escorts. She used to be scared of dates, but no more! Perhaps she figured that with the scarcity of eligibles, it's no cinch to bag a good one! And she's right.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND had invited me to tea. I sat there in that exclusive restaurant, so exclusive that nobody else was in the place, and, as she was quite late, I had ample opportunity to think.

Tea on a hot day like this, thought I, means no Tom Collins for Miss de Havilland, no Cuba Libre, no cool drinks, just because she must be a little girl who is "sugar and spice and everything nice" . . . for, isn't that what little girls are made of?

I thought of things I had heard about her. Not many, but, although I didn't know it at the time, they certainly were indicative of the contradictions to come.

One writer, a most discerning lady, had sworn that among the scores of stars she interviewed, Olivia proved most brilliant, giving her a wealth of intelligent copy.

Then again, an editor, just as discerning and also a lady, had said Olivia was gooier than a marshmallow.

And a gentleman I know, after only a few minutes spent in her company, told me he found Olivia so attractive she could have his last fifteen cents.

And only two nights before I met her, I talked to a foreign correspondent, here on vacation from Olivia's birthplace, Tokio. He described the lonely life he led in Japan, the dearth of white women, and how he spends his evenings playing chess with Olivia de Havilland's father.

"They say his daughters never mention him," said the correspondent. "Their mother's been divorced for years."

"Divorce is no crime," said I.

"The father remarried," said he. "A Japanese."

"Maybe that's it."

"Maybe," he said. "But don't get me wrong. She's a charming woman."

So that's the background on her father's side. In this instance, I would say more spicey than sweet.

As for her mother? Well, Hollywood may be an entertainment factory to the world, but underneath, it's a small town with a small town's flair for gossip. And there's a little hotel near its center, not far from the Boulevard, and in this hotel you can get a room and two meals a day (breakfast and dinner) for fifteen dollars a week. And, if you won't be too fussy and are willing to share a shower, you need only pay twelve. The majority of people who live there are either at the beginning or at the end, of things—has-beens or going-to-bes.

It was here that Olivia and Joan Fontaine and their mother lived when they first came to California. The hotel has never forgotten. For, of all its ambitious guests, Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan, really landed some place. So now, whenever the ex-actresses sit around the lobby (which is practically every day), they talk about this miracle. And newcomers listen and feel encouraged. To those old-timers, the de Havilland-Fontaine combination is a race set apart with a sort of halo around it. Of the three, they rave mostly about Olivia's mother, what a dear kind person she is, what a lady, and how she is supposed to have worked unceasingly teaching Olivia elocution.

That I can believe. Especially after hearing Olivia's apology for being late. She rang it out, fairly smeared with elocution. Such veddy, veddy dramatic, almost out of hand, noises issuing from the slender throat of a fragile-



Questioning Olivia is like facing a wall of prune whip! She simply won't give.

looking, one hundred-and-eight-pound girl, as she stood in the open restaurant doorway, wearing a print dress of daintiest cotton crepe, were more than startling. They nearly knocked me off my pins.

After she was seated and had stopped rolling her brown eyes—which seemed to work right along with the voice—she became a mortal again. Her tones were pleasant, well modulated; her expressions not so convulsive.

I wondered if in those first few moments, Olivia de Havilland had been an actress doing her stuff for the interviewer or just a self-conscious human, unsure of herself and afraid of the ordeal.

She did confess she is dreadfully shy.

"That's what I have in common with those little girls behind counters," said she.

There was even a time when Miss Olivia was so scared that if she did have a date she got sick at her stomach and had to cancel it.

"I'd go to bed for two days."

But now, she assured me, she has mastered those qualms.

I figured that perhaps Miss de Havilland discovered, what with the scarcity of Hollywood eligibles, that it's not such a snap to bag a good date, and a girl who goes around losing hers by growing panicky, is just an awful little fool.

She ordered hot tea and muffins and cooed to Sam Goldwyn's press agent that she was glad he had succumbed to the tea habit, too.

On his part, the Goldwyn representative regaled us with an incident about Gary (I take it he meant Cooper) and how that gentleman began by being sheepish concerning tea served on the set, and then, after becoming accustomed, advanced to an indignant demand of "Where's my tea?"

Olivia laughed long and loud. She was that amused.

While we waited, I studied her face. The skin is a young and rosy skin, the eyes clear. Her hair was done simply, pinned up for the hot day, with a pink ribbon tied around her head.

The muffins arrived, the waiter (*Continued on page 96*)

DICK'S LUCKY ORDEAL

Dick says, "I shudder to think what might have happened to me without these set-backs. In spite of all the pain, danger, mental agony and lost time I've suffered, I'm grateful that it all happened."

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

SOMETHING HAD to happen to Richard Greene. He was too lucky. Something has happened. More, in fact, in the way of bad breaks—accidents and illness—than has ever ganged up on a young Hollywood star with as shining a future.

"And I'm tickled to death!" Dick told me the other day on the set of "Here I Am a Stranger." I shudder to think of what might have happened to me without them. I might easily have gone under in Hollywood. I might have lost myself. As it is, in spite of all the pain, the danger, the mental agony and the lost time I've suffered, I honestly believe I've found myself. I'm grateful that it all happened!"

If there is one virtue this unbelievably handsome twenty-two-year-old Britisher possesses it is straightforwardness. When you meet him, you take his black evenly waved hair, his chiseled nose, his slashed dimples for granted. What strikes you so you'll never forget them are his honest, gray eyes and his frank mouth. There are little lines about them both now, because his face is leaner. There is force behind his manner and what he says in a confident level voice makes solid, satisfying sense.

He believes that the last few months of personal trials have let him catch up with himself. "I've got a grip on my life again at last," he said. "I've had time to work out a sense of values, a new philosophy. I think I've acquired a maturity—a character I didn't have before. I know more now what I mean to myself.

"I didn't all my first year in Hollywood. Things happened to me so fast—success, money, fame, a new world, a new future—that I couldn't evaluate myself. Nothing seemed real to me. I had a sense of futility. My life was full—of people and parties, fun as well as work—but my point of view had vanished in the froth. I was lost to myself."

If all of that sounds unduly introspective, for a lad of twenty-two, consider what happened to Dick Greene overnight, and put yourself in his place:

Suppose that, two years ago this December, on Christmas Eve, an emissary of Darryl Zanuck's had come to you in far-away London and signed you on a contract to come to Hollywood.

Suppose you were a green, young stage extra and bit player, as Dick was, nice looking but still a kid.

Suppose you had looked into a movie camera lens only once, and said but three words, "I don't think so." You had never been to America. You'd dreamed about New York, and Hollywood, but you'd never thought you had a Chinaman's chance of getting there.

Suppose you had been hustled on board a transatlantic steamer the very next day and met at the Manhattan dock by nervous men who whisked you through town, without even time to shave, shoved you into an airplane and sent you rocketing alone across a vast, unfamiliar continent to Hollywood. Suppose there you were bundled into an automobile at the airport and rolled to a dentist to have a tooth capped, to a barber to have your hair trimmed in proper Hollywood camera style, and on to the studio.

Then suppose on that same day you were hustled on the set of a picture already in production two weeks, shoved into the lovely arms of Loretta Young and told to make love to her, while strange people stared and disconcerting cameras whirred!

All that happened to Richard Greene. All that happened in less than a week. No wonder he was dizzy and stayed dizzy for months afterward.

I remember the criticisms of Richard when Hollywood got a first look at him in "Four Men and a Prayer." "Handsome but hollow," they agreed. It was just when Beautiful Bob Taylor was at his zenith and a great many people groaned at the prospect of another too pretty boy without any punch.

I reminded Dick of this and ducked. But he just grinned disarmingly. "I expect I deserved them," he said. "I was as green as my name, and all mixed up to boot. It showed through, that's all." Then Dick made one of those surprising statements that shows how he observes—and thinks.

"A man has to store up life, before he can give it out," said Dick. "Have you ever met a man or a woman who has lived, loved, had adventures, suffered Hell-fires maybe, but done things and felt things? There's something in people like that that is an inalienable part of their personalities, their conversation, even their looks. I used to run into them, true cosmopolites, in London, or on trips to the Continent. They always intrigued me and they still do. But you can't put on that *(Continued on page 86)*



So you feel sorry for the Greene gent and his recent bad breaks? Well, he has a unique slant on trouble, so suppose you save your sympathy

Richard Greene with Katharine Aldridge in "Here I Am a Stranger." Six days after the shooting of this picture had started, Dick landed in the hospital!



No more long-distance marriage for Ann and her orchestra-leader hubby, Roger Pryor. He gave up his band and is trying the picture game again.



There's no end to the bouquets Ann Sothern's been receiving these days. Here she's with Jean Rogers and Linda Darnell in "Hotel For Women."

THE COME-BACK QUEEN

Ann Sothern's on the crest of the wave—and yet she's worried! Why?

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

I AM more worried now than I have ever been in my life." Thus, astonishingly, said the white-slacked, golden-tanned Ann Sothern, "at home" to me on her chaise lounge in a bedroom of her new home.

What did the girl mean? I didn't get it, and said so. I said things about how here she is with a brand new, long-term, gilt-edged contract in her jeans—the "come-back" triumph of "Trade Winds," the follow-up triumph of "Maisie" still sparkling like dew on the Sothern laurels.

She has a new home and Husband Roger Pryor, who has disbanded his orchestra for love of home-life with Ann, right there. He's working, too, in "The Man They Couldn't Hang." What nonsense is this about being worried?

But I might have known that there would be no "nonsense" outta Ann. (It's an awful temptation to call her Annie—she's that kind. But she once confided in me, "To be called Annie is my pet hate, it's tops, dear, in my hates. It goes through me like a knife.") Ann was saying, "Yes, more worried now than I have ever been in my life for what am I going to do now? It's one thing to fight a good fight and win. It's another thing to keep on fighting. I know, now," said Ann, "that there's no such thing as a finished fight. Not in life. Not in Hollywood. You may finish and win one round of a fight, the next round and the next, but there are always more rounds to go.

"Sure, I've got a long-term contract, and a very pretty piece of paper it is, too, with the studio where I most want to be. I've got my home and Roger in it with me at last. We've got our adopted son, David, and he's fit as a fiddle. I'm sitting on the crest of the wave, we both are, Roger and I. We're terribly happy—we fight about furniture all day long and it's wonderful!

"But I'm also sitting in the corner of the ring, fitting that rubber bit into my mouth, taping my hands, pulling on the gloves. I'm getting ready, and well I know it, for the stiffest round I've fought yet. I can't keep on being Maisie. And yet Maisie had the one outstanding quality I have to sell in my work—humanness. I could, of course, play honky-tonk girls, taxi dancers, girls who work as waitresses—their words in the wrong syntax, their hearts in the right place. That's the kind of parts





Stung by B's for years, in "Maisie," Ann at last had a chance to show 'em some acting with a true Sothern accent. Yet she has the jitters!

I want to play. They're the kind of girls about whom everyone will say, 'There's an awful lot of people just like that in the world. Why, you remember Sadie, she . . .' I'd love to play the girl in 'Of Mice and Men.'

"Well," said Ann, with an expressive gesture achieved by one size three foot describing a question mark, "so here I am on the crest of one wave, but fully aware of the fact that there are other waves a'rolling in. The thing for me to do is to take stock of myself. I was thinking the other day that my insane curiosity about medicine, my interest in psychoanalysis (I take the most violent interest in people's ills and ailments. I always have a remedy for everybody—'Dr. Sothern,' that's me) should work on my own behalf, too. Why, not, I thought, turn the Freudian eye on myself and find out now, as I enter on the next round, just what materials I have to work with, just what kind of a person I am?

"One thing is sure—this past year has left me with one tool, knife-edged, an indomitable will. You don't fight for five years as I have, fighting "B" pictures, fighting being cast as a simpering simpleton, without changing. I have changed. I won't say I'm hard. I certainly won't say I'm soft. I used to be. I always used to think of other people, turn-the-other-cheek-Sothern, that was me. No more. For now, right now, I'm thinking about myself as I've never thought about myself before. It's given me a spirit, the fight I ve fought. I've got the hard-wrung courage of knowing that everything I did this past year has been right—for me."

There was a brief silence in the room as there seemed to rise, before our eyes, the spectre of that seemingly sterile year through which Ann has marched. Yes, she was right to step out of her RKO contract, as she did, risking oblivion rather than mediocrity. She was right to stay among the unemployed for a year, taking, chin up, the terror she often felt, the doubts, the awful boredom of idleness, the peculiar embarrassment one feels in Hollywood when one is "out of things." She was right to say "No" to such parts as were offered her, even though every time she did, she pulled in her belt.

She was right to accept the part she did in "Trade Winds," right not to sign a contract again until after she'd made "Maisie." She had told me, I reminded her, that she would never sign (*Continued on page 92*)



Frank admits, "I am one of those three-o'clock-in-the morning singers, but I never know what I'm going to sing or in what key it will be."

No less an authority than

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

BY FAITH SERVICE

FRANK MORGAN started out in life as a brush salesman. From selling brushes (Frank got tired of ringing door-bells—"such an un-adult occupation," he says) he went to the Boston Traveller to try his hand at selling advertising. His right hand never knew what his left hand was doing so that gave him up. Next, he sold real estate, "or something," and then went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to be a cowpuncher. Mr. Morgan had not, he felt, found himself. Until you find yourself, you're lost, or something.

Born in New York City, on June first, he was the baby of the Wupperman family of Angostura Bitters fame and fortune. He attended private and public schools and then Cornell University. He was once known as the best soprano singer in the city, singing, blue-eyed and cherubic, at St. Thomas' and All Angels churches. The time came when his admired brother, Ralph, made the Bitters family bitter by going on the stage, though he did salvage some of the family pride by changing his name from Wupperman to the more esthetic Morgan. Frank had always enjoyed a good game of Follow the Leader with brother Ralph. And so, when his good friend, Edgar Allen Woolf, wrote a vaudeville sketch for him, Frank made his first appearance on a stage. In the dark, romantic recesses known as "back-stage," Mr. Morgan, delightedly, found himself.

All right, so what has this thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Morgan got to do with being the Life of the Party? I'll tell you: there is no living thing so boring as the chronic, typical Life of the Party *homo sapiens*. The successful Life of the Party cannot be a fool. If he is, his party options are not renewed. He may ring doorbells, pull chairs from under formal fannies once or twice, and then no more of him.

Frank Morgan is the Life of any party he attends (and hostesses in Hollywood, New York, Paris, Rome, write the name of Frank Morgan first on their guest-lists, if they know what's good for them) because he is not a fool; because he is a man of sense and sensibility; because he is a man of breeding, family, culture, taste, varied experience; because he can turn from doing his imitation of Al Jolson to talking with tired men who ring acid-painted door-bells for a living; because he has that touch of nature which makes him kin with truck-drivers or savants. In other words, Frank can go out of his tale-spinning and into a serious mood at will.

Mr. Morgan, on the morning I talked with him, wore blue pajamas, a beige wool dressing gown, brown leather slippers and a harassed expression. Probably because it was ten o'clock in the morning, a "death-knell-hour," he said, to any Life of the Party. Also because

that garrulous guy, Frank Morgan himself, tells you how to become



Frank Morgan with his wife. They have celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary.



Virginia Weidler and Frank in "Henry Goes Arizona." Mr. M. is Henry.

he was flying to New York that night and there might be sandstorms and things. Worst of all, he was afraid his wife mightn't go with him, because she was not air-minded. Right here is a good place to tip you off to the fact that a Life of the Party need not be a Casanova at heart. Never have I seen a more devoted husband than our Mr. Morgan. He admits, quite amorously, that he married not to settle down, but because he "went crazy in love." Well, he's still in love. Anyway, although Frank doesn't think that a good, durable Life of the Party can be too domestic, he does prove, in his own life, that a Life of the Party can be, quaintly, entirely, in love with his own wife.

So, Frank was slightly distressed, in his eyes was that puzzled petulance such as only Frank Morgan's eyes can give forth. Frank talks, in real life, exactly as he talks on the screen and air, ending. Every other sentence with "or something." At first you think that that's Frank being vaguer than usual, but you soon perceive that it's quite diabolically clever, it leaves him so many loopholes.

ANYWAY, we got on "how to be the Life of the Party" and I made a flattering little quip (as bait) about how Mr. Morgan is just that, his name heading every guest-list on four continents, and Mr. Morgan rose from his chair to make me a graceful, sort of Barrymore-ish bow. Then he said that was very nice of me, of course, but guest-lists are the obituaries of parties. Then he took the bait and gave me what I believe is the first and only complete and scientific analysis of the Life of the Party type.

He said, "To my mature mind, there are three prime requisites for any party: informality, no plans and foreigners." Asked to make himself at least reasonably clear, Mr. Morgan said, "Oh, dear" and then sort of looked around the dusky beige and rose library in which we sat as though he expected all good men to come to his aid. Finding himself beached on my note-book, he said, "No plans come first, or something. Of course we have to talk about parties, you know, if we are to analyze the Life of the Party species because if there were no parties there would be no Lifes of the Parties.

"So I say that a party should be both planless and unplanned. The best parties happen like the one last night," (ah, there, that's why the bathrobe and slippers, methought) "when I just dropped in at Chasens and there was Jimmy Cagney and Charlie Chaplin and Bob Benchley and Leo McCarey and Mike Romanoff. Get a gang like that together and you always have fun because they're all Lifes of the Party and no one man has to carry the whole show. Just drop in at a place like Chasens, that's my recipe. You're bound to see another fellow whose wife's away, or something. But don't misunderstand me, wives are swell nowadays. The wives of most of the men I know are Lifes of the Party in their own rights, maybe its protective coloration, or something. So I say, make no plans, just drop in and your party problem is there, already in solution. The stronger the solution, the better, of course, you know.

"And then there are foreigners. Every party should have a flavoring of foreigners, because foreigners have no inhibitions. Foreigners know how to cut loose. Look how they sing in the streets in Italy and all. 'Santa Lucia,' or something. We'd be locked up here for doing what they do as a matter of course, out of the sheer exuberance of their spirits. Exuberance, that's a prime ingredient in the Life of any Party. Exuberance of spirit or exuberance *and* spirits, if necessary. Russians are very helpful. There is something so wild and cossacky about a Russian. You never know what a Russian is going to do. Neither does the Russian.

"And this is another secret of success if you would be the Life of the Party," said Frank, "never let them know what you are going to do. Better still, never know what you are going to do yourself. Of course" Mr. Morgan admitted, blushing (he does blush), "I myself am one of those three-o'clock-in-the-morning-singers, but I never know what I am going to sing, or in (*Continued on page 90*)

SETTING YOU STRAIGHT ON JUDY



You've heard this, and you've heard that, so—the rhythm gal's family gives you the real lowdown on how the little Garland grew

THE WAY the press agents tell it is this: "With the firm conviction that she wanted to be a moving picture actress, Judy Garland walked onto the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot one day and announced to all and sundry, she was looking for a job. She got it. Judy was twelve years old at the time."

And what led up to that fateful day? The official press agent version continues: "For some unexplained reason, Judy's early ambition was to be an attorney rather than an actress. But, instead, she became a member of a singing trio composed of herself and her two elder sisters. The act worked at the World's Fair in Chicago and in several big theatres in the Mid-West. Suzanne married and that broke up the act.

"So Judy wasn't bluffing when she told studio officials she had stage experience, eight years of it. Her claims got her an audition, and her performance brought her a contract."

That is the accepted story of how Judy broke into films. It's a good story. Maybe it does suggest that Judy, at the age of twelve, wasn't short of brashness, but it also suggests that she couldn't help being unusual on the screen, having taken an unusual method to get there.

There is just one thing wrong with the tale. It isn't true.

Lately, another story, the "real" story of how Judy landed in films, has been going the Hollywood rounds. According to the new version, one of her sisters was the member of the family who had film ambitions. The sister had a chance to make a screen test and Judy tagged along just to keep her company. The studio hired Judy, and didn't hire the sister.

That, too, is a good story. It suggests that Judy, without willing such a thing, was fated to have a screen career. And, implying that it was the sister who wanted the career, it has a fine little touch of irony about it.

There is just one thing wrong with it. It isn't true, either.

You can take this from both Judy's sisters, not to mention their mother. I got it from all three of them the other day, when I went out to Judy's house to see what kind of home life a sixteen-year-old movie star might have.

At the moment, Judy wasn't enjoying life in her brand-new home, a white brick Colonial, set on a three-acre plot in Bel-Air's prettiest canyon. She was at the studio, making an added scene for the picture, "The Wizard of Oz."

So, instead of talking with Judy, I talked about her—with her sisters and her mother. And they set me straight not only about what Judy is like, and what her life has been like from the beginning up to now, but also about what it is like to be the sisters and the parent of a Judy.

MRS. GUMM (the family's real name is Gumm) and her other two daughters all have, like Judy, brown eyes and brown hair. Mrs. Gumm is shortish, plumpish, jovial, young-looking—the kind of mother accepted by her daughters and her daughters' friends as "one of the gang." Both of Judy's shapely sisters look younger than they are. Perhaps that's because laughter runs in the family.

Suzanne, called Sue, is the taller and the older. Virginia, called Jimmie, looks a great deal like Judy. Neither of them has Judy's pep. They're more easy going.

Sue was eight, and Jimmie six, when Judy arrived on the scene on June 10, 1922. Sue doesn't remember what she said at the time. Jimmie remembers that she said, "Is she an Indian?" Judy was that red an infant.

The event took place in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, a town of about four thousand people, most of whom worked for a big paper mill. But Frank Gumm worked for himself. He and his wife had seen vaudeville dying, and had got out of it while the getting was good. Looking around for a small-town movie theatre for sale cheap, they found one in Grand Rapids. Settling there, he had put the theatre on a paying basis and had acquired other theatres nearby. There they expected to stay the rest of their lives. But Fate decreed otherwise.

Sue and Jimmie, conscious of their distinction in having parents who had been on the stage, were forever putting on neighborhood shows of their own. Their earliest mutual memory of Judy goes back to one of these. Judy was a year and a half old at the time. "We let her get up on the stage to sing 'Jingle Bells,' " said Sue. "And then we couldn't get her off," finished Jimmie, with a grin.

Some time later, they put on a circus in a garage. They let Judy be in the side-show. She and another youngster were tied to each other, back to back. "They were the Siamese Twins. But that didn't have enough action to it, for Judy," said Sue. "She wanted to sing again," added Jimmie. "So we let her sing 'Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again.' She knew it from hearing us do it. We thought that was kinda cute."

The summer Judy was two years old, Mr. and Mrs. Gumm, who had been settled down a long time for show people, decided to take a trip. For years, they had been hearing his mother rave about California, so they decided to drive out and give it the once-over. They would make the trip pay for itself by reviving their old singing-and-piano act, playing in small towns along the way. A booking agent friend would arrange dates.

"We hadn't planned to take the girls with us," Mrs. Gumm said. "But while packing, the night before we were to (*Continued on page 81*)

Bert Lahr, Judy Garland, Jack Haley and Ray Bolger as the Cowardly Lion, Dorothy, the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow in the fantasy, "The Wizard of Oz."

Johnny Downs, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville celebrate Judy's sixteenth birthday. Mickey's right in there pitching, as usual.

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN







Priscilla Lane and John Garfield are together again in "Dust Be My Destiny." They are a fine film pair.

LITTLE ORPHAN JULIE

BY

MARY PARKES

It's a long way from "rags to riches!" So, has the rebel John Garfield "gone Hollywood?"

John Garfield's smile holds a sadness for the human race. His wife calls it "Julie's orphan look," and it dates back to his childhood and accounts for his sense of pathos.

WHEN JOHN GARFIELD and his wife, Robbie, went to Dodge City, like the rest of the Warner guests, they rode around in an open carriage. On one of their rides they were suddenly surrounded by a crowd of fans, mostly men, who pointed to Robbie and screamed, "There's Hedy Lamarr!" Although the only resemblance Mrs. Garfield bears to Hedy is that both of them have black hair, she rose to the occasion and smilingly took her bows.

But the fans weren't satisfied. They crowded about the carriage, demanding autographs. So Robbie wrote away until her arm was tired and she pointed to her husband, crying, "Look! Don't you want his? He's John Garfield!"

Taking this cue, slightly mixed, the leading fan somewhat astounded the Garfields by shouting to his companions, "Hey, fellahs! It's Jack Gilbert!"

And Mr. Garfield found himself besieged for the late Gilbert's signature. He sweetly obliged. There was nothing else he could do.

"You see, they believed so," he said, in the voice of one who hates to give pain or disillusionment.

He smiled as he told the story on himself. His smile held a sadness for the human race. Fans have noticed it, commenting in their letters. The Germans have a word for it called "weltschmerz," meaning "world hurt." His wife calls it, "Julie's orphan look."

This probably dates back to the time he went to school and all the other boys wore white shirts, but Julie Garfield's father made him wear a blue one, gave him trousers much too big, and shaved off most of his hair. So his schoolmates, with the insatiable cruelty of youth, dubbed him, "Julie, the orphan boy."

A Dr. Freud might tell you that such an incident partly accounts for his sense of pathos.

Not that this is the story of John Garfield's life. Right from the beginning, when he made that hit in "Four Daughters," he was interviewed continually. Each time he faced his press agent and plaintively said, "Must I tell the story of my life again?"

"Indeed you must," was the answer. And indeed he did.

So this, instead, shows how the rebel Garfield, after nearly a year spent in Hollywood, is reacting to the big money, to an established position, to his wife of several years and his daughter of several months.

This is a picture of the way he lives and what he does and what he thinks about, a picture of John Garfield . . . now, or rather of Julie. For no matter how often the Warner Brothers see fit to christen him, he is Julie, not only to his friends, old and new, but to every co-worker on the lot. In spite of rigid orders shouted from the top . . . the name is . . . and always will be . . . Jules, familiarly shortened to Julie.

He can't help that. There is something about him which makes for naturalness, for nicknames. Understand, his is not an offensive palsy-walsyness, the kind so frequently encountered in Hollywood. No, he is made up of friendly spontaneous little habits, of resting a hand across your shoulders, of calling you by your first name, of trusting implicitly.

No matter how busy he is, he reads. "Reading is important," he announces in all seriousness.

According to his wife, he is inclined to be moody. If he is dissatisfied with the day's work at the studio, he comes home cross, like any other man. Now his worry is that he seems to be losing perspective.

"He claims he can't judge the rushes any more," says his wife. "But," she adds, "this never affects his appetite."

He loves to eat more than anything else, more than the tennis he has always played, or the riding he has learned since living in California. To prove this, in the middle of my studio lunch with him, he leaped from the table and followed the waitress who escorted him to a sideboard where he could pick the biggest and fattest dessert. He chose a lemon meringue pie, which he brought back himself, bearing it triumphantly in mid-air.

"This will probably kill me," he said. "I've been working in the sun all day." But he ate it anyway, on top of an enormous plate of shrimps and lobster Creole.

When his friends want to annoy him, they tell Julie he is going Hollywood. Actually, his complex about *not* going Hollywood has developed to such an extent that it is a phase of going Hollywood. For what does "going Hollywood" mean, except a form of extremes?

Mr. Garfield took pains not to live where other picture people live. No Beverly or Westwood or Brentwood or San Fernando or Santa Monica for him.

"I know a playwright with a forty-thousand-dollar house in Beverly and he's miserable."

So Mr. Garfield lives in Hollywood proper because he likes to be near crowds and noise and lights and city things. He didn't buy his house. He rents it. However, the house is a nice rambling place with lots of porches and a swell mountain view. It was designed by a man who used to build boats. The Garfields are very proud of the bar which is built in the wall, like a yacht.

"A bar already! That's Hollywood," tease his friends. And Julie turns green.

"But there won't be a swimming pool," he swears.

Still, his wife confided to me that she would like one. "So our poor friends could enjoy it."

When he heard about this, Julie gritted his teeth in mock anger. "So she wants a swimming pool, does she? Well, she'll never have one."

Not that Mrs. Garfield is at all Hollywood. She wears simple linen slacks and is utterly natural and talks to you about Julie, how he gets up earlier than necessary just to play with the baby, how he and the baby both have small feet and how he calls during the afternoon to see how things are going.

Mrs. Garfield frankly tells you she used to be a salesgirl at Macy's, and that she arrived in Hollywood with exactly two maternity dresses and a pair of shoes.

SHE AND Julie feel alike about most things. They love the idea of no permanence. Even when they were poor and living in Greenwich Village, they used to move every three months "just for the fun of it."

Together they possess an inarticulate silence, the sort that Vina Delmar portrayed so expertly in "Bad Girl." For example, it was only a couple of months ago that Mrs. Garfield went to the studio for the first time. When I asked her why this was, she said Julie had never mentioned her going and she didn't like to ask.

And how are they reacting to money? Well, Julie says, "Now that I'm making it, I haven't the time to spend it."

They spend like average young folks would spend. There is a nurse for the baby, who is as brown as a chocolate pudding and the image of Julie.

And there is a cook. And there is Julie's brother.

"He's one of the unemployed," says Julie. "Thinks he can write." Then, with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, "Who knows, maybe he can."

They did all the things people do with their first big money, little human things. Robbie took her girl friends for cocktails at a smart hotel, and the cocktails were too strong and didn't make them feel so good, so she never did it again.

And she went to a very good milliner and must have bought a hat because I saw her autograph in the milliner's showroom along with Baroness Somebody-or-other and Gladys Glad and Myrna Loy.

On his part, Julie blew himself to a lot of books and victrola records. He still orders records by the dozens over the telephone, and plays them while he learns his lines.

They also went to San Francisco and made one flying trip to New York. There they bought tickets for a hit musical comedy. Before, they had to save their pennies for the dramatic shows.

Julie is as loyal to his original discoverers, The Group Theatre, as the average man is to his college.

While in New York, he saw their Saroyan play.

"I didn't know what it was about," he admitted, "but I loved it, it was so exciting. I can't imagine working for any other theatrical managers. The biggest kick in my life was when they made me a member."

His second biggest kick was (*Continued on page 72*)

WISHING MAY MAKE



"I'd love to have babies," says Jean. "Not just one baby, but three or four. So, I'll simply have to take time off, now and again, to have them."

IT SO

Jean Arthur, who you'd think has just about everything, tells you the things she's hoping hard for

BY JEAN SOMERS

SO MANY of my wishes have come true," Jean told me, the gratitude she feels roughening her voice. "I've 'stuck in my thumb and pulled out a plum' so many times that I feel greedy and selfish even talking about any more wishes and plums for myself. I'd rather talk about wishes-come-true and plums for other people."

But of course I hadn't come to talk about "other people" and I said so quite firmly. I also remarked that if other people's wishes were in order, however, one of mine would be that I might have tea every day or so with Jean Arthur. Even though she has no talent for dramatizing herself, even though she is not what we writers call "good copy," still you do know that what she says she means. Yes, there's something uniquely charming about being with her.

Jean curled up on the divan and served tea and we talked, and she was saying, "I've got so many of my wishes—everything you dream of—you know. Things you want to do for your mother, for instance, when you are a child and see her over the cook stove or over the mending basket or worried about something. And you dream of how the day will come when she'll 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,' and never have to worry any more. Well," sighed Jean happily, "I don't want to sound too Pollyanna, but that dream has come true. For now my mother has everything she wants. Of course I'm not the only one in pictures for whom this particular wish has come true, not by any means."

Then we talked about how the biggest plum the picture industry has to offer is that it enables its favorites to make their money while they are young, which enables them to make their parents comfortable while *they* are young, too.

"So, that's one plum," Jean ticked off. "And then, of course, there's the plum of working in pictures that are being made the *best* the studio can make them, with the best stories available, the best directors, the best cast. I like the 'best of everything,' " smiled Jean. "I don't care particularly whether my part is great or small so long as the finished picture is the best that can be produced. I'd rather own a little, teentsy diamond, flawless, than great hunks of diamonds, second best. I like to have a few really fine books in my library rather than shelves of snowy trash. I'd rather do one thing exquisitely well, be long remembered for doing just *one* thing as beautifully as Maude Adams did everything she did, as Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell do what they do, than be the glamoriest Glamor Girl in the world.

"I have my home life," said Jean, then, and there is no mistake nor misnaming her happiness when she speaks of her home. "It is," she was saying, "the perfect plum. I can only hope and pray that we may go on, always, as we are now.

"So many things in my life are right, you see, that I do hesitate to express any more wishes. I really don't think I ought even to stick my thumb in the pie at all any more. But just the same I *do* know of one plum I'd like to pull out! It sometimes sounds so silly, though, when you try to put into words the things you think to yourself. At the risk of sounding frightfully sappy or goody-goody, I do have a wish and it's this: that there would be no more fighting in the world. No more fighting between nations, no more fighting between individuals. I do think that such a state of heaven-on-earth, for that's what it would be, can only come through education. Not book-learning only, but educating people how to live with one another. *I* want to learn how to live with people and love them because I understand them. I do think that one of the very finest things money could do would be to supply this kind of humanistic education. If there were no fighting, think of what the world might be!" And I thought of it. I found myself thinking up several new alleys in the course of that tea hour with Jean.

"So that's one wish," Jean was saying, "that the world and all the people in it might cease fighting.

"Where my work is concerned—well, I'd like very much indeed to do a big *woman's* story. I have never made a woman's picture. I have always played leading lady to some man. I should like to make a picture where the woman's character motivates the story. Something like 'The Old Maid,' for instance, which Bette Davis did. I should like, particularly, to find a story which would have some practical connection with the world as it is today. I think the day is long since past when we can have stories built around a 'personality,' however great or glamorous. I should like to find a story dealing with the problems of women today, and their solution.

"Well, a third wish is that I might be able to meet the great people of my generation. I am a born hero-worshipper, you know. I'd love to (*Continued on page 68*)



Frank Ross, Jean's husband, and the star dine out rarely. They're definitely home bodies.



James Stewart and Jean in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," their latest.

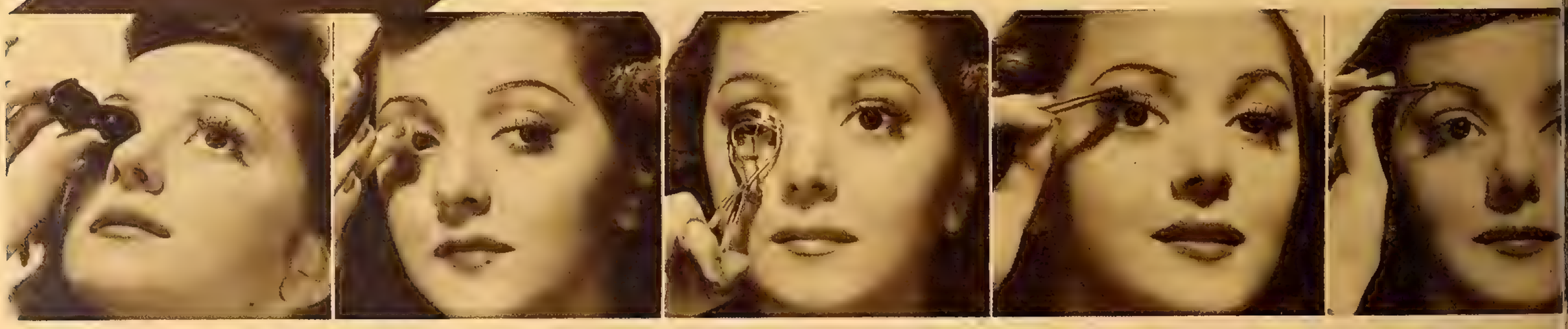


Eyes

The stars show you how to have those great big beautiful optics

by Carol Carter

BEAUTY LIES in the eyes of the beholder, says the idealist. Don't you believe it, say those more practical mortals, the talent scouts, models' agents and casting directors—whose opinions, after all, reflect the tastes and desires of millions of your potential friends, employers, sweethearts and husbands. These canny connoisseurs of feminine charm all agree that the lion's share of any girl's beauty



A saline and soda solution makes a safe and refreshing eye wash. Use with either eye cup or dropper.

If your lashes are thin or short, a good lash conditioner will help them to grow longer and stronger.

Lashes that curl upward make eyes look larger, brighter and younger. This handy gadget does the trick.

Mascara applied heavily to the top, lightly to the bottom lashes, adds depth and expression to the eyes.

The current fashic brows is to keep natural looking, p ing only a few stray hairs.



June Lang's brow arches gracefully. Below, pretty little Ann Rutherford illustrates eight simple steps to eye loveliness.

is contained in her own two eyes. Next to interesting facial planes—which are a matter of basic, structural lines—a pair of strong, clear, beautiful and expressive eyes are what these merchants in the marts of beauty constantly look for—and demand.

Eyes may or may not be windows to your soul, but they certainly shed a heap of light on the status of your mind and body, to say nothing of your character and disposition. Fact is, they reflect the condition of everything else that is a part of you and, in turn, are affected by your general condition, physical, mental, spiritual and all the rest.

You've noticed, haven't you, what spirit, fire and vitality speak in the eyes of Bette Davis? What hearty, wholesome spontaneity radiates from the eyes of Joan Blondell? Jeanette MacDonald registers friendliness, good sportsmanship and determination in her flashing eyes. And what delectable deliriums little Ann Rutherford can create in the hearts of her cinema boy friends with one look from her gay and mischievous eyes! The luscious, sloe-eyed Hedy Lamarr is another who weaves a pretty spell with her deep, expressive eyes. In fact, every girl in the movies knows very well not only how to use, but how to care for, groom and protect her precious pair of orbs. How do they go about it? We'll tell you.

First of all, one word of explanation. An eye is a delicate, intricate three-layered organ, resting in a bony depression of your skull, padded with fat and operated by six muscles. It is divided into two chambers, the front containing a crystalline lens, the second holding the iris and the pupil. At the very back of said second chamber is a layer of pigment which gives your optics their individual coloring. Rays of light enter the eye, produce a chemical change on the retina, affecting it in exactly the same way that light affects a sensitized plate or film in a camera. In other words, your eye is a wonderful camera which takes pictures and then relays them to your brain via the optic nerve. So much for that.

Now, for the comfort and efficiency, as well as the beauty of your eyes. You must take care of them. First of all, see that they have proper light. Glaring sun or lamplight and rays reflected from large, flat or glossy surfaces can be harmful and injurious. Close work done by dim or flickering light also may do irreparable damage. Light should come from above and behind, when you work or read. And the object you look at should be held fourteen to sixteen inches away, unless your eyes are a bit off normal.

When using your eyes for close work, sit in a comfortable, upright position. Hold the book or whatever it is *up* in *front* of you. Don't fold up like a jack-knife with your chin on your chest and your book on your lap. When your eyes get tired from use or strain, look off in the distance to the furthest visible object. This simple exercise rests and strengthens the muscles. Blinking is another excellent stunt to relieve eye strain. Move and (*Continued on page 75*)



pencil to match
ara accents and
shape, especially
mall, inexpressive
or light eyes.

Eye shadow should start at the lash-line and blend upward toward full part of your lid, shading off gradually.

Squint and laugh lines should be warded off by the regular use of rich, oily creams which help considerably.



BENNY, INC.

The other stockholders are three damsels who run Jack's life! Yet he's glad to sit on this Exchange

BY MARY MAYES

THERE IS an unknown woman in the life of Jack Benny. Her name is Thalia and she is said to be of Greek origin. Mary Livingstone is not jealous of her—at least, not in the ordinary sense. Thalia is the Muse of Comedy, folks, and Jack has been crazy about her all his adult life. The other women in the Benny scheme of things are, as you well know, the aforementioned Mary L. Benny and Miss Joan Naomi, the adored, adopted charmer of five, who winds Pop around the little finger and selects the daily neckties. These two ladies shall be mentioned in their places, but it is the laughing muse to whom we shall give our first attention.

Jack Benny has been consistently funny on the radio for a long, long time. He has been tops in all kinds of radio polls for a greater length of time than Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis have been winning Academy Awards. Now, with the happy release of "Man About Town," it seems that Benny has learned how to be equally funny in pictures. His previous movie operas haven't been nearly as good as his radio programs. The reasons for this heretofore sad state of affairs will become apparent as we go on talking about him and the gentle art of "how to be funny."

"How to be funny." I'm quite sure that, by actual statistics, there are nine million people in this country who would like to know the trick. Being naturally funny isn't enough. Belly-laugh jokes, sly puns, sophisticated wit—these are not enough. A comical voice (what is professionally known as good delivery) is a help, as witness the laughs Jack's Mary can get by merely opening her mouth. But it isn't all. Material—is that it? It's exceedingly important, and Jack Benny employs two smart gents named Ed Beloin and Bill Morrow, paying them salaries which aren't chicken-feed, babe, to help him whip up good material. But that isn't all, either. Let's listen to the Old Master himself, who seems to have the recipe.

"Why is Rochester funny?" he asked. "Rochester is funny because he has a God-given delivery. That asthmatic, smarty-pants, untutored, Aframerican voice is marvelous! But that's only part of it. Then, too, Rochester is gymnastically funny. His dancing has some comic sense; it isn't merely a series of gyrations. But he is funny chiefly because he is my servant and treats me with no respect whatsoever. Now how can he get away with this? He, a lowly colored boy, and me, his boss, and a member of the superior white race. Especially how can he get away with it in the South? We can get away with it because I, in my radio character and to a lesser extent in my movie character, am a combination of all the unattractive, small, nidgy-nadgy, laughable, ridiculous characteristics which Mr., Mrs., and Miss America run across daily in friends, relatives, ex-boy-friends and neighbors. I'm a tightwad. I fancy my violin-playing, when actually I'm incapable of mastering Little Nellie's First Music Book, let alone 'Love in Bloom.' I'm a braggart about physical and romantic prowess or else I'm the type that all girls are safe with. I'm not grotesque, nor villainous, nor idiotic. I'm merely a combination of small, unattractive traits, slightly exaggerated. And that's why I'm funny, or at least I think so."

You get the point—do you not? J. B. sits down and figures out how to make people laugh in the same way that the soup, tomato juice and bean tycoons sit down and figure out how to make people buy soup, tomato juice and beans.

"None of us would be funny," continued my favorite comedian, "if there were not a situation into which our various characters and cracks would fit, nicely and comfortably, without dragging gags in by the ears. Because a joke alone is not enough. We've left many a tasty joke on studio and cutting-room floors. An audience knows when a joke has been forced upon it and is apt to keep a very straight face about it.

"Once we cut a marvelous joke from a program—a joke about Eddie Cantor. I'm not going to tell it for we shall find a use for it some time. I ran into Eddie the following week and I said, 'Eddie, I had a swell gag in Sunday's program about you. Then, I dunno, at rehearsal, it didn't quite seem to click, so we left it out. But I think I'll put it in next week.' And Eddie said, 'Jack, when in doubt—remember that sterling word, "don't." A gag that is never told never lays an egg.'"

YES, J. B. certainly knows his stuff. His weekly radio program goes into work along about Tuesday of each week. In the meantime, Benny has been worrying ever since the preceding Sunday. Was the last program as good as the previous program? Maybe they shouldn't have made this crack, maybe they should have made that one. Oh, well, to work, now, to work! And Benny, Beloin and Morrow sit down with plenty of coffee, cigarettes and nice new pencils to chew.

They engrave doodles on nice white paper. They ejaculate "Lousy!" at intervals. They stay up all hours. They finally get a rough idea. Wednesday, they bring their erasers and shape things up. They scribble down the sides of the pages and get a little bit enthusiastic. Thursday they get a little bit depressed.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, they cut and change and rewrite and rehearse and take aspirin. Benny watches the cast like a cat. The cast is (*Continued on page 85*)



AROUND TOWN

Bob Taylor cuts his birthday cake. Ann Dvorak, Barbara Stanwyck, Jack Benny and Fred MacMurray were guests at his party.



Our cameraman, Jules Buck, camera catches celebrities at play



Here's a picture of old-timers for old-timers. Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish and D. W. Griffith dine at the Troc, which certainly turns the movie clock back a quarter of a century. Do you remember them?

Hedy Lamarr poses for our cameraman, to Margaret Sullavan's amusement. Hedy likes publicity—and admits it—while Maggie pretends to resent it. At any rate, this is certainly an interesting study.

PREMIERE NIGHT

"The Wizard Of Oz" rated one of Hollywood's spectacular premieres. L. to r., you see Harold Lloyd, Jr. and Sr., Mrs. Lloyd, their two daughters and Edgar Bergen with a pretty young friend. The "little people" are the Munchkins, who live in Oz.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his bride were "among those present." She's pretty Spanish looking, with all that black chantilly, huh?



Patricia Morison and Preston Foster didn't attend together, but Mrs. F. obligingly stepped away from the camera.

Stuart Erwin attended with the prettiest young woman in Movietown—June Collyer, his wife. They're inveterate first-nighters.



And here is Ann Rutherford with Mrs. Frank Baum, widow of "The Wizard Of Oz" author. Ann was truly honored by such company.





Carol Ann with her daddy, Wally Beery. Although she's only nine, she sports a grown-up dress, a fur coat and her hair piled high.



That excellent actor, Terry Kilburn, is old enough to have a girl friend. She is Leni Lynn, a pretty Miss, who accompanied him to "Oz."

TROUBLES!

Actors, like all of us, have their troubles. But when they come, the thespians have a way of unfailingly sticking together. James Cagney, Wayne Morris, Mischa Auer and Emily Holt attend a labor meeting.



The Screen Actors' Guild hold their mass meeting at the Shrine Auditorium, where labor problems were discussed. Hugh Herbert, Pat O'Brien, James Gleason, Frank McHugh and Boris Karloff seem to approve.





Left, George Murphy, Roger Pryor, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan were "among those present" at the Guild meeting. When it was over, some members planed to Atlantic City, N. J., for further conferences.



Adolphe Menjou, Lawrence Tibbett and Eddie Cantor are strong Guild members. They all believe in the "all for one and one for all" adage. And, perhaps, that's why the Guild is a strong and prosperous league.



Rosalind Russell and Burgess Meredith are constant companions. Note Roz's unusual necklace.



If you've seen "Golden Boy," Bill Holden needs no introduction. Here's his girl, Dagmar Smith.

PARTIES!

The Fred MacMurrays at the Troc. Fred is about to present a cup to winners of a dance contest.

Speaking of necklaces, Gracie Allen's doing all right! She and George Burns are dining at the Troc.





Wherever there are stars to see, our cameraman is sure to be! So, here he makes the rounds



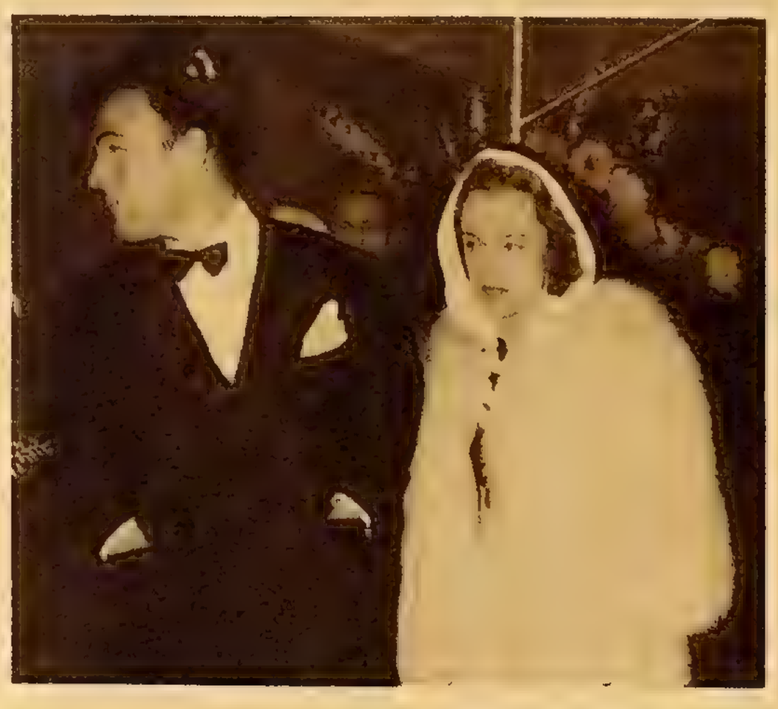
Andrea Leeds and the fella whose ring she's wearing, Bob Howard.



The Lucille Ball-Director Al Hall romance is truly long-standing.



Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, make merry at the Troc.



The gent with the feather in his cap is Brian Donlevy; the lady, his Missus.



Autograph seekers interrupt Marsha Hunt's and Richard Carlson's chat.



Attractive Hope Hampton and Hubby Jules Brulatour attend a preview.



Cute young-marrieds, Anne Shirley and John Payne, never miss a thing.



Fred Perry, Helen Vinson and Mr. Napier table talk at the Troc.



Newlyweds in a gay mood—Jockey Jackie Westrope and Nan Grey.



Well, looks as if Cesar Romero and Ann Sheridan are together again!



Two swell troupers—Burgess Meredith and Norma Shearer.



Jane Wyman beams! 'Cause she's engaged to handsome Ronald Reagan?



Dorothy Lamour and Danny Danker. Like la belle's two-piece gown?



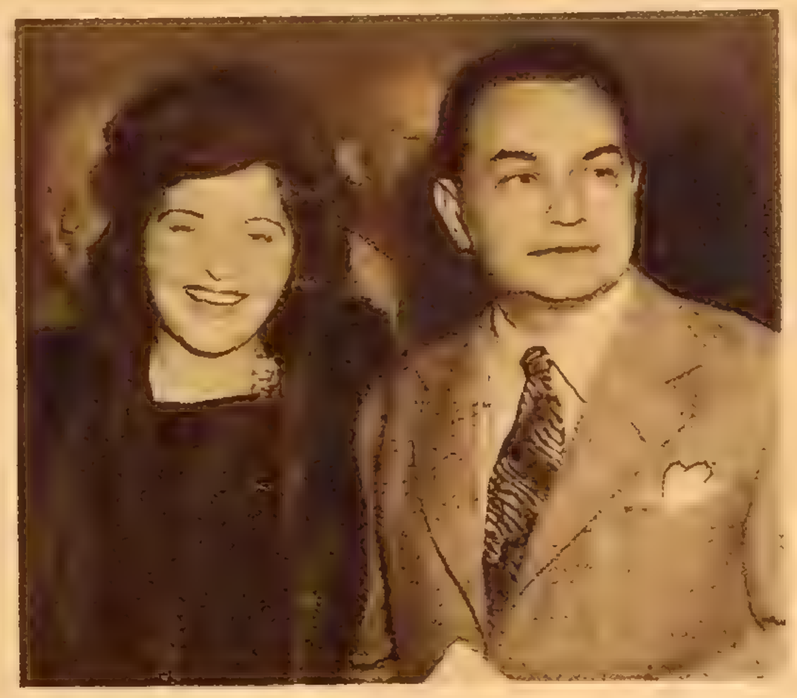
Very definitely "on again" are Arleen Whelan and Alexander D'Arcy.



The Errol Flynns dine out. Lili's wearing the symbol of peace for jewelry.



Must be a good trick Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are watching.



The Edward G. Robinsons step out before leaving for a European vacation.



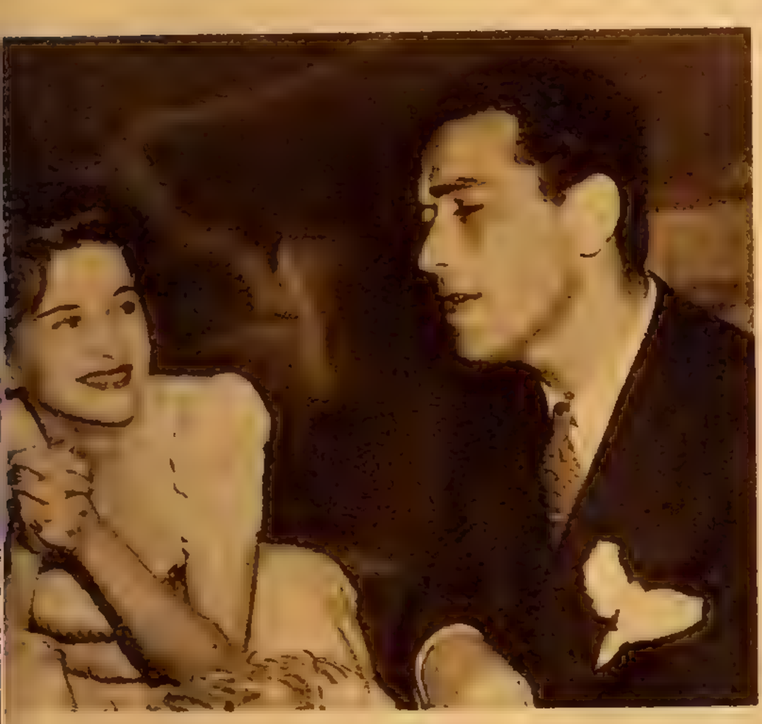
With Sir Stork expected, Wayne and Bubbles Morris look very happy.



Edgar Bergen and starlet Marjorie Reed. Paging Mr. McCarthy!



The Humphrey Bogarts—she's Mayo Methot—peruse a premiere program.



At the Trocadero, Joan Fonfaine listens to Pat de Cicco's philosophizing.



Comedienne Martha Raye and Hubby David Rose get snapped, too.



A genial couple at Victor Hugo's were Ralph Bellamy and his little woman.

GOOD NEWS







Greer Garson—Mrs. Chips to us—sacrificed her long hair for "Remember." *She* was brave, but her mother wept.

Charles Laughton, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, was so lonesome in Hollywood, he sent for Wife Elsa Lanchester.

Myrna Loy brings beautiful gifts to her co-workers each morning. She's always been noted for her thoughtfulness.

Lois Svensrud, our indefatigable news gatherer, visits the stars at home,

STRICTLY BUSINESS

Those rumors of romance between Sonja Henie and her agent, Vic Orsatti, don't make sense according to one of our sleuths. It's strictly business between the two. And the fact that with Sonja business begins at 9 A. M. is not what's called conducive to romantic feelings on the part of Mr. Orsatti. The Norwegian lass calls her agent's office every single day. A special switchboard arrangement allows the secretary to transfer the call, unbeknownst to the star, to the phone at Vic's bedside. "What's new this morning?" is Sonja's greeting—and in an invariably cheerful voice, since she has a habit of going to bed with the birds. We understand that if anyone mentions the words "what's new" around Mr. Orsatti, he's liable to start throwing things.

BRENT MOVES IN

George Brent is the latest to inherit the Marlene Dietrich dressing-room on the Paramount lot. Brent had everything moved out of the room but some comfortable chairs and smoking tables. A book-case from home is crammed with current history books, which are the actor's chief relaxation between scenes. The room's only adornment is a beautiful picture of Bette Davis. If she could see George Brent in his dashing uniform of the Royal British Flying Corps, required in his present role, Bette might stop her hemming and hawing.

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG?

If an unpopularity poll should be taken in town, no one would have a chance against Artie Shaw. On the "Dancing Co-Ed" set, Artie made himself thoroughly disliked by arguing over every direction given him and proclaiming to the youngsters on the set that jitterbugs made him sick. The swingster is easily spotted around town, since his chauffeur drives the Shaw convertible coupe with Artie sitting on a jump-seat behind.

HE CAN TAKE IT!

And a gentleman around town who's getting undeserved cracks is Mickey Rooney. If you discounted half the stories now at large, you would still have an exaggerated account of Mickey's actions. He's anything but shy and backward, but neither is Mickey the incorrigible and conceited lad some people would have you believe. Any studio worker—and they are the boys that know—will tell you Rooney is strictly okay and a regular fellow.

SHE'S CAMERA SHY

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland may have many interests in common, but posing for candid camera shots isn't one of them. Roland will always oblige with a smile when the photographers ask him to pose, while the girl friend continues full speed ahead. Which resulted in an amusing spectacle at the Troc the other evening when the two arrived arm in arm and were met by a battery of cameras at the door. Gilbert waved a greeting to the boys and paused an instant for a picture. He was promptly jerked off his feet and swept along by la Bennett who never released her grim hold on him.

CHINS UP, MIRIAM!

Miriam Hopkins is another of the actresses who doesn't like having her "pitcher took." A flash-bulb will set her off like a startled jack-rabbit. But the other evening when a cameraman begged her to give him a picture, the lady took him aside and said she honestly wouldn't mind, but her candid pictures always looked so awful and she would appreciate it if he could tell her why. Not bothering to go heavy on the tact, the photog told her. "All right," said Miriam, "you just yell 'chins up' from now on, and I'll pose." Miriam Hopkins is a glamor girl, but what's far more rare in this town, she's a good sport.

PA MEETS BOSS

At the Trocadero one evening with Flynn, Sr., Errol beckoned Jack Warner over to his table and said he wanted to introduce his father. "What's this," said Mr. Warner jovially, "a gag?" "No, sir," said Flynn, "it's no gag, it's my father." The ensuing moment of embarrassment was covered up hastily by Pere Flynn, who grasped Mr. Warner's hand and said, "I've always wanted to meet my boy's boss."

DICK'S IN LOVE

Warmest romance in town is between Richard Greene and Virginia Field. Dick looks really ardent this time and Virginia—well, girls, how would you look under the circumstances? A Greene romance that never hit the news was the one just prior to this, between Dick and Margaret Roach, Hal Roach's daughter. But a nice friendship has developed out of that. For Dick and Virginia are spending every afternoon playing badminton on the courts at the Roach home. So, all's well!

MAISIE AND BLONDIE

One of the most popular girls in town right now is Ann Sothern. Everywhere she goes people cry "Hi, Maisie!" Ann says the recognition is the most flattering thing that ever happened to her. The other day when



Eleanor Powell's desire to dance with Fred Astaire has been fulfilled. They're in "Broadway Melody of 1940."

Donald Meek says he was once engaged to a girl named Mabel Milde. Now, Donald, stop that!

Beverly Roberts is such a talented actress, she should be very busy. The fact that she isn't is a pity.

Janet Gaynor will now be Hollywood's best dressed woman, or Hubby Adrian will know the reason why.

the movie studios and social gatherings, and takes you right along with her

she was getting a cup of coffee at a drive-in stand, a small boy came up to Ann's car and asked for her autograph. Ann obligingly signed "Maisie Sothern" and handed back the book. The boy looked at it, and then at her. "Shucks," he said, "I thought you was Blondie Singleton."

AN APPLE A DAY

Ann Sheridan had so many dates with a successful young physician whom she recently met that Cesar Romero didn't get a chance to see her for two weeks. Beginning the third week, he figured something should be done, so he had a big red apple delivered to Ann's home every day. Whether that's what kept the doctor away isn't definite, but anyhow the Oomph girl's favorite escort is again Mr. Romero.

SHAME ON GALE

Gale Page isn't afraid of death, taxes or seeing her own previews, but she's in mortal terror of dentists. Recently she decided to stop procrastinating and have all her dental work done in one fell swoop. So she made appointments for every day in one week. "I walked bravely into the building every day," Gale relates, "but just couldn't open the door to the dentist's office. So I'd sneak into the building drug-store and drink cokes for half an hour before going out to my car. I didn't want the chauffeur to know my shame." Why, Gale!

MEET DR. TEMPLE

Shirley Temple, on the other hand, takes care of the dental problem with neat dispatch. She pulls her own teeth when they get to the wobbly stage. Other day seven-year-old Virginia Avery, daughter of Supreme Justice Avery, visited Shirley on the set and exhibited two loose teeth. Shirley promptly offered to tie a thread around them and pull 'em pronto. And so she did, with Virginia so enchanted at having teeth yanked by America's No. 1 box office attraction that she didn't let out a whimper.

ANNA'S RECIPE

Anna Neagle, in Hollywood to play "Nurse Edith Cavell," was one of the most cooperative stars that ever came to town. She granted interviews right and left and delighted the news gatherers with her straightforward answers to their questions. But the English star didn't waste any time on the flatterers. A female writer had an appointment with her one day and gushed, "What a lovely complexion you have, Miss Neagle, and such gorgeous hands. How do you keep them so beautiful?" "I wash my face with soap and water," replied the star. "My hands, too. Don't you?"

NICE QUALIFICATIONS

You have undoubtedly marvelled at the way May Robson keeps hard at work on her screen career, in spite of those seventy-five years to her credit. But don't think Miss Robson relaxes after a day at the studio. She devotes her evening to her other business—real estate. Right now she has plans under way for a group of apartment houses which will be built in a middle-class residential section of Los Angeles. The apartments are going to be attractive and rented at as low a price as possible. The only qualification that Miss Robson will insist upon from her tenants is that they have either dogs or children!

HEAP BIG POW WOW

On the set of "Geronimo," an off-screen battle waged one day between the Cherokee Indians hired for the picture and Director Sloan. Chief Thunder Cloud refused to have Sloan's make-up men apply the grease-paint on him or his warriors. The Chief, a University of Arizona graduate, said he had brought along clay pigments for the tribe and they would apply their own war-paint, since it's an art not understood by the pale face make-up men. "Okay, okay," said Sloan, "let 'em paint themselves." Whereupon the second siege of the battle started, for the make-up men insisted the redmen had no union cards. Followed a pow wow with Director Sloan, Chief Thunder Cloud and union representatives. The outcome was that the Indians could make themselves up—provided the studio paid regular union make-up men to stand by.

NANCY'S LOVES

Nancy Kelly used to wangle permission from her studio at every opportunity to take a trip to New York. She "just loved" the big city and no place on earth, including Hollywood, could take its place. After completion of "Stanley and Livingstone," Nancy was notified by the studio that she had three weeks vacation and could hop right out of town for New York. "But I don't want to go," said Nancy, "I just love Hollywood." To her intimates she adds, "Hollywood and Edmund O'Brien." The former New York actor is now playing in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" and, they say, doing a fine job.

HELEN'S GLAMOR

Helen Parrish says it really must be love this time. She's not found anybody to take Jimmy Corner's place and it's been three whole, long months since she met him. So on the set at Universal the other day, Helen was staring in wide-eyed admiration



George Murphy is another talented player you should be sending fan mail to.

at Sigrid Gurie. She told us that becoming a siren type was her fondest aim in life. "But I haven't a chance to develop any glamor," Helen said gloomily, "not with two big brothers at home waiting to pounce on my false eyelashes."

'SCUSE IT, PLEASE

Rosalind Russell dropped in at the popular Schwab's Drug Store for a sandwich and malt the other noon. She had just seated herself at the counter when a woman came rushing in. "Excuse me," she said pushing the actress aside, "but I left something here." And reaching under the counter she produced a wad of gum. To Rosalind's astonished gasp, the woman said courteously, "I'm sure it's mine."

ROGERS' RETAKE

Ginger Rogers was called back from Honolulu for an hour's work on "Fifth Avenue Girl." The studio had sneak previewed the picture in a suburban town and found the audience didn't like just one line of dialogue exchanged between Ginger and her leading man, Tim Holt. So back came Ginger from her vacation and Tim Holt rushed over from the hospital for his line. Tim and his wife are momentarily expecting to make a grandpa out of Jack Holt.

BINKIE'S MAKE-UP

On the set of "The Light That Failed," we noticed that every time Ronald Colman had his make-up repaired he took Binkie, his Scotch terrier, over to the make-up table with him. Binkie was working in a scene with Colman that day, it developed, and he had to wear grease paint and a dash of ochre powder on the end of his nose. It was too shiny, if you please.

OBITUARY NOTE

Bernice, baby elephant affectionately known as "Baby Bea," aged 22 months. Bernice is survived by her trainer George Emerson, and mourned by the entire Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. She was starred in the picture "Tarzan Finds A Son" with Johnny Weismuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Sheffield. Baby Bea's now stuffed and will have permanent interment at the studio property department.

WOTTA PET, JANE!

On the set of "High School," Jane Withers was entranced with a new pet. It was a four-foot gopher snake which has a role in the picture, too. Jane developed such a lik-



When Annabella returns from France, she will bring her seven-year-old daughter.

ing for the creature that Ada Morris, the snake's trainer, said she could take it home after the picture. Prattling happily about her gift at supper that night, Jane was overheard by Samantha, the Withers' colored cook. "Miss Jane," said Samantha, "if you all bring that snake home, I go. And," she added, "you all let me know WHEN it's coming so I'll be gone BEFORE it comes." The snake will continue making its home with Ada Morris.

SWEET REVENGE

From an RKO wardrobe girl comes the story of a certain famous star who was being given a fitting. The girl accidentally stuck a pin into the star and the infuriated actress grabbed a cup of coffee from a table and flung it into the girl's face. This particular "lady" seldom makes a picture at that studio, but she should know that the wardrobe department intends to make a pin-cushion of her on her next assignment.

BINNIE, BEHAVE!

The Americanization of Binnie Barnes is now complete, for she's given a weiner bake. The party took place at the beach the other evening and each guest was asked to bring along a musical instrument and be prepared to give an impersonation of some prominent Hollywood actor. The music wasn't exactly good, since all the guests brought combs and saws, but the impersonations were grand. Binnie herself won the most acclaim, with her take-off of Mr. Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom. It's so good that you may see it yourself in Binnie's next picture.

FOSTER'S "WIFE"

It could only happen in Hollywood. Preston Foster and his wife walked into a preview the other evening and were stopped by the cameramen. "Just one moment," yelled the photogs, "hold it!" But in that one moment, Preston's wife was spirited from his side and he found himself standing with his arm around a complete stranger as the cameras snapped. It was Patricia Morison who had come up behind them and found herself pushed into the actor's arms, while Mrs. Preston obligingly stepped out of the picture. For fast action, Hollywood cameramen have the all-time record.

SOME SEDUCTION!

Speaking of Patricia Morison brings to mind the preview of "Magnificent Fraud." In one scene, Pat was standing beneath a moonlit palm tree with Lloyd Nolan. She looked up at him and drawled, "Keess me."



Gary Cooper is an inveterate dinner guest. He's welcome simply everywhere.

There was an audible sigh and a chorus of envious "hmmms" from strong men all over the theatre. Dorothy Lamour, with her sarong thrown in for good measure, never got an audience reaction like the one accorded Paramount's newest glamor girl.

CLARK'S COAT

In Santa Maria, California, the men get into the spirit of the town's annual Fiesta by growing beards. So an auto court manager there was not surprised to have a bearded man and his blonde wife rent a cabin from him one evening. Next morning he found an overcoat left behind with Clark Gable's name in it. Word got around and soon every youngster in town had dropped by for a look at it. The manager had many an offer of a dime if the sight-seers could snip off a souvenir, but when the Gables stopped two days later after their fishing trip to pick up the forgotten coat, they found not so much as a thread of it missing.

DEANNA'S FIRST KISS

That much-publicized "First Kiss" of Deanna Durbin's in her current picture ran up to dozens of kisses before the scene was completed. Robert Stack and Deanna started out by being scared of each other. Having got

over that, they still couldn't get the right camera angle to their osculations. Then Robert's nose would get in the way or Deanna would open one eye to see what was going on and spoil the take. At the end of the day, Deanna admitted that kissing wasn't the romantic sylvan sort of thing it was cracked up to be, but Robert had no objections whatever to the work.

TY'S NEW BABY

From Bill Gallagher, Tyrone Power's secretary and pal, comes news that Ty's met all Annabella's folks in France and that he couldn't ask for a nicer selection of in-laws than the Charpentiers. Those rumors that the Powers will add a nursery to their home on returning to Hollywood are not without foundation, but Bill claims the addition to the family will be Annabella's seven-year-old daughter.

DICK'S DAUGHTER

There may be another famous Barthelmess in movies one of these days. For Mary, Richard Barthelmess' daughter, is determined to be an actress. She has been studying at the Henry Duffy school, and recently made her first appearance in their production of "Brother Rat." Her father was so proud of her that orchids arrived from him on opening night of the play, and following the performance a party for the entire cast was given at the Barthelmess home. Mary's prettier'n a picture, and has plenty of that Barthelmess charm.



Randy Scott has taken a new lease on movie life, so you'll be seeing him often.

HUH, THAT'S NOBODY!

At a recent preview, an autograph seeker noted that a woman coming into the theatre was getting a good deal of attention. "Who's that?" she asked a bystander. "Mrs. Farley," was the answer. "Is she in pictures?" asked the girl. "No," was the answer, "Mrs. Farley's the wife of the postmaster general of the United States." Whereupon the girl turned to her companion and hissed, "Nobody!" How do you like it?

ROMANTIC RICHARD

On the "Dancing Co-Ed" set, Richard Carlson was having a bad time remembering his lines. After several futile attempts to get through his three sentences for a scene, Director Simon said, "Look, Carlson, take the advice of an old-timer and stay out of night clubs while you're in a picture." "Good advice, all right," agreed Richard, "but I haven't been in a night club since I was married. And as a matter of fact my wife rehearses me in my day's lines every morning before I leave for the studio. But gosh," he added, "every time I start my lines I think of how she looked when I was saying them to her and I guess I get kind of dreamy." It's been all of ten weeks since the Carlsons eloped to Las Vegas, so let it never be said that love doesn't last in Hollywood.

IN LIEU OF LUNCH

Because of Jane Bryan, Leroy Strine is now the envy of every man on the campus of the University of Southern California. During a recent rush season, Leroy put over a stunt that had whole fraternities turning green. Leroy asked Jane to be the guest of honor at a luncheon at his Pi Kappa Alpha house. She accepted the invitation, and so did every rushee accept the P.K.A. luncheon invitation that day. The result was that there wasn't enough lunch to go around, but there weren't any objections from the starving collegians who had a look at Jane.

NICE GIRL, LINDA

Linda Darnell's the current rave of the town, but you'd never suspect it from the way she acts. With her mother and two younger sisters, Linda lives in a modest Beverly Hills apartment, drives a second-hand coupe and still keeps steady dates with Robert Shaw, the 20th Century-Fox contract player whom she met on the lot.

UNINVITED GUEST

The Trocadero was thoroughly enjoyed the other evening by a shaggy airdale. The pooch wandered through the door when no one was looking and then, attracted by the sweet music or the smell of the chef's famous steaks, he bounded into the dining-room. By that time several waiters were hot on his trail. But to Priscilla Lane goes credit for his capture. She held out a juicy chop when the dog headed down the aisle towards her table. Then she personally conducted the dog to the door and sent him on his way with her chop.



Alice Faye is busy furnishing a new home, she and Tony are that happy!

HOW ABOUT BETTY?

Jackie Coogan's had his share of hard luck, all right. But the fact that Betty Grable's path hasn't been strewn with roses seems to have slipped most people's minds. Now with the divorce proceedings under way, she is coming in for a new deluge of criticism. The truth of the matter is that Betty worked harder at keeping her marriage off the rocks than she did at her career. And her picture record in the last year will attest to how hard she worked at that! Then there was trouble in her parent's home, too, with Betty getting the brunt of that. How about giving the little girl the big hand which she justly deserves?

THE HAPPY MARTINS

Alice Faye and Tony Martin spent all their spare time recently shopping for furniture, draperies and kitchen gadgets for that new home in the San Fernando Valley. Formerly belonging to Jack Haley, the house is a rambling comfortable one which the Martins knew was home, sweet home from the moment they spotted it. Furthermore, the man of the house is footing all the bills for the place. His salary, since that sensational personal appearance tour, now exceeds Alice's earnings, so that obstacle to their happiness is now no more.

SHE'S NO TIME-WASTER

For "Vigil In The Night," Carole Lombard went through ten coiffure tests to find an appropriate and becoming style of hairdress for her nurse's role in the picture. A style had still not been settled upon when she was whisked off to the hospital for that appendicitis operation. But Carole didn't waste her time as she lay in bed. She studied the nurses' simple, smart coiffures and had a most becoming one all arranged when she was well. (*Continued on page 98*)

Dot Lamour gets her name in the papers more than anyone—but she's not bragging!





Sigrid Gurie is another happy bride. Here she is with the man of her choice, Dr. L. C. Spangard. You'll soon see the bride in "Rio."



Some newcomers! Robert Stack, Deanna Durbin's hero in "First Love," and lovely Linda Darnell, who makes a hit in "Hotel for Women."



Janet Gaynor dancing with her groom, Gilbert Adrian. The other couple are Max Baer and Renee Torres. They're at the Troc.



Some call it love and Richard Greene is among them. Yes, Virginia Field is his best girl and he doesn't care who knows it!



YOUNG Mrs. Curtenius Gillette is known as "Tania" among her friends in New York and Nassau society. She speaks five languages . . . excels in housekeeping . . wears clothes with faultless distinction. A vivid, glowing person, she enjoys life to the full . . . says she "loves" the theatre, music, casual entertaining—and Camels.

"Oh, you'll always find Camels on hand in our house," she says. "I've smoked Camels for about seven years—and I like them best. They're mild—delicate—and have such nice fragrance. Then, too, Camels burn *more slowly*—so, you see, each Camel cigarette lasts *longer* and gives me that much more smoking pleasure!"

By burning 25% slower *than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than* any *of them—CAMELS give a smoking* plus *equal to*

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Here are facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

Try Camels today. Notice that costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference. Better smoking — and more of it—with Camels!



CAMELS — *LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS*

DURA-GLOSS



This is the polish that swept the country in 6 months!

You simply must try it!

BECAUSE

it makes finger-nails more beautiful



YES, every woman that uses Dura-Gloss loves it! Millions of them have adopted this new polish. Never will they use ordinary polish again! Dura-Gloss makes your nails look lovelier than ever—because this new polish is made with a richer color and more "body." And its high *gloss* makes your nails more lustrous—as brilliant as jewels. Ask any woman whose finger-nails you particularly admire, and you'll undoubtedly find she is wearing Dura-Gloss. You simply must try it!

Choose your color from the *PATENTED "FINGER-NAIL"* CAPS which show you each of the following style-approved colors exactly as it will look on your own nails:

Blue Pink	Heather	Laurel	Jungle
Clover	Hunter Red	Rose *Cream*	Old Rose
Deep Orchid	Natural *Cream*		Thistle
Formal			Tropical
Fuchsia	Natural *Transparent*	Rose *Transparent*	Tulip
Gypsy Red			Colorless

The "Finger-Nail" Cap on each bottle is coated with the actual polish itself. Dura-Gloss wears longer, goes on better, makes nails smooth, dries faster.

HUNTER RED—
Fashion's new shade for Fall

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

10c

DURA-GLOSS

The New and Better Nail Polish **BY LORR**



YOUNG LOVE

William Henry and Ellen Drew supply the romance in "Geronimo," a story of the young West, packed with color and adventure.

Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT *they're both quick to grasp this Exciting new* "SKIN-VITAMIN" *Care*!*



In Cartier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.



Shopping for the week end—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."



On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.



Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.



TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY for the cost of only ONE



Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.



VINCENT'S PRICELESS HAT

Being the revelations of a very gay Fedora on his even gayer boss

I HADN'T been on the shelf very long and I wasn't really worried, for I knew I was young and good looking. I'd even been called handsome by a blonde who walked by with a guy and looked fleetingly in my direction. But I wasn't to be had—cheap.

Then Vincent Price walked in. Six feet four in a tweed suit which draped from his lanky frame, and a lazy walk like molasses in January. But, you could tell—*this* was a guy! He glanced at me, raised his eyebrows questioningly and passed seven bucks across the counter. He flipped me into the air and stepped casually beneath me. I landed cock-eyed and I liked it. I knew I'd found a pal, rain or shine. I was positively prophetic.

For a brown Fedora, I've lived some life. Price and I have been around. Yale was just the beginning. But Yale was also the end—of my youthful figure. Day by day Vincent squashed me a little more. A feather from a zoo in Budapest, a stub from a ticket for Hamlet, a number of other priceless (no pun intended) relics all found their place under my trim brown band—and sent it bulging until I resembled chocolate mousse on a bender.

Yes, we were inseparable, Price and I. To a point where I even joined him in his shower. He seemed to see nothing illogical about that, but I had my pride. Of course, it left me flat after a few such ablutions, dispelled any hopes of ever holding my crown high again.

Don't get me wrong. I could take it, and did, and liked it. There was our first trip to Europe, when a gust of wind knocked me off my perch on the boss's bean and spun me into the ship's swimming pool. That was when I found out how much Price really cared.

To be honest, he made a damned fool of himself, pacing up and down the deck, shouting for the steward, the skipper, the *Captain* if necessary. As he began to tear off his coat and shoes and shirt, a bald-headed gentleman came to the rescue unwittingly. He simply arose to the surface after a springboard flop, and I came up with him, drooping and dripping from a cock-eyed position on the back of his head. By now, Price had stopped his strip tease to gesticulate even more madly from the sidelines.

"My hat, sir, it's my hat . . . here . . . me . . . mine!"

My bewildered rescuer got the point. Puffing and splashing, he handed me up to my owner. "Sorry, old man," he gasped. "I'm afraid it's the worse for wear. My name's Price."

Vincent started. "But that's my name too, sir. Thanks. Nice of you! We're a prolific lot, aren't we?" he added plaintively.

Ordinarily, after an experience like this, one of my class would be relegated to the closet or the attic or the ash heap. But you don't know Price. He treated me even more tenderly now, and together we toured the capitals of Europe with the Yale Glee Club, singing concerts in all the most fashionable places.

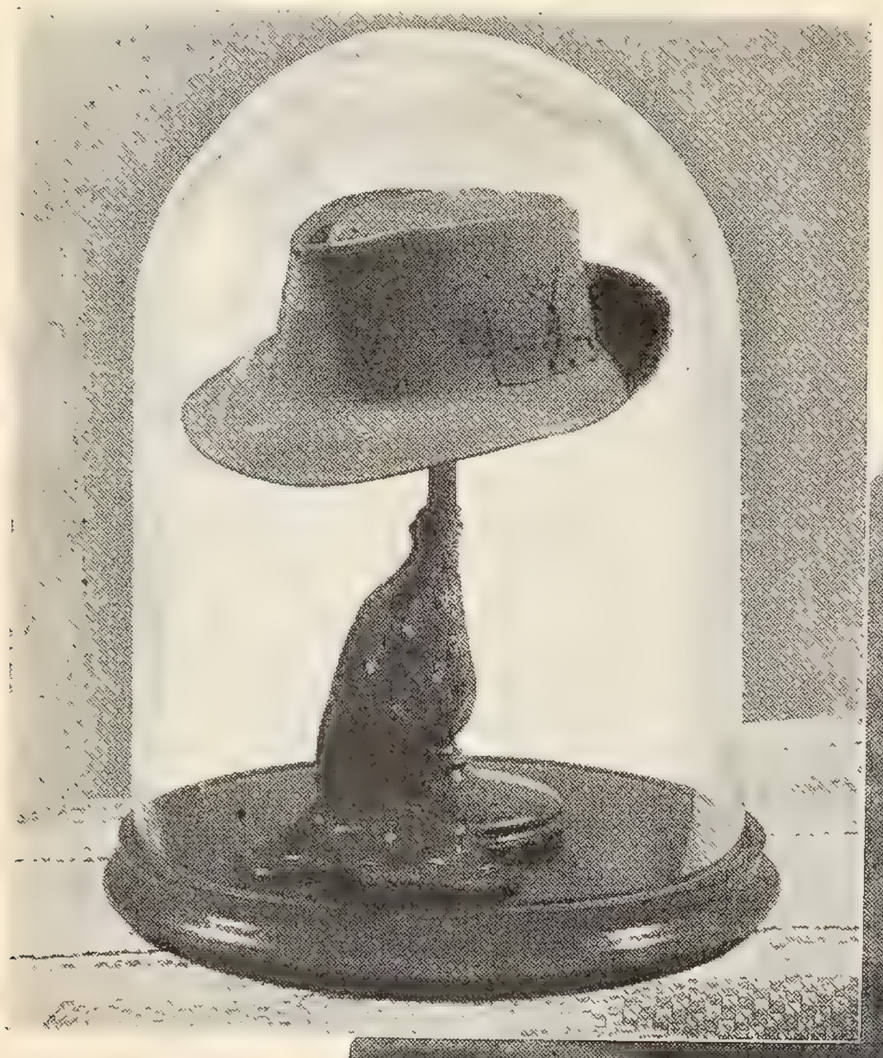
One day, during a lay-off period (*Continued on page* 66)

BY MARTHA KERR



"Vincent Price and I have been around. To Yale, Budapest and Majorca. And now that I'm retired, he goes without a hat."

"They put me under glass with a tie Price had loved in school—and we seem to get along all right."



Want a rosy, thriving baby? *Study Martha!*

First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michener's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors!

"You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."



"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right.

"Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble.

"They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."



"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN



CHOSEN BY BUILDERS FOR No. 1 DEMONSTRATION HOME

● Builders of the N. Y. World's Fair No. 1 Demonstration House had the same window shade problem millions of women face each year: How to get beauty and durability at low cost?

These decorators found 35c CLOPAY Washable shades a perfect solution!

CLOPAY Washables are made of a remarkable cellulose material processed to look like linen. Coated both sides with oil-paint finish that soap and water cleans in a jiffy. CLOPAYS are not clay filled—won't pinhole or crack. Cost only 35c each, 36"x6', complete on roller with Edge-Saver brackets and shade button. (Larger sizes at slight extra cost.) See CLOPAY Washables in 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. For color samples send 3c stamp to CLOPAY, 1296 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, O.



in Vienna, he left me in a little bar. The Kaiser Bar, it was called. Later, I learned he didn't miss me until the next day, when he woke up a hundred miles away with a head as big as a stratosphere blimp.

He travelled all the way back, searching for me, and finally found the Kaiser Bar. I had remained where he had tossed me that night. It was a bull's eye. The nail had gone through my crown. The management apologized, and offered him a job singing. (They remembered he was a damned good tenor. But they said they wanted him to stay because they loved his hat.) Price said he *had* to take the job, since they put it that way, and we stayed for three months.

I KNEW something was up when he sang Mexican songs in his sleep.

But I had no idea he'd gotten as far as Majorca. We sailed for the Island the next day on our Kaiser Bar earnings —which weren't sufficient to buy a cabin, so he bought passage only. Price slept on the deck, using me as a pillow. I could see now how his foresight was justified—it would have been too bad if I hadn't been well broken in.

We had a hard time getting off. There was a little revolution going on in Spain and we looked like suspicious characters —especially me and the junk secreted away under my band, and specifically the theatre tickets. It was all pretty harrowing. They slit my brim, poked about for hours, scanned stubs and match folders, even feathers, and stared, but suspiciously, at the hole in my crown.

The inspectors were devoid of all feeling when they returned me to Price. They were tempted to run us both in for misrepresentation. There was simply no mysterious message or code to be unearthed in any of the "Hamlet-first-row-balcony-lefts."

We vagabonded gaily—inseparably. Finally, back to England, then to America to complete the boss' senior year in college and then on to a summer camp in the Adirondacks, which stands out for sheer wasted effort. But I served another purpose. Along the exterior of my band, a heterogeneous collection of hooks, spinners and flies now dazzled all comers—except the bass, none of whom were sucker enough to fall for this glamor stuff the boss fed them.

When we returned to New York, the boss took a chauffeur's job and I went along incognito. I hardly recognized myself after Price's fine hand-turning. So help me, I *did* look like a chauffeur's cap. Two extremely momentous events occurred about this time. Price used a whisk broom on me for the first time since my ready-to-wear days—and romance came into our lives.

She was very beautiful, very tall, very blonde—a Swedish girl. Price took her boating one day, but promptly discovered he was no navigator. The boat jammed into a sand bar and stuck. He and I parted company for the first time since the Kaiser Bar episode. Retrieving me again from a watery grave, he tossed me to his gal, while he struck out for help. She must have loved him very much—for she put me on.

Except for a few trips to Bermuda, where we met a number of the world's most beautiful girls, and another trip to Europe, where we stayed for two years, life was mildly eventful in comparison to our past.

Back in America, Price got his first big break in "Victoria Regina," playing opposite Helen Hayes. And, instantaneously, he became Broadway's favorite matinee idol.

It would have been too disillusioning had his new public ever noticed me. And fortunately they didn't. That is, they simply didn't recognize Price when he went out with me. We were stopped just once after a matinee by an elderly lady who said, "You poor man! Here's a dollar. Go get yourself a good meal."

HE *was* a loyal pal, wouldn't give me up regardless. When we went to the coast for his first picture, "Service de Luxe," and Constance Bennett called me a museum piece, he still stood by. Joy Hodges was in that one, too, and she was more sympathetic. She used to borrow me to run across to the commissary, for the rainy season was on during that production.

But when it comes to real sympathy and understanding, Bette Davis was the young woman who showed it. Price played with her in "Elizabeth and Essex" and he enjoyed it. She seemed to, too. And, of course I did, for Miss Davis remarked that I was younger than the slacks that (*Continued on page* 68)



Gloria Jean, who is only eleven, is destined to be as big a star as Deanna Durbin. Gloria made a great personal hit in her first picture, "The Underpup." Both she and Deanna work at Universal, which means that lightning *can* strike twice in the same place.

SHE THOUGHT: "ANOTHER WOMAN"

SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER ONE NEGLECT *



She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept *that* always fragrantly clean.



. . . a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her *meals* tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.



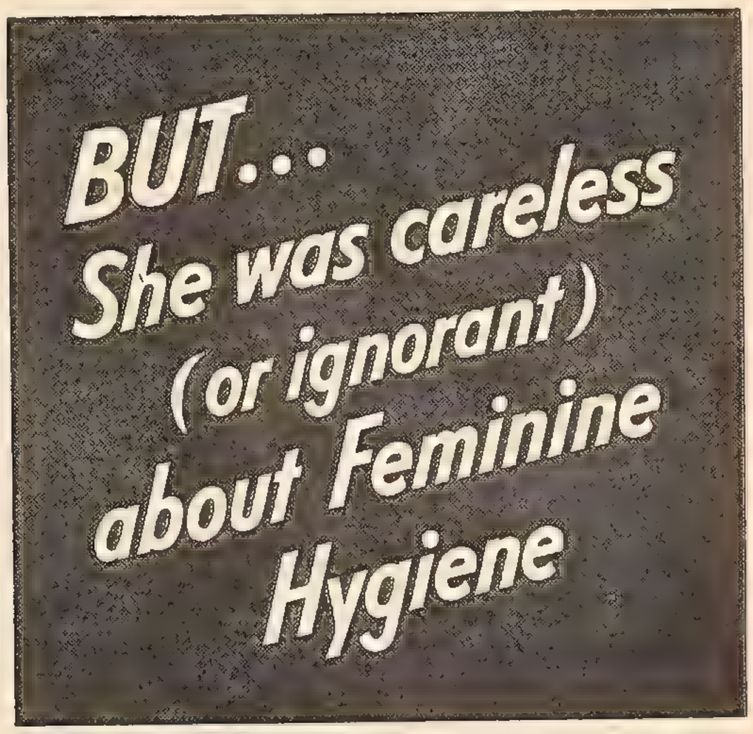
. . . an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on *his* side. She sought vainly for the reason.



She thought: "Another Woman". . . the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.



***She neglected** her person. The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "*Lysol*" for feminine hygiene.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

IF YOU yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol".

For half a century "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, *and wives*, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy. . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. M.S.-911, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

she was then wearing, no matter *how* old I was. There's a gal that tries to put you at your ease. And that quality makes for gratitude.

I was looking forward to going into "Green Hell" with Price, and I think he'd have liked it, too. "Love me, love my hat," he used to say, and grin, knowing all the time I couldn't keep up with him much longer.

It was after he met Edith Barrett, and his family met her, and things began to look serious between them, that somebody must have planted the idea back home that I should be retired.

One day Vincent's dad wrote saying how much he missed me, that he couldn't help thinking of the boss' college days, how proud he was of his success today, and how he wanted something to remember him by—"how about that old hat you wore at Yale?"

I guess Edith must have known I'd like to rest with my memories, for it was after they were married that Price sent me home. I prefer to think that her motives were of the highest.

Anyway, Vincent's dad meant what he said all right. He was sentimental, and he realized I'd been through a lot, but mother's nostrils were sensitive. They finally solved the problem neatly by putting me under glass. They put a tie he had loved in high school with me, and we get along all right. But just the same, it's awfully quiet and awfully lonesome. Still—I can take it. I was darned proud when Price came to St. Louis on a visit from Hollywood and—he wasn't wearing a hat! That's what I call devotion.



"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

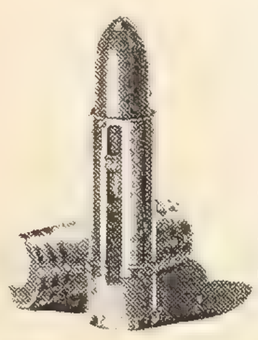


Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ... makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

WISHING MAY MAKE IT SO

(*Continued from page 43*)

meet Toscanini. No, not just meet him, but really get to know him. I'd love to meet George Bernard Shaw and be able to talk with him because I adore him. I'd love to know Maude Adams. There is so much I could learn from her.

"My fourth wish," said Jean, reflectively, "sort of ties in with the third one, I guess. For I wish that I had the kind of a brain which could retain everything I've ever read. I'd like to be impressively brilliant and well-informed. I admire Dorothy Thompson enormously, by the way. I'd like to be 'well up' on politics, national and international. I think it's stupid not to know what is going on in the world. I'd like to be in the very center of world intrigues, dynasties in the making, empires falling and all that. I'd love to be a spy," laughed Jean. "I'd love to live dangerously, and know that I never will, because I haven't the aptitude for it, nor the courage.

"I'd love to have physical courage, too. And I haven't an atom. I'd love to be able to ski and swim and ride and fly my own plane. I'm not even flying to New York. I wouldn't have the nerve. These bruises now," said Jean, and she uncurled herself from the divan and came over and showed me, with positive pride, a sizeable black and blue spot on one arm, another of the same on one knee. "My husband doesn't beat me, I promise you," she laughed again. "I got them horseback riding!" Really, if she had said, "I swam the Hellespont," she couldn't have sounded prouder of herself! "I've got to learn to ride, you know, for 'Arizona.' And so I am learning.

OF course I wish, too, that I could get over my shyness where the public and publicity is concerned. I would like to enjoy being recognized by people. But I don't. I still have the feeling that a private citizen would have if she suddenly found herself the center of a crowd of people, all staring at her. She'd wonder what was the matter with her, wouldn't she? She'd wonder whether her face was dirty, her clothes coming off her. Well, that's just how I feel.

"Speaking of how I wish I could go everywhere and never be recognized," said Jean, amused, "reminds me of another wish of mine, a silly one, you may think. It's this: I'd love to be able to go into a big shop and just shop around and *look.* You know, the way women love to do. Buy a comb, perhaps, a piece of soap, a length of ribbon. Try on all the hats. Just sort of sniff at things, to my heart's content. And I have another silly wish to be a ballet dancer. That's what I should have been. I mean it.

"And in my private life?" said Jean. And something very tender happened to her eyes, to her face now. "I'd love to have babies," she said. "Not just one baby—three or four. I wish I could have them all the same age so that they'd be racing and romping about our house, all at the same time. Oh, yes, it's a wish of mine. I know that I am fast getting to the place where I'll simply have to take time off, now and again, and have babies. The other day—do you know George and Julie Murphy, by the way?"

I said that I did, though but slightly.

"Well," smiled Jean, "I went to see their baby. When I got there, they took me in to see him and he was so beautiful I wanted to pick him up, but I couldn't because he was laughing and I was crying. I knew then, for sure, how much I want to have babies of my own.

AND we want a home of our own, too. That's another wish. A sort of a farmhousy place, with lots of trees around it so that no noise can come in. I've never been very possessive. I've never thought that I cared much about owning things. But we've bought a couple of things lately, that old Dutch sewing table over there, some pieces of china and I do love them. So maybe I'm more possessive than I thought I was.

"And if ever I stop working, I should like to be the best-dressed and most charming hostess any husband ever had. For if I were out of the profession entirely, I'd make a profession of being a wife. I would do all the things I have so little time to do now. For there's no use in making wishes you *know* can't come true. There's no use my wishing that I could be different than I am, while I am working. I don't want *not* to take my work seriously. And taking it seriously, I can do very little else. Frank and I stay at home a lot. He's working so hard, too, that he's as glad as I am just to stay home and talk. Or we go to the neighborhood movies or we have a few friends in for dinner . . . just quiet things. We never seem to go night-clubbing.

"Here is a wish, too. We want to travel. I haven't been anywhere except Nassau! We want to go to Europe, to the Orient, everywhere.

"I can't think that I could have anything else to wish for," sighed Jean. "The things I have told you . . . and that Frank and I may have our home and children and each other and tomorrows as rich in contentment and happiness as today."

WILL BETTE WED BRENT OR HER "EX"?

(*Continued from page 27*)

"own man" again and she's glad of it and *says* so! And if this isn't the exception which breaks every Narcissus rule, I'll put in with you!)

"It hurt him, of course," Bette was saying, "as it did me. We aren't the kind of people, either of us, who were born or raised to such a situation. *Things* though," said Bette, "they are the devil. They are the things that hurt. They are reminders, like fingers constantly prodding a wound so that it cannot heal. I'd be willing to bet that a lot of people stay married more because of that coffee pot out of which she's poured his coffee every morning for twenty years, because of that chair in which he's sat for eleven years, than because of any less tangible tie between them.

"Of course, I am sentimental—revoltingly so. I'm the we-used-to-have-dinner-here, we drove-along-this-road-one-Spring-night type. But even if I were not a sentimentalist, even if both Ham and I were hard-'berled' as bedrock, I'd have a devil of a time forgetting him. Music makes it impossible for me to forget Ham for any length of time. You can't escape music. Every piece of music I hear now, every song sung on the air, I've heard Ham play or sing. And how can he forget me, with my face plastered over billboards, in newspapers, in magazines? Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zilch from Iowa might divorce, take up their residences in different parts of the country and, in time, forget the color of each others' eyes. But not people situated like Ham and me.

IT'S because of this sort of thing that we're divorcing now. You can't have any married life when you do the work I'm doing. I wouldn't have children, living as I do now. I'm not the type who could produce a child, turn it over to a starched nurse and say, 'Now I've had you, dear, so run along while I wash my hands of you.'

"I know now that I was a fool to marry so young. Not only for my sake, but for Ham's. Which brings us back," said Bette, "to the original premise. Have I been a fool, or haven't I?"

Bette and I, by the way, were spending the afternoon in Bette's home down Brentwood way—a rented house. But somehow Bette and her mother always manage to make any house they live in look and feel as though they had lived in it practically all their lives. Maybe it's because they create comfort and not "decor." Maybe it's because there are always lots of books in the little library in which we were sitting, the windows open to early autumn's twilight, eucalyptus logs flaming against the scented chill. I thought, "It's always New England where Bette is."

Our talk began when Bette showed me her shaven forehead and how the soft, fair hair is growing in again now, a smooth and shining and curiously child-like cap of gold after her role of Elizabeth in "Elizabeth and Essex," when she said, "It was when I was playing Elizabeth that I began to talk to myself, to ask myself, 'Davis, my good girl, have you been a damn fool or haven't you?' "

Over the book shelves where the child Bette's "Oz" books stand, the two Oscars seemed to blink sardonic eyes. They were saying, "The greatest actress in



"Far better sauce than I can make *so quick and easy, too!*"

"THE MINUTE I tasted Franco-American I said, 'Here's where I give up cooking my own spaghetti and struggling over the sauce!' Mine never was as good as this. And oh, the work I had making it! Now all I do is heat and serve."

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SAVORY STUFFED PEPPERS

4 green peppers	½ teaspoon salt
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti	¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup chopped, cooked ham or left-over meat	2 tablespoons buttered bread crumbs

Cut top from green peppers, remove seeds and parboil 5 minutes. Drain. Combine Franco-American Spaghetti, meat and seasonings. Stuff peppers and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Serves 4. Delicious with buttered squash and cabbage salad; cherry cobbler for dessert.

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Hollywood, the star of 'Jezebel,' of 'Dark Victory,' 'The Old Maid,' now 'Elizabeth and Essex' a fool? Well, how would you answer her question? Yeah? Us, too!"

"This business of playing Elizabeth," Bette was saying, "may have been a very foolhardy thing. For there's no fooling possible about this part. Either I'm Elizabeth or I'm not. Too many marvellous actresses, with far more experience than I've had, have been Elizabeth—Lynn Fontanne, Pauline Fredericks did an incomparable Elizabeth, Flora Robson." Bette quite shuddered. She said, "If critics look at me and say, 'That isn't Elizabeth,' the Queen will be in the hoosegow, not in the parlor eating bread and honey!

"Loving acting so," she said, "it was a terrific temptation to me to play the part. I succumbed to the temptation without a struggle. But not without asking myself some questions. Frequently while we were making 'Elizabeth and Essex,' I'd look at my (Elizabeth's) fifty-year-old face in the mirror (I'm fifty throughout the picture, you know) and I'd say, 'You know, dear, this is ridiculous! You should have waited ten years.' I recalled the horrid cases of actors who, after a few successes, get to the point where they think they can do anything. 'Well, Bess,' I'd say to myself, 'are *you* getting to that point?' And the answer was, and is, 'I honestly don't believe that I am.' I do honestly believe that my ego is right where it belongs.

"I don't think I've been a fool about succumbing to a belief in my own publicity. I can't believe this 'Greatest Actress In Hollywood' stuff. I'm still amazed that my career has worked out as it has. It's just been a job to me. I don't feel any differently about myself than I did before the twin Oscars came to my house to live. As my work has gone along, I have not gone along with it. I've never yet reached the stage where I've sat on the chair called Complacence and said to myself, admiringly, 'You're kind of good, Miss Davis.'

"That dangerous time, for me, might have happened about two years ago. I passed the crisis and here I am, still myself as ever was! My family, my New England birth and background, have probably saved me from that brand of foolishness. New England is considered a kind of queerish place, I know. But if you are born and raised there, you do inherit some of the integrity of the place, of people who have never lost their balance and never will.

"I don't think I've been a fool about succumbing to some of the more common 'temptations' of Hollywood either. More from observation than anything else, I should think that it might be a great temptation to be a little bit lazy about your work once your bank account is fairly solid. I haven't been a fool that way; in reverse, if anything.

"But to get back to 'Elizabeth' and a little proof I had that my 'inferiority' is still with me, and still in good health, Blanche Yurka came on the set one day. I could have fallen to the floor from sheer inferiority, remembering, as I did, the punk kid, me, who played on the stage in 'The Wild Duck' with her.

"Charles Laughton made me feel a little easier in my mind about 'Elizabeth.' He came on the set one day and I told him how I felt about it, my qualms, and how I was even talking to myself and-you-know-what-that-means! He said, 'It's very good for you to do a thing too old for you when you are young. Even if it turns out badly, it's good for you.'



Movie fans will see Zorina, the toast of Broadway, in "On Your Toes," a gay musical. Yes, she dances in it.



Maybe he meant that I was stretching some mental muscles or something.

"It was Elizabeth, anyway, who started me playing Professor Quiz with myself, asking myself whether I've been a fool all my life, whether, if I had everything to do over again, I'd do as I have done, or not. And like the answers to all such sweeping questions, the answer is 'yes and no.'

"If I had it to do over again, I know one thing, I wouldn't have come to Hollywood when I did. I would have given myself three more years in New York on the stage, thus saving myself three years of agony out here. I wouldn't, if I had it to do over again, allow myself to be as much *myself* as I was."

(There, I thought, she's wrong. She couldn't have helped being herself then, any more than she can help being herself right now. The metal rings true; there's no alloy. Only alloys masquerade.)

"There I was," Bette was sort of yelping, "no make-up, hair in a bun, New England as hell. Nothing Hollywood would ever *look* at, much less understand. I was a fool there, I'm sure. It doesn't do any harm, in the beginning, anyway, to do the glamor stuff. When in Rome do as the Romans do is an old cliche but, like most old cliches, it survived because there's good sense to it.

ON the other hand, had I gone glamor, I might not have been picked to be a character actress. Because I was neither a pretty miss nor the sex appeal type seething with seduction, I did escape typing. But I've played appallingly unpleasant characters. I've dared to be hated. And there, again, I ask myself, 'Have I been a fool?' (The Oscars winked, both of 'em. 'Would *we* be here,' they seemed to whisper, 'if you had been a fool?')

"Why," said Bette, feet planted on the floor, knees wide apart, "why, they couldn't hire an actress in this town to play the part of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage.' When I all but got down on my knees and begged my studio to allow me to do it, they said to me, 'If you *want* to hang yourself, my dear, go and hang yourself, my dear.' It's a wonder I didn't. It's a wonder I didn't convince everyone, for all time, that I was the most disagreeable young woman on earth. In my very first picture I played a wallflower, and I *was* one! People must have said, 'This is a hopeless young woman!' Yes, I think I was a fool to be quite that Spartan about myself. It never does any harm to sugar-coat the pill a bit. I set myself back at least a year.

"I don't think I've been a fool, or have I, about living as I have? I mean, in small houses, unpretentiously, as I would have lived at home in New England. When Ham and I had our little house on what might be called 'the wrong side of the tracks,' I lived there because I wanted to live there. Rather annoying it was, though, to read that I was living there as a 'pose.' People who work as hard as I do may put on a screwy hat, drive around on stripped gears, do little,

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fantastic things for the sake of a 'pose,' but they don't live for twenty-four hours out of the day in a house they don't want to live in just in order to pose.

"When I come back from my vacation," said Bette, "I'm getting out of this house. Yes, it's charming, but it's too big for me. What do I want with all these rooms, living alone as I do? I'm going to buy some land, build myself a little, white brick three-room house. In it I will have all the things I love most, my old things, my books, my dogs and no responsibility. I'll be able to close the front door and go away whenever and for as long as I please and have no big overhead eating my head off.

PEOPLE have asked me, 'What have you left to want?' As far as living comforts are concerned, I answer, *nothing*. I'm of the school of thought which holds that you can only sleep in one bed at a time, wear one dress at a time, eat one meal. I've got all the material things I want and a good many *more* than I want. But I've got intangible things left to want, and want badly. The kind of things you can't see or touch or hear. Time in which to dream. Oh, the kind of things you can't put into words. I want, especially, to get to the point where I can play and have fun. Never in my life, not since my childhood, have I had such a time. I've always been something of a Mrs. Atlas. Well, Mrs. Atlas is about to revolt and rebel. Mrs. Atlas is going to shove the world off her shoulders and go gay!

"For, I've been completely a damn fool, working as hard as I have. . . . Five pictures in twelve months! Asinine! Partly my own fault, of course, because I have fun when I work. It's obvious that I'm having fun so no one feels sorry for me. Also, I'm the kind of a person who, dead tired though I may be, give me ten days rest and I'm all right again temporarily. Even now, as I'm about to depart on what I may aptly describe as 'a much needed vacation,' I'm thinking that I'm kinda anxious to do a remake of 'One Way Passage,' with Brentie. That interests me.

"But I know that I am a fool, indeed, if I don't take more rest, learn how to relax, take lessons in leisure. That's why I'm holding out for a two-picture-a-year contract. You know, women won't face anything. All too few of us say, 'I'm going to get old. And then I'm going to get older.' No, we say, 'It happens to other people; it can't happen to me.' And so we don't conserve anything, neither our strength, our looks, our time or our money. I've been among those who haven't faced things. I'm facing things now.

"So," said Bette, "I am going on a vacation. When I come back I am going to build me a little, three-room house. I am going to keep on screaming for a two-picture-a-year contract until I get it. And then, come 'lerve' again, the wish to marry again, I may be able to function like a normal human being, a wife and a mother for six months out of every year, anyway. Until that time comes, I have no personal plans—neither marriage with Brentie, reconciliation with Ham nor my eyes on other horizons. I guess," grinned Bette, "it all adds up to this: If it's being a damn fool to be a human being, it's just too bad, isn't it?"

LITTLE ORPHAN JULIE

(*Continued from page 41*)

when Warners sent for him after "Four Daughters" was released. He had already returned to New York, thinking his part would be cut.

"But he was kind of hoping it wouldn't," says Mrs. G.

She is very honest about him. She doesn't know why, but she thinks "he's lousy in pictures."

And she never went to a preview until "Juarez." Then Julie invested in a tuxedo and she, in her first evening dress, and, incidentally, they sported these fine raiments three times that very first week. She was disappointed in "Juarez" because "they showed so much of Julie's back." She would love him to do bigger parts, "but Muni always gets them."

He worships Muni. On the stage he played the office boy to Muni's "Counselor At Law."

"You can learn from him," he says. "And Cagney. I'd like to do a picture with Cagney. And Bette Davis. I could learn from her. I'd like to make 'The Outward Room' with her." He would also like to do 'Jean Christophe' and the life of the young poet Heinrich Heine.

"He was an exile from Germany. It would be just like today. Now I'm making 'Dust Be My Destiny.' It's a swell idea, proving that the nobodies are as important as the somebodies."

He went on to talk more about his work. He talks fast, excitedly, and lets grammar go hang. He hopes they won't give him any more prison pictures. He gives them "hot" ideas all the time, "but it goes in one ear and out the other."

At present he would love to take time off to jump on a boat to Mexico or even to his old home port, New York.

"I've never been on a boat," he says.

We walked over to the set. His is a workman's walk. You see it on sailors and bricklayers and sometimes a farmer going home, a walk starting from the hips and sort of hiking itself as it slouches along, while one hand rests in a back pocket. It is not a graceful walk. But it is altogether likable.

AND then there is his grin, which is sudden, honest and lightens his whole face. And most of all there is his laugh. You see people shake their heads over it. They say, "You've got to like a guy with a laugh like that." You do. It starts low and it suddenly shouts and seems to catch on to everybody else's laughter.

I think it's because of those traits that he'll never lose the name of Julie.

His grin and his laugh do not mean he isn't serious. He is—very. Scratch any liberal organization on the coast, organizations like "The Motion Picture Guild," whose first picture will be Erika Mann's "School for Barbarians," or "The Motion Picture Democratic Committee," and you will find, head first, among the sponsors—John Garfield.

I said goodby on the set. And he sank down into his chair and I saw him pause to do a typically Hollywood act. Now, don't get sore, Julie. He sat in that chair holding a big photograph of himself, and began a requested autograph. "To One of the Dead End Boys," he wrote, and then chewed the end of his pen as, like any conscientious star, he thought of what to say. I left him figuring it out.



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ANOTHER SHIRLEY

(Continued from page 6)

asked me to fill in for their singer. When I finished my number I heard, for the first time, the applause I'd been working for since I began in the place. Right then and there I gave up the piano as a career.

"To make a long story short," Shirley continued, "one of those ever-present gentry known the world over as 'talent scalpers' had a look at me and signed and shipped me to the studio. Well, I didn't do a darn thing there; that is, nothing worth while. About the best I learned was to scram when someone yelled, 'Fore' on a golf course. That, and those well-known movie epics called, B's. Y'know, those programers figuratively whipped up after breakfast, shot after lunch and previewed that night after dinner!"

This was Shirley's first, and biggest, disappointment suffered at the hands of that unpredictable industry known the world over as "moom pitchers." All this, if not forgotten, is in the past and la Ross gets the raves now. At least, movie fans have been given the opportunity to see Shirley at her best and become Ross-conscious.

Appearing in New York recently at the Paramount Theatre, she knocked 'em for a loop.

AS KEN DOLAN, the affable gent who allows his wife to entertain us on the screen, explained, "I shouldn't say this too loud and have Shirley getting the big head, but she really came through. Figures don't lie. When I looked over the box-office returns, the boys told me they frankly hadn't expected more than breaking even. To their surprise they've been standing for every show, which is a record at this time of the year. Fact, darling, on the strength of it I might even get you another booking."

"Ah gee, you're sweet to me, honey," Shirley teased, as she snuggled up to her favorite person. "You couldn't make it six-a-day could you? 'Cause right now the only thing I've time for around here is big feet. If they aren't enlarged, it's no fault of mine 'cause I've been on 'em enough with five shows a day."

Just then, however, as Miss R. gave a yank at one corner of that bit of nonsense atop her head, known to stylists as the last word in feminine headgear, a friend arrived. From the sparkle in Shirley's eyes, we knew she was off again, for this weary worker left himself wide open as he said, "Gosh, but I need a pick-me-up! What's good?"

Cocking her head on one side in mock sincerity, Shirley announced, "In your case, I think a couple of elevators might do the trick." After the appreciative guests quieted down, a slight duel ensued between Mr. and Mrs. Dolan, each topping the other with witticisms. Finally Shirley countered with, "What are you going to give me for my birthday, darling?"

"A split week in Chicago, my sweet," Ken replied.

"Swell, darling, and I'll give you a split commission!" Shirley tossed off, proving that it's the woman who has the last word! It was evident to see, from the smiling face of Ken Dolan, that in this case his Shirley was the woman—and worthy of it, too.

You'll next see Miss Ross co-starring with that delectable young picture-stealer, Baby Sandy Henville, and Mischa Auer in "Unexpected Father."

"I'm the child's mother NOT YOU!"

How Mary D. raised her baby the modern way, in spite of a well-meaning friend





1. MARY: Look here, Mrs. G. . . . I know you mean well, but I'm going to raise Peggy my own way.

MRS. G: Oh well, if you insist on spoiling her . . . she's *your* child, after all.



2. MARY: But I'm *not* spoiling her.

MRS. G: Oh, no? Then why all the special care . . . special soap, special powder, special this, special that. If that isn't pampering, what is!



3. MARY: My doctor says the reason why babies thrive better today is because of all this *special* care. He says even her laxative should be made *especially* for her.

MRS. G: What! A special laxative, too?



4. MARY: Certainly! If Peggy's system is too delicate for "adult" foods, it's too delicate for "adult" laxatives . . . even in small doses.

MRS. G: W-e-l-l-l, maybe there's something in what you say.



5. MARY: Of course, there is! My doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria. He says it's a modern laxative made especially—*and only*—for children. It's mild, yet you couldn't ask for more *thorough* action. It won't gripe. And above all, it's SAFE.



6. MRS. G: She certainly takes it without a fight.

MARY: Oh, she loves it! Every time she spies the bottle, she thinks she has a treat coming. I don't see how any modern mother can get along without Fletcher's Castoria.

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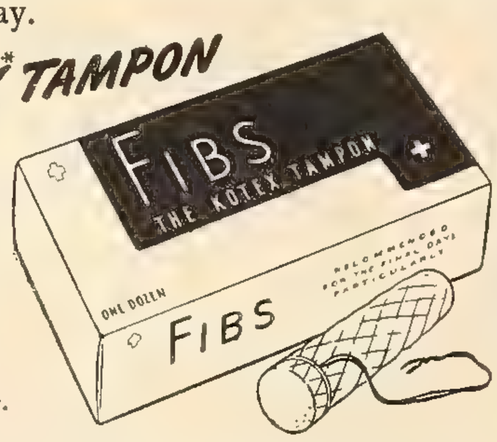


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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners)	2½★
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever (M-G-M)	C 3★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Bachelor Mother (RKO)	C 3½★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount)	C 2½★
Bad Lands (RKO)	2★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture)	3½★
Beau Geste (Paramount)	C 3★
Beauty for the Asking (RKO)	2½★
Big Town Czar (Universal)	2★
Blackwell's Island (Warners)	3★
Blind Alley (Columbia)	2½★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blondie Takes a Vacation (Columbia)	2★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram)	2★
Boy Slaves (RKO)	2★
Boy Trouble (Paramount)	2★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M)	2★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount)	C 2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Bride (Paramount)	2★
Cafe Society (Paramount)	3½★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	3★
Captain Fury (United Artists)	C 2½★
*Career (RKO)	2★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Climbing High (Gaumont British)	2½★
Clouds Over Europe (Columbia)	2½★
Coast Guard (Columbia)	2★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners)	3★
Dark Victory (Warners)	4★
Daughters Courageous (Warners)	3★
Death of the Champion (Paramount)	2½★
Dodge City (Warners)	3★
*Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)	3★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners)	3★
East Side of Heaven (Universal)	C 3★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ex-Champ (Universal)	2★
Family Next Door, The (Universal)	2★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M)	3★
Fifth Ave. Girl (RKO)	3★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO)	2★
Five Came Back (RKO)	2★
Fixer Dugan (RKO)	2★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO)	C 2½★
Forged Passport (Republic)	2½★
Forgotten Woman, The (Universal)	2★
Four Feathers (United Artists)	3½★
Frontier Marshal (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Girl and the Gambler, The (RKO)	2★
*Golden Boy (Columbia)	3★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M)	C 4★
Good Girls Go To Paris (Columbia)	2½★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount)	2½★
Grand Jury Secrets (Paramount)	2½★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO)	3★
Gunga Din (RKO)	3½★
Hardy's Ride High, The (M-G-M)	C 3★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners)	2½★
Heritage of the Dessert (Paramount)	2★
Honolulu (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Hotel For Women (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount)	2★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox)	3★
House of Fear, The (Universal)	2★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M)	4★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount)	3★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners)	2½★
In Name Only (RKO)	3½★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount)	C 3★
I Stole a Million (Universal)	3★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M)	3★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Juarez (Warners)	3★
Kid From Kokomo, The (Warners)	2★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M)	2★
King of Chinatown (Paramount)	2½★
King of the Turf (United Artists)	2★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia)	2½★
*Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M)	2★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount)	2½★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock)	4★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M)	3★
Let Us Live (Columbia)	3★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Love Affair (RKO)	3½★
Lucky Night (M-G-M)	2½★
Made for Each Other (United Artists)	3★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount)	2★
Maisie (M-G-M)	3★
Man About Town (Paramount)	3★
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists)	3★
Man of Conquest (Republic)	3★
Mickey, The Kid (Republic)	2★
Midnight (Paramount)	3★
Mikado, The (Universal)	C 3★
Million Dollar Legs (Paramount)	2★
Missing Daughters (Columbia)	2★
Mr. Moto in Danger (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox)	C 2★
Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram)	2★
Miracles for Sale (M-G-M)	2½★
Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)	2★
My Son is a Criminal (Columbia)	2½★
Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram)	2½★
Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners)	C 2½★
Naughty But Nice (Warners)	2★
Never Say Die (Paramount)	2★
News is Made at Night (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
North of Shanghai (Columbia)	2★
North of Yukon (Columbia)	2★
*Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)	4★
Off the Record (Warners)	2½★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3★
Old Maid, The (Warners)	4★
On Borrowed Time (M-G-M)	3★
One-Third of a Nation (Paramount)	2½★
Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia)	3★
On Trial (Warners)	2½★
Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)	2½★
Panama Lady (RKO)	2★
Persons in Hiding (Paramount)	2½★
Prison Without Bars (United Artists)	2½★
Pygmalion (Pascal)	3½★
Range War (Paramount)	2★
Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Risky Business (Universal)	2★
Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia)	2★
Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO)	2½★
Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Secret Service of the Air (Warners)	2½★
Sergeant Madden (M-G-M)	2½★
*Sherlock Holmes (20th Century-Fox)	3★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M)	2½★
Society Lawyer (M-G-M)	2½★
Some Like It Hot (Paramount)	2★
Sorority House (RKO)	C 2★
SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic)	2★
Spellbinder, The (RKO)	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Star Reporter (Monogram)	2★
St. Louis Blues (Paramount)	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4★
Stolen Life (Paramount)	2½★
Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO)	C 3½★
Streets of New York (Monogram)	2★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2½★
Sudden Money (Paramount)	2★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal)	2★
Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners)	2★
Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M)	2½★
Tell No Tales (M-G-M)	2½★
*These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)	2★
They All Come Out (M-G-M)	2½★
They Asked For It (Universal)	2★
They Made Her a Spy (RKO)	2★
They Made Me a Criminal (Warners)	3★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists)	C 3½★
Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3★
Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners)	2½★
Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners)	2½★
Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO)	3★
Undercover Agent (Monogram)	2★
Undercover Doctor (Paramount)	2½★
Unexpected Father (Universal)	2★
Union Pacific (Paramount)	3½★
Waterfront (Warners)	2★
When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)	2½★
Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wings of the Navy (Warners)	3★
Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Winter Carnival (United Artists)	2½★
Within the Law (M-G-M)	2★
Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M)	C 4★
Wolf Call (Monogram)	2★
Woman Doctor (Republic)	2½★
Women in the Wind (Warners)	2★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists)	4★
Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners)	2★
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (Universal)	3★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners)	2½★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Zaza (Paramount)	3★
Zenobia (United Artists)	C 2★

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

EYES

(*Continued from page 45*)

shift your eyes often and, whatever you do, avoid a fixed stare. Eye doctors will tell you that an eye to be strong, must be full of motion.

Remember, too, that the smaller the area upon which you fix your gaze, the longer those eyes of yours will retain good vision. Don't try to see everything in sight all at one look. Focus your eyes on one object at a time, then move and shift them often. Make a conscious effort to relax your eyes before going to sleep. Let them go loose and soft and imagine that they are "looking at" a fluid, velvety black.

Eye strain is often due to causes far from local. Worry, fear, nervous strain, emotional upsets, shock, exhaustion, wrong food, poor elimination or unhappiness will raise all kinds of havoc with your eyes. Just as likely as not, if you have a headache or apparent eye strain, what you need is a change of habits and scenery as much as a new pair of glasses. Loss of sleep won't help a bit, either. Your eyes won't look like limpid pools of light or anything else exciting if you insist on keeping them working day and night.

On the other hand, a few "setting up" exercises may be just what your eyes need. Here are several good ones. First, without turning the head, roll your eyes to the right as far as they'll go, then again to the left. Still holding the head steady, roll your eyes up to the ceiling; then look down to the floor. Open your eyes as wide as you can; then close them tightly. Closing your eyes is a simple but very effective means of resting them. Do all of these things as often as you have a chance.

THOSE specially prepared eye pads are wonderfully refreshing to tired eyes. Pads of cotton, soaked in boric acid solution, witch hazel or just cold water, then placed over each eye while you relax for five, ten or fifteen minutes, are all right, too. Bathing the temples and forehead in icy water, mixed with a skin freshener or cologne, is another soothing trick. And, of course, a massage that starts over each eye near the nose, continues across the lids to the outer corners, then on to either temple, is an old stand-by for relaxing tired eyes.

We don't like to always be talking about food, but Vitamin A, which is present in butter, eggs, cream and fresh vegetables, is absolutely a "must" for strong, healthy, beautiful eyes. So, don't ever say we didn't warn you.

One more point about eye care before we get into this business of make-up. If, at any time, you find yourself with an apparent boulder in your eye—"foreign body" in professional lingo—here are a few tips we think will help you. First, do *not* rub your eye! Hold both eyes wide open as far as you can, without blinking, until tears begin to come. Tears are Nature's perfect eyewash and, if they can, they'll float the thing out for you. If not, get yourself to a mirror, take the small corner of a *clean* 'kerchief or soft tissue and gently try to dislodge the offending object. Don't ever use a pencil, match, toothpick or other rigid implement, inside or outside said 'kerchief. It is likely to do your eye a permanent injury. And don't moisten your 'kerchief with saliva, either.

If the particle is under the upper lid, grasp the upper lashes between your



Make-up for Romance . . .
(1) Insure against Nose Shine
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AWAY *with fear of Shiny Nose!* Excessive oiliness often causes that shine. And germs often make this worse, authorities say. So you see why the *germ-free* purity of Woodbury Facial Powder is important. Clever girls adore Woodbury for the way it overcomes Nose Shine and stays on. So flattering! Fragrant! Smooth! All 8 fashion-approved shades *dramatize* natural skin coloring.

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$1.00 . . . . In five lush shades. Both "H" and "L" last faithfully. Bring tender warmth that MIGHT be natural.

COMPLIMENT your lips softly, subtly, with Volupté's LADY of a Lipstick— "L". This flattering, DE-LUSTRED finish



fingers, pulling them—but gently—down over the lower lid. If all this goes for nought, see what you can do with an eyewash in a dropper. This will probably mean hieing yourself to the nearest drug store, home or doctor's office. Be sure that the dropper and the fluid are clean and mild—then go to it. Squirt the eye wash into your eye with enough force to dislodge what, by this time, no doubt feels bigger than the Rock of Gibraltar. But if, after all this, the object of your industry is still present, stop puttering and get to the best doctor you can without further delay. You can't afford to take chances with your eyes.

Now, let's switch to the lighter things in life and talk about eye make-up. No cosmetics you ever applied can be more satisfactory or more disastrous than the make-up you use around your eyes. If you have time, taste and skill, the effects you produce can enhance your beauty almost beyond belief. But if you don't have the time—and the knack—you'd better acquire them as fast as you can.

THE shape of your eyebrows, for example, makes a great difference in the appearance of your face. A perfect eyebrow begins just above the inner corner of your eye and conforms pretty closely to the shape of your eyelid. An eyebrow which slants ever so slightly upward gives your face a young appearance, because upward lines are always youthful whereas downward lines suggest age. An extreme arch to the brow makes your eyes look smaller, a straight brow with a downward droop at both ends looks harsh and masculine, a "flying arrow" brow, starting above the nose and pointing abruptly upward exaggerates the size of your nose, and a brow which dips and slants decidedly downward toward the temple looks frightfully sad and dejected.

As to width, the current fashion in brows is fairly wide and natural looking. Thin, narrow lines above your eyes look harsh and artificial. Unless your brows are a distinctly unfortunate shape, pluck only the wild stray hairs that grow outside any possible line of march. However, if you go in for plucking, here are some helpful hints: soften your brows with cream before you start and follow with a dab of astringent, alcohol or toilet water, for antiseptic purposes and to close the pores. If your eyes are wide and too far apart, accompanied by a too short nose, begin your brows a little nearer the center of your face, accenting them at that end, tapering them off gradually. If your eyes are close together and your nose long, pluck a few hairs from the inside ends, pencil only lightly at the beginning of the brow, then accenting the centre, fade off with a light, upward stroke.

Your brow pencil should be sharp and clean and its strokes should be short and broken like natural hair lines, not one hard, continuous line. Brows should be brushed often, up first, then down and out, following the natural line in which they grow.

After brow make-up comes eye shadow to define the eye and give contrast. This should be applied lightly, blending from the lash line up over the eyelid. A foundation of eye cream under the shadow will help to soften the delicate skin and give it a subtle, glossy texture. Concentrate shadow on the center of the lid, shading it off gradually and delicately toward the outer corners. Of course, we hope we needn't tell you not to use any shadow *under* your eyes. Stick to natural tones that match your eyes, such as blue, gray, gray-blue and browns. If shining lids don't become your style of beauty, use a powdered eye shadow, or powder ever so lightly over your cream shadow.

A brow pencil, drawn across the crease of your eyelids gives that deep-set, limpid look to certain types of eyes but, if yours are already deep-set, skip this or you'll look old and haggard. You may pencil lightly above the upper lash line but never pencil along the lower lashes.

NOW, for the lashes themselves. If yours are few and far between or short and stubby, by all means get yourself a little spiral brush and a supply of lash conditioner and make a ritual of using these every night and morning. Your lashes will respond by growing not only longer, but stronger. If those lashes



All they lack is wings! But don't let this angelic study fool you, for it's the Marx brothers, Groucho, Harpo and Chico, up to no good in their latest bit of monkey business, "A Day at the Circus."

of yours are long, dark and luxuriant, maybe you don't need any make-up on them. Nevertheless, they should be regularly brushed and creamed with a lash conditioner to keep them well groomed and lustrous looking.

Mascara will do much toward improving the appearance of lash length. If you'll hold up the eyelid with one finger, the lashes will stand out so you can darken them without too disastrously smearing your face. However, if that happens, just take one of those little wooden applicators wound in cotton, dip it in a bit of cold cream and whisk off the spots that soil your skin. Wait till the whole thing dries though, or you may disturb the lashes. It is a good idea to have two little brushes for mascara, one to apply it, the other, clean and dry, ready to brush out the excess and separate the lashes—after they are thoroughly dry. Beaded, clotted eye-lashes look crude and artificial.

AFTER the mascara is set, curl your lashes with one of those handy lash devices. They help to stimulate the natural curl of the lashes, all of which makes your eyes look larger, brighter and more starry.

Now for a few notes on changing the apparent shape of your eyes. To make eyes look more almond-shaped, mascara the upper lashes from center to outer corners only. Pencil in a fine dark line above the lower lashes at the outer corners and extend it up and out the merest trifle. Soften the line with tissue or your finger tip to prevent its looking harsh or artificial.

Eyes that are too prominent can be modified with dark eye shadow carried ever so lightly right up to the brow. Mascara the upper lashes only, and those very lightly. Do not pencil in any fancy extra lines.

Small eyes may be induced to look larger by lowering and straightening the arch of the eye-brows, and by darkening only the tips of the lashes. Use eye shadow very lightly and pencil in no extra lines. The lash curling device already mentioned is also excellent.

If you wear glasses, devote a little extra time to grooming and penciling your eyebrows so that they always look dark and well defined. Lashes should be mascared very lightly. A bit of rouge high on the cheeks, just under the eyes will add a lot, too. Wear your hair loose and soft and keep it especially well groomed and simple about the ears.

Dark circles under the eyes can be reduced noticeably by covering the edges with a bit of powder or foundation stick which matches your cheek coloring, or by the very faintest trace of rouge blended ever so carefully over the circle edges.

Squint or laugh lines at the corners of your eyes should be softened by the regular use of a rich, oily cream. The skin all around the eyes is so delicate in texture that specially rich creams are necessary to keep it fine, soft and unwrinkled. This should be applied with gentle, rotary strokes, beginning at the inner corners and working up, around, underneath and back again.

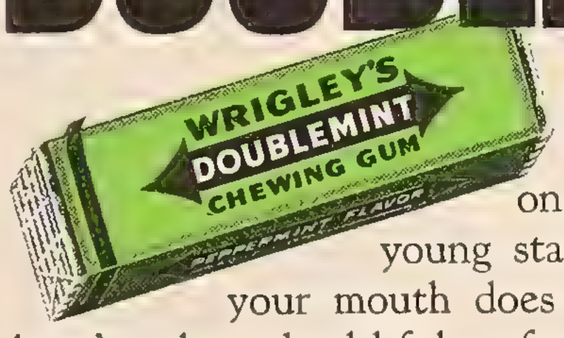
There, if there's anything left to tell about eyes and their general make-up, we'd like to know what it is. The stars in Hollywood are authorities on eye beauty—they have to be—and we've dug up pretty nearly every make-up secret they ever told us. If these practices are good enough for that bevy of natural and professional beauties, they ought to do something pretty lovely for the rest of us, too. Put them to the test and see if we're not right. You'll find we are.



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healthful, refreshing, delicious

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"Look alive and act as if you enjoy life" is one of the popularity secrets of Hollywood's lovely young starlet, **VIRGINIA VALE** . . . A pleasant taste in your mouth does much to make you feel alive and look it. And here's where healthful, refreshing, delicious Doublemint Gum can help you. The daily chewing freshens up your mouth, aids your digestion and helps your teeth stay clean, bright and attractive . . . In energetic **HOLLYWOOD** and all over where people want the best (and get it), Doublemint Gum, with its cooling, long-lasting mint-leaf flavor, is a great favorite, as it's sure to be with you and your family. So begin now to enjoy it. Get several packages of wonderful tasting **DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM** today.

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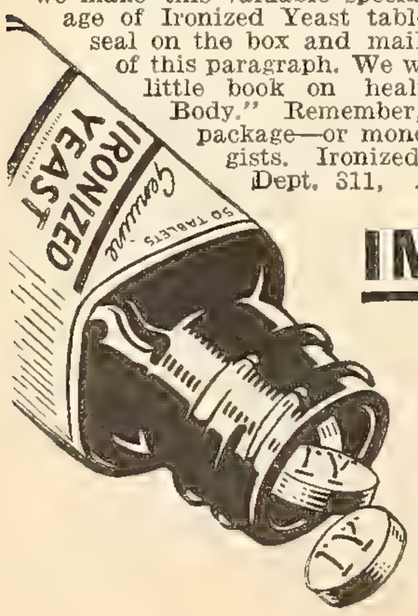
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IMPORTANT

Beware of substitutes. Be sure you get genuine IRONIZED YEAST. Look for "IY" on each tablet.

RECIPES FOR WALTER PIDGEON'S FAVORITES

SEA FOOD COCKTAIL

Allow a couple of lettuce leaves, 4 cooked and cleaned shrimps, 2 oysters and 2 tablespoons crabmeat to each serving. Place lettuce leaves in short stemmed glasses of the sherbet type. Add specified amount of sea food for each serving. Top with some of the following sauce and serve with small wedges of lemon.

COCKTAIL SAUCE

¾ cup tomato ketchup
2 tablespoons bottled horseradish
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Blend all together. Chill before using.

½ teaspoon celery salt
a few grains pepper
a few drops Tabasco Sauce

VEAL SAUTÉ À LA SUISSE

1½ pounds veal cutlet
2 tablespoons butter
salt, pepper
1 finely chopped scallion or leak

½ cup white wine
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons Hollandaise* (optional)
toast triangles

Have the butcher cut veal into very small pieces and pound them out thin with a meat hammer ("as for escallopine," says the Gotham's chef.) Season with salt and pepper. Melt butter in iron skillet. Add meat, toss over a quick fire until golden brown. Add scallion or leek (a little minced onion may be substituted if these are not available.) Add wine and cook until wine has almost disappeared. Add cream, cover and simmer gently until meat is tender and sauce has been reduced to consistency of a thin gravy. Remove from heat. (*If you have made Hollandaise for your vegetable dish, add specified amount to the sauce. Bottled Hollandaise may also be purchased in some stores. However, the gravy is delicious without this.) Serve on toast triangles, garnished with parsley.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

3 egg yolks
juice of ½ lemon
1 cup sweet butter*

3 tablespoons boiling water
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Place yolks with lemon juice in top section of a double boiler. Fit top into lower section which is filled with boiling water; but now have the heat turned low under it. Beat yolks constantly with rotary beater while adding butter in pieces the size of a hazelnut. When all butter has been used add the boiling water very slowly, beating constantly. Turn heat higher, under double boiler, cook sauce until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Remove from heat immediately, add seasoning and serve at once.

*The use of sweet (unsalted) butter is an extra precaution against curdling. However, salted butter may be used, but it should first be washed in cold water, while mashing with a wooden spoon, to remove excess salt.

MIXED GREEN SALAD, LORENZO DRESSING

Rub inside of a wooden salad bowl with a cut kernel of garlic. Add chilled salad greens such as chicory, lettuce, romaine, watercress and endive—according to the season. Add a few rings of green pepper. Cut the salad in bowl, then mix with the following dressing. Top with two quarters of tomato for each person.

LORENZO DRESSING

½ cup vinegar
1½ cups salad oil
a pinch of mustard

⅛ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chili sauce

Mix all ingredients in wide-mouthed jar with a tight fitting cover. Adjust cover, shake well. Add a little sugar, if desired.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

4 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks

1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted
¼ teaspoon vanilla
a pinch of salt
4 egg whites

⅓ cup sugar

Melt the butter over low heat, add the flour and cook until mixture bubbles. Add milk, cook and stir until smooth and very thick. Remove from heat and beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Force through fine sieve, add melted chocolate, vanilla and salt. Whip egg whites until frothy, gradually add sugar and beat until they will hold their shape. Fold into chocolate mixture, lightly. Butter a large baking dish, sprinkle with a little sugar. Fill ¾ full, stand in pan of water and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F) 30 minutes, or until puffed and firm. Serve immediately with one of the following sauces, or with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Egg Nog Sauce: Add 2 tablespoons rum to beaten yolks of 3 eggs, slowly. Beat in 3 tablespoons sugar. Place in top of double boiler and cook until slightly thick, stirring constantly. Add a pinch of nutmeg, serve hot.

English Rum Sauce: Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add ½ cup sugar gradually. Beat in yolks of 2 eggs. Place in top of double boiler and cook until thick. Remove from heat, strain and slowly add ½ cup rum. Sprinkle with a little nutmeg when placed in serving bowl.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

Lane. Their marriage and honeymoon, shadowed by the reaching hand of the law, is spent running away via freight trains and hitch-hike rides on trucks. The young wife finally decides that the only way to mellow the heart of her criminal-branded husband is to turn him in, and let a jury prove to him that justice will let him lead the kind of life they want. The courtroom scene is the best in the picture with Priscilla Lane and Moroni Olsen turning in inspired performances. Garfield does his top work in this scene. Excellent support is given by capable actors Alan Hale, Henry Armetta, Charley Grapewin, John Litel and Billy Halop. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ These Glamour Girls

The title of this picture will lead you to expect a juicy slice of behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood, but the film beauties take a back seat this time while the "Co-Eds" give them some competition in the glamour line. These are the debutante type of school-girl, and to further confuse you, they constantly refer to their collegiate Romeos as "glamour boys."

Lana Turner is the only outcast in this group of fun-loving youths. She's a taxi-dancer, and boy, what a dancer! Lew Ayres, Tom Brown, and Owen Davis, Jr., invade her dancing dream palace one night when they're taking in the town, lightly invite her to the campus house-parties the next week-end, and promptly forget the invitation. The story concerns her visit to the campus, and the way she tells off the snootier element of society.

The red-headed Lana isn't so good on her histrionics as yet, but she photographs so beautifully that you really can't blame Lew Ayres for falling in love with her. Jane Bryan and Richard Carlson are buried in roles that allow neither of them to show their real talents. Anita Louise is the meanie society gal to the tilt, and credit goes to Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt and Mary Beth Hughes for good work also. Tom Brown deserves mention for his perfect delineation of a "Joe College." Directed by S. Sylvan Simon.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ Frontier Marshal

Some day, some picture company is going to produce an honest-to-goodness saga of life in the early west, but until that day "Frontier Marshal" can rate as the nearest approach to authenticity yet to appear on the screen.

Randolph Scott is the peace-loving but fearless Wyatt Earp, whose name is still remembered by citizens in the ghost town of Tombstone, Arizona. In those days, Tombstone was the liveliest silver mine in our pioneer country, and this story has all the dance hall girls, shooting and feuds, and open saloons that characterized that period of American history. Cesar Romero portrays the consumptive Doc Halliday, who was, in spite of his bad health, the deadliest shot in the country. Together they wipe out the desperadoes and bring law and order into the hectic atmosphere.

There's a fictitious romance with Nancy Kelly and Binnie Barnes, rivals for the heart of Doc Halliday. Both ladies act as if they know the story's all in fun,

Penny Singleton*
(Columbia Pictures Star)
says "A man finds SOFT HANDS so appealing"



*Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake starring in Columbia Pictures' "BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY" (with Larry Sims and Daisy, the dog). Her hands are beguiling! Let Jergens Lotion help *you!*

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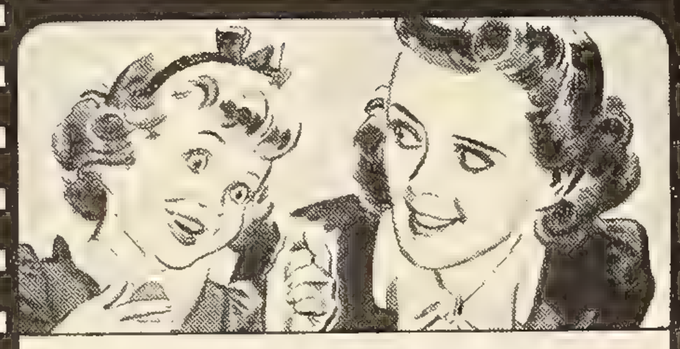
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which is more than fans expect of them both. Highlight of the picture is Eddie Foy, Jr., who appears in the role his father portrayed in real life when he visited the boom town to sing and dance for the rowdy citizens. John Carradine, Joe Sawyer, Edward Norris and Lon Chaney, Jr., appear to advantage in supporting roles. Directed by Allan Dwan. —*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ When Tomorrow Comes

Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne are co-starred again and their fans will find it fair entertainment, though not being on a par with their previous picture, "Love Affair." Charles Boyer's performance is excellent and Irene Dunne gives a good account of herself and is photographed to advantage.

The story concerns a famous pianist (Boyer) who becomes interested in a waitress (Irene Dunne) when she serves him in the restaurant where she is employed. The waitress thinks the pianist is jobless and the friendship gets under way fast. It is not until both are hopelessly in love that she learns of Boyer's marriage to a woman who is on the verge of insanity. The unhappiness of the outlook for the lovers is given a ray of hope by the fact that "when tomorrow comes" things may be worked out satisfactorily.

Barbara O'Neil's characterization of the afflicted wife is a highlight of the film, due to the deep understanding with which she has invested the role. Nella Walker's sympathetic portrayal of her mother is noteworthy and Onslow Stevens and Fritz Feld are stand-outs in minor roles. The story will be found absorbing from the woman's angle and, thanks to painstaking direction, there is enough dramatic punch instilled into a mediocre story to keep interest from waning on the part of masculine observers of the picture. Directed by John M. Stahl—*Universal.*

★★ Lady of the Tropics

If you're shopping for glamour you'll get your money's worth in this picture. For Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor provide searing love scenes the like of which haven't been seen since the silent picture days. The beautiful Lamarr (and is she beautiful!) and the handsome Taylor (!) are posed so fetchingly against exotic backgrounds of Indo-China and thrown so consistently into each other's arms that many a movie-goer will consider the bill is filled and that the acting can be left to the less ornamental lads and lassies of Hollywood. There are others who like a reasonable story and good acting in their movies and may consider "Lady of the Tropics" practically guiltless on both counts.

At any rate, an appropriate setting has been given Hedy's charms and they are shown off one hundred per cent, which will result in a merry tinkling of coins at the box-office.

Robert Taylor has the role of a playboy and his meeting with Hedy Lamarr, a half-caste girl of Indo-China, results in spontaneous combustion. Then there's Joseph Schildkraut, a meanie who makes Hedy awfully, awfully unhappy and his oriental make-up makes you feel the same way. Gloria Franklin, Ernest Cossart and Mary Taylor give good performances in minor roles. Directed by Jack Conway—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★ Winter Carnival

The famous winter sports carnival of Dartmouth College is the background for this picture. It's picturesque and there are sequences that pack some of the collegiate spirit—but they're unfortunately few and far between.

The story concerns Ann Sheridan, with all her oomph and a lavish new wardrobe, in the role of a spoiled heiress who comes back to the college where she once reigned as queen of the carnival. Now she finds her younger sister, Helen Parrish, wearing the crown and getting pretty conceited about it. Big sister proceeds to set her straight on the real values of life, and then herself succumbs to the charms of a college professor, played by Richard Carlson. But it takes Annie such a long time to make up her mind that you'll probably cease to care by the time Prof takes her in his arms once and for all.

The principals manage to turn in satisfactory accounts of themselves and Jimmy Corner, Joan Brodel and Alan Baldwin are noteworthy. Directed by Charles F. Riesner.—*United Artists.*



We wonder if Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant will be married by the time you read this. If they don't wonder, too, they're the exceptions that prove the rule.

SETTING YOU STRAIGHT ON JUDY

(*Continued from page 39*)

leave, we got to thinking about how we had never been away from them before, and we felt pretty blue about going. So we flipped a coin to see if we should take them with us. The coin came up heads, so we took them and let them be part of the act.

"Mr. Gumm would play, while I sang. Then I'd play while he sang. I also played while the girls sang, and Judy did an acrobatic dance."

Jimmie said to Sue, "Will you ever forget what happened in Shelby, Montana?" Both girls screeched with laughter. Sue said to me, "Jimmie and I were to sing 'Avalon Town' and after the second chorus Judy was to come on and do her dance. She didn't come on. We didn't know what else to do, so we kept on singing. We sneaked a look over to the wings, where Daddy was supposed to be changing Judy's costume. He was having an awful time with it. It was all tangled up, and there was Judy without a stitch on. He never did get it untangled. We sang eight choruses and then gave up in confusion."

When they reached California, they stayed a month and saw enough to want to stay permanently. They went back to Grand Rapids in August, sold their theatres, and headed west for keeps.

Frank Gumm had shown a knack for reviving dormant small-town theatres, so he looked around for one in Southern California to revive. He ended by buying the theatre in Lancaster, on the edge of the Mojave Desert. Nowadays, Mrs. Gumm wonders how they ever lasted that long in that sun-baked little desert town. "We did have a nice big house," she said, "and the town had a nice school. The girls liked the place."

"But the place didn't like us," Sue put in. "Not at first. Remember how mothers wouldn't let their children play with us, because we'd 'been in show business?' Judy never liked the place as much as Jimmie and I did. The kids were mean to her. I think they were jealous of the way she was always asked to get up and sing every time there was an entertainment in town."

As before, they put on their own entertainments. The "best one" was the one they called "The Kinky Kids' Parade." Sue and Jimmie put on blackface and played Topsy and Eva, à la the Duncan Sisters. Judy, then five, put on blackface and sang "Mammy," à la Al Jolson.

None of them ever had any voice training, except what they got at home, and this was haphazard and more in the nature of fun than study. "Their father had a fine voice," said Mrs. Gumm, in explanation of her girls' ability to put over a song. To which the two girls chorused, "You weren't so bad yourself, Mom."

If they had been tormented by great theatrical ambitions, they could have had voice training. But they were satisfied with life as it was. Though as Sue and Jimmie became older, they used to come down to Los Angeles week-ends, "to work theatres." "Our main goal in life was to headline the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles," Sue said. "We finally made it, for five weeks, four and a half years ago."

They gave the movies a thought only once. "We sat around a waiting room out at Universal for two days," said Sue. "That was enough," said Jimmie eloquently. You can discard that story about Judy's getting a job that one of her sisters wanted.

The thing that led to Judy's screen chance, indirectly, was Mrs. Gumm's urge for a brief change of scenery, after eight years of desert. She decided to take her three girls to Chicago to see the World's Fair. And they would get bookings en route.

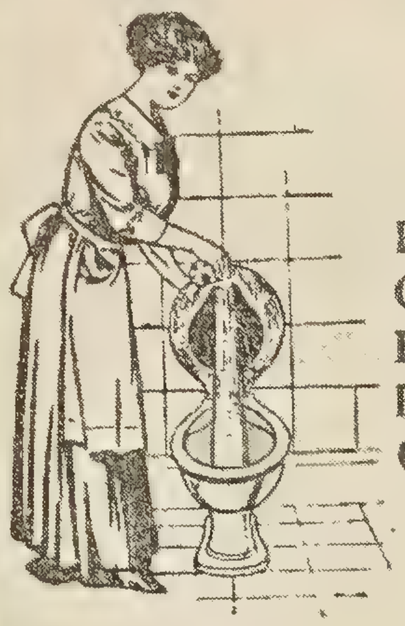
They started out with two hundred dollars—enough to reach Denver, where they had a date, which more than paid their way to Chicago. In Chicago, they looked up an agency, which booked them into the Belmont Theatre for one performance. The one performance was to be an audition. But nobody from the agency attended it. They went to work for some friends in the Old Mexico concession at the Fair. But they weren't making enough to pay their hotel expenses, especially as they were giving hand-outs to some down-and-out acts in the same hotel.

Came the beginning of a new week, and Mrs. Gumm, down to financial rock-bottom, still was determined not to write



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a check on the bank back home. On Sunday, to save money, she herself washed the girls' white net dresses, "with millions of ruffles." And on Monday she was up at seven o'clock to iron them. Three hours later she had the ruffled sleeve of one dress ironed, with two dresses still to go.

About that time Sue appeared, in a mood for breakfast. She looked in the bread box. The bread was moldy. She looked in the food-chest. There were only two eggs. "Scramble them," said Mrs. Gumm, who suddenly started laughing and crying at the same time, at the collapse of her grand plans for the summer. And then she sat down and wrote a check. They had the fanciest breakfast the hotel could produce. Then she sent out the dresses to be ironed by a laundress. That same day, an agency called and the girls had a chance to try out for one day at the Oriental Theatre, to replace a singing trio in George Jessel's act.

THE next day, their names went up on the theatre marquee. Instead of making the billing read "The Gumm Sisters," a morbid electrician made it read "The Glum Sisters." Mrs. Gumm called Jessel's attention to the slander and he said, "The girls are swell, but they need a new name for the stage." She agreed. He said, "I'd like to name them after a very dear friend of mine in New York, Robert Garland, the critic."

So they became The Garland Sisters, singing trio with the George Jessel act. The smallest sister was in the middle. "Where she could tickle both of us in the ribs while we were singing," said Sue, "and not crack a smile herself. Or give us the elbow, or the old side-look. She was always trying to break us up."

"She was the biggest part of the act," confided Jimmie. "Sue and I were just 'charming background.' That was all right with us. It took a lot of responsibility off our shoulders. But Judy never liked to work alone. She hated it."

After Chicago, they played Milwaukee and Detroit and were booked into New York when Jimmie and Judy became homesick for California. Mrs. Gumm was a little that way herself, so they headed home.

On the way, they stopped at Lake Tahoe for a brief engagement. And that was where it happened. At the same resort was Lew Brown, the songwriter. He made friends with the youngster, and vice versa. A few days later, a pal of his from Hollywood came up to Lake Tahoe—Al Rosen, the agent. Brown introduced them and Rosen said he wanted to catch her act.

Judy, in passing, mentioned this to Sue and Jimmie. They were the ones who became excited; not Judy. They were the ones who talked her into singing "Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart," the song that made Rosen want to talk contract immediately.

But Judy's mother wasn't to be swept off her feet. She had been in show business long enough to know that there were two kinds of agents: good and bad. She postponed any contract talks till she got back to Los Angeles and found out which kind Rosen was.

Meanwhile, at Lake Tahoe, Judy got in a lot of swimming. And, swimming, she had a lot of fun with Lee Conn, who played the violin in the orchestra. So much fun that she introduced Sue to him. He's playing the violin in a Hollywood orchestra now, and Sue is married to him.

"Except for talking her into that song," Sue told me, "I didn't have anything to do with Judy's getting a contract. But she had plenty to do with my getting one—for life."

Back in Los Angeles, Mrs. Gumm found that Rosen rated high as an agent. She let him take Judy out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as they were looking for a new singer. Rosen went to Jack Robbins, who was looking over prospective talent.

"Robbins was horrified," Mrs. Gumm related. "He said, 'I'm looking for a woman singer. Why are you bringing me a child?' Rosen talked him into listening to Judy do just one number. After he heard her, Robbins asked Ida Koverman, Mr. Mayer's secretary, to hear her. And Miss Koverman asked Mr. Mayer to hear her. And he signed her immediately."

That was in October, 1934, three or four months before M-G-M signed Deanna Durbin. They let Deanna go but held on to Judy. I asked Mrs. Gumm what the explanation was.

"I don't know," she said, "unless it was because she was under personal



Bill Powell receives birthday congratulations from Myrna Loy, via Oscar, the trained penguin. Myrna gave the party and Oscar took the bows.

contract to Mr. Mayer. She didn't do anything for a long time except pose for publicity stills. She didn't make a feature picture till 'Broadway Melody of 1938.' Once I asked for her release. I was sure she would be happier on the stage. Mr. Mayer said, 'Just give me another year or two. She's very young yet.'"

According to her mother, it is only in the last few months that Judy has liked pictures. "She liked the stage better because of the audiences. But she never had a big director before. She worked for five months making "The Wizard of Oz," most of the time with Director Victor Fleming, and she says she learned more from him than from all the others."

Mrs. Gumm was reminded of the image that Judy presented not long ago, coming home from the studio. "She was covered with dirt. It was in her hair, on her face, all over her clothes. She looked terrible. I said, 'What ever happened, Judy?' She said, 'Mother, sometimes I wonder about movies. I worked all day in a pen with pigs. I had to lie down and let them root at me.'

"But, seriously, it's really hard work. She has to be up at 6:30, because the make-up people are here at seven. (In the case of a minor, the make-up people come to the house, you know.) She leaves the house soon after eight, and she isn't home again till 6:30. That's a long day—particularly with school work to do, too."

When she signed, she was in the ninth grade and hated school. Both Sue and Jimmie testified to that. Despite this, and despite the difficulty of having school on a set, she finished high school last year. Only to discover that, being no more than sixteen, she still had to spend two more years under a teacher's supervision!



Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland take off for a personal appearance trip in connection with "The Wizard of Oz."

Judy still hasn't had any regular voice training. But she has a coach, Roger Eden. She never does a number that he doesn't personally arrange.

She wasn't content to play Cupid with only one sister. "When she was on the radio," Jimmie revealed, "Judy met Bob Sherwood, who played the guitar. They clowned a lot at rehearsals, had a lot of fun. One time I went with her and she introduced us. Now I'm Mrs. Bob Sherwood and the proud mama of Judy, Jr., who is the apple of Judy, Sr.'s eye. She says, 'I guess I'd better hurry up and get married. There won't be a chance for me when Judy, Jr., grows up.'"

Mrs. Gumm interposed, "But right now Judy's a bachelor girl. There isn't any calling of Billy and Bobby and Jackie. She just isn't interested. Just a phase, I suppose. But I'm glad to see it. I hate to see young girls boy-crazy. To date, she has had just two cases on boys and they're her brothers-in-law."

Judy's pretty proud of the new house. On those hillside acres back of the house, she is planning, just as soon as the budget permits, to build a guest house, where Sue and Jimmie and their husbands can live. They're 'way off in Hollywood apartments now, and she likes her family around her.

Just then, in walked Sue's husband, who started to lay his coat down on a chair, then hastily retrieved it. "Oops!" he said. "That almost cost me money."

Mrs. Gumm explained, "To keep the new house neat, we've made a rule that anyone who leaves any clothes around pays a fine. Five cents a garment."

Jimmie laughed. "You ought to go up to Judy's room. You'd collect at least a hundred dollars."



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BACK TO NATURE

BY JACK CARSON



Ann Sothern, with brown tresses, has come into her own at last.



When Ida Lupino was a platinum, she acted giddy. She's serious now.

WHAT IS so rare as a platinum blonde? Nothing! You can search the Hollywood highways and not pick up a peroxide pearl. Indeed the day of the lady with the lemon-color tresses is done and gone forever, with not a sign of a relapse in sight.

Exactly who started the *au naturel* vogue is a matter of debate and, of unimportance. The point is the ladies of the cinema took to it like the proverbial duck to water. And, whether or not hair has anything to do with the case, their several careers simultaneously had an very definite uptake.

No one, for instance, took Ida Lupino very seriously when she was yellow topped, with disposition to match. Yep, Ida was dizzier than a contest-winning jitterbug. She was goofy on the set as well as off. She made a business of being nuttier than a fruit cake. We have a suspicion that Ida didn't like her role of gay girl either. But one look at her platinum tresses gave you the idea that they didn't cover too much gray matter and little Miss Lupino did her best to keep up the suspicion.

Came the revolution and emerged from it a new Ida. A serious, well-balanced young lady who knew the score every minute. From a giddy Young Thing, she suddenly appeared as an accomplished actress. Of course, she struck a snag in her career back about a year ago, which undoubtedly left its mark on the Lupino, but the color of her tresses, we'd vow, helped matters, too. Then of course she is now a married woman, which usually makes for seriousness, but then she's a "light brown" married woman, which is quite different from a platinum pated one.

Whether or not it is significant, the sensible period of Ida's life, both personally and professionally, set in about the time that the "back to nature movement" got her.

Pretty much may be said for Ann Sothern. Annie, who simply hates being called *that*, used to be a Frivolous Sal. She had just as much talent when she was blonder than "Blondie", but seldom had a chance to show it. The well-known bushel basket—this time an ochre head—threatened to hide her histrionic ability. And so, poor Ann, who was really



Joan Bennett has gone a step beyond being a natural blonde. She's a brunette!

there cinematically, wasn't taken seriously when the good roles were being handed out. And so, she, too, struck a snag, since no one can be better than her material and Miss S. wasn't getting the best of that.

So Ann temporarily retired from the screen and let her hair "go natural." While it was in the process, she did a lot of thinking. Which doesn't hurt a gal ever. How could she be taken for a smart young sophisticate when she looked as light as a summer breeze? She couldn't—and wasn't.

Ann's come-back picture was "Maisie." Now, you'll say, "Maisie" was a dizz. True. But it takes an actress to portray a "Maisie." It takes an Ann Sothern, in fact. A girl who's brown hair convinces you that she's a sober person who can portray a celluloid cocktail.

Then there is Joan Bennett. Well, Joan's a little bit different. She's unpredictable. Sometimes she follows the crowd and occasionally picks out—or on—one person to imitate. Not content with going from light to medium, the youngest of the Bennetts took a step further. She's gone absolutely brunette. So now she looks more Hedy Lamarr-ish than Hedy Lamarr, which seems to be her aim.

There are some who say she is really a brunette, but there are the meanies who claim she has worked as hard at getting that way as she used to keeping blonde.

Why an individual like J. B. wants to be an H. L. is more than we can figure. We should think it would be more than Mr. Gene Markey—her "ex" and Hedy's husband—could figure, too. Nevertheless, there she is, black as a Brian Donlevy screen characterization.

Do you remember when Academy Award winner, Bette Davis, was a platinum? It's not so long ago, you know, when Bette's locks were of the pale dandelion persuasion. Her roles were often bad and always mediocre. She certainly wasn't taken very seriously by either her studio or movie-goers. She was, in fact, just another blonde and—not as pretty as most of them.

Came the revolution in her case, too, and when there's a war around Miss Davis it is usually she who starts it. Bette let her hair "go back." The natural shade emphasized the character in her face, of which she has plenty. "Of Human Bondage" came along at that time and proved to be the turning point in her career. Everyone was astonished at her remarkable characterization of the thoroughly bad little waitress. That is, everyone but Bette. She always knew she had the talent if she only had the opportunity to show it.

And now we have a sophisticated, very individual young woman in Bette Davis and, make no mistake, her naturalness—hair and all—comes in for a definite part of her metamorphosis and success.

Yes, the Back to Nature movement has been on with a vengeance and, in most cases, it has been very effective. Betty Grable, Jane Wyman, most of the stock players and several bona fide stars are as natural as your kid brother.

It's a strange contradiction to glamor, for nobody ever used to think that anything honest-to-goodness could be alluring. However, maybe that is where they've been wrong, for certainly the Age of Glamor is upon us as it has never been since the beginning of pictures—and platinum—which is very fine.

It's very easy to judge a glamor girl's talent when she's a natural

BENNY, INC.

(*Continued from page 46*)

his only barometer. If shrewd, comedy-wise people like them seem to be amused and enthusiastic, things stay in. If the cast seems a little cold, things come out. Flash ideas are carefully analyzed. It's not easy because nobody ever really knows, you see, until that program goes on the air. That's what makes it all so exciting, so nerve-racking, such a wonderful life, and such a head-aching bore, all at the same time.

Making a picture is a lot harder. And that's why it has been difficult to transfer the neat, sure Benny technique of being funny to pictures. He is his own radio director, but he cannot, obviously, be his own movie director. Many more elements enter into making a feature-length production. Many popular radio comics have flopped in pictures. J. B. didn't flop because he kept on a-figurin' and a-worryin' how to make a hit. "Man About Town" is only the first. "The New Yorker" is the tentative title of the second.

Now all has been about Benny, ze arteeste. Now for Benny, himself. When I told all my friends I'd just been to see Jack Benny, they asked, "Is he as funny in real life?" I said, "No." He is extremely serious about his job of being funny. He is, personally, a pleasant, shrewd, well-tailored person, with thick gray hair, fine teeth, an authoritative voice, and excellent manners. He gives the impression of being easy-going, with a certain steely quality underneath. I mean, you feel that he'd do anything to help a pal, but he wouldn't let anybody put anything over on him. The aura of show business surrounds him in a way that is hard to describe, for both his manner and dress are very much on the conservative side and he never calls anybody "Toots." But if you bumped into him in Tibet, you'd know he belonged to that screwball group of folk who can read "Variety" without employing an interpreter.

HIS whole face changes when he talks about his daughter Joan. That indefinable wise-acre quality which all expert showmen acquire disappears. A grin, which he tries to subdue, starts spreading over his amiable features.

"You know," he said, "when Mary picked her out—three months old she was—I didn't say anything. But the little thing—she was actually the homeliest of all the babies in Rabbi Wise's home in New Rochelle, New York. I know enough about babies to know that at three months, they're beginning to look something like human beings, aren't they? But Joan was so thin—hadn't filled out at all. Her eyes would cross occasionally and she had these bumps on her face that looked like mosquito bites, only they weren't. Impetigo or something, I think. Anyway, I must admit that, much as I wanted to adopt a child, I felt just the least bit dashed when I first looked at her. But I figured Mary knew what she was doing. Mary said, 'I want that one.'

"I'm not the sentimental type, but I've often thought since that Mary must have known something instinctively, must have felt something, that no one else could know or feel about little Joan. Why did she pick our baby, when there were so many prettier babies? There must be something to this maternal instinct."

Today, of course, Miss Joan is the type that wins prizes in the baby contests. She is dainty and graceful and coming along right smart with her tap-dancing. "Oh, sure, she's headed right for the stage," says Pop, which is exactly the opposite of what most show folks will admit that they hope for their children. Joan turns on the charm for Pop, after being perfectly matter-of-fact with Mary all day—just as all smart little daughters do. She says funny things, which Mary and Jack have learned to take, in Miss Joan's presence, with perfectly dead pans. There was the time Jack was telling Mary about the excellent colored comedian named Eddie Anderson he'd discovered in Hollywood's Harlem. Yep, Rochester! Joan wanted to see Rochester, too. The day arrived when she did. And she turned to Jack and, in clear, ringing tones, exclaimed, "Why, Daddy, he isn't colored. He's just plain dark brown." She remembers every last living thing that she hears and recalls the names of people she has met for a moment months ago. All this is amazing and delightful to her father and mother.

"And people say, 'How swell of you two to adopt a baby!'" says Jack. "Ye gods! Phooey! We wanted a baby. We felt that nothing mattered a great deal if we could not have one, and the swell



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part about it is that she is healthy and cute and smart and unspoiled. The last is Mary's doing.

"We've been talking about adopting a boy," he went on. "I dunno. Sometimes, we go in and look at her having her supper in the nursery and we think, 'aw, the poor kid. She must be lonesome sometimes.' I've often thought I'd like a son to be a pal, friend and all that, you know, when he got to be fifteen or sixteen. But then I think, migod, by that time, I'll be hobbling around on crutches, and the doctor will long ago have said no more coffee and cigars, Jack, just weak tea with lemon and two cigarettes a day. So we still don't know.

"Our main problem now is how to tell Joan she is adopted. It would be wrong not to, we think. We've been paving the way in small things: letting her choose a puppy, and making much of the fact that she *chose* that one pup out of a kennelful of dogs. It isn't an easy task, but we feel that if we do it gradually, she will accept it naturally with no danger of emotional complications."

I guess I don't need to say much about Mary after all this, do I? Mary is inseparably bound around with each detail of Jack's professional and domestic life, and has been ever since 1927. Jack is the worrier, the less stable, the more unpredictable member of the family. Mary is the one who smooths him down or comes forth with the flip crack at exactly the right time. She has her own spot in the sun, lesser in size and glory than her husband's, but if she stays off the radio program for two weeks, the complaint letters have to be delivered in trucks.

SHE handles the marriage-career-and-child triangle with great cleverness, which is sumpin' when you consider that divorce bombs are continually bursting in the Hollywood air because other wives aren't as smart as she is. She puts her foot down occasionally when pleasure is continually pushed aside for business. While I was talking with him, a press agent popped in and asked could Mary give half an hour for an interview.

"Don't ask *me!*" said Jack, throwing up his hands. "She says she's on vacation. I tell you—you call her yourself. You can do more with her than I can." Which is probably an accurate picture of the situation when Mrs. B. puts her foot down.

Nice folks, the Bennys. A mighty nice guy, Jack.

DICK'S LUCKY ORDEAL

(*Continued from page 33*)

interesting patina of life at nineteen."

That was Dick's age—nineteen—when he alighted in Hollywood. Because he was under age, his studio didn't mention it any more than possible. Dick was booked for more mature parts than his personality rated. That was two strikes on him at the start.

He wasn't exactly a pampered punk, of course. Because of his perfect looks, his confident air and his known lineage of three generations of actors before him, Dick is often considered a theatrical glamor boy, cut out of plush, and tailored for luxury. As a matter of fact, he's had all the tough going he needs. His father died when he was a kid. He was brought up backstage and on road tours, educated in the stern rigor of a Jesuit college and plunked out into the very cruel world of the British theatre to earn his own keep when he was barely more than seventeen.

Dick has gone hungry and cold his share of times and watched his coat tails wear ragged. He's pounded the good London pavements and been dusted out of producer's offices with the best of them.

NOT too long before the Fairy Godmother spirited him off as London's prize Cinderella boy, Dick was getting by on three pounds, or fifteen dollars, a week—when he worked. If you've ever shelled out for living expenses in London you'll appreciate that. At the time Zanuck's talent scout signed him on the dotted line he had upped it to around thirty-five. Hollywood paid off like an honest slot machine compared to that.

But it wasn't sudden money alone that bothered Dick Greene in Hollywood. It was sudden everything. Sudden friends, sudden customs, sudden work, sudden play. New laws, new standards, new values. Every shrewd sage since Hollywood began has observed that the place does something dangerous to new arrivals. Dick was a brand new arrival, by special delivery from another world. He had his handsome neck stuck out wide.

"It's a small miracle that I wasn't completely swamped by it all," Dick reflected with a wondering wag of his noggin. "I think the only thing that saved me was the fact that I was too ignorant to realize what I faced!"

Something, instinct probably, made Dick try to anchor himself to reality. He bought a 1935 Chevrolet and every spare day he chugged out by himself into the mountains and desert, to try to figure things out. Once he ended up, mud-bound in Mexico and, being an alien, had a devil of a time getting back past the border. Once he got lost in the wild Kaibab forest in Arizona, and his studio broadcast frantic appeals to the rangers, thinking Dick had been clawed by a bear or something equally awful. But the only thing clawing Dick was himself.

One day, too, those Hollywood Rover Boys, Ty Power and Don Ameche, gagged up a lunch date for Dick with a new actress, a red-headed ex-manicurist, a Cinderella girl to out-Cinderella Dick Greene. In the studio cafe, Don and Ty sat back, prodding each other gleefully to watch the fun. To their chagrin the new girl and the new boy weren't a bit put out. In fact, they looked into each other's eyes and were very happy about the whole thing. When lunch was over both knew they'd have lunch together the next day, although neither of them needed to mention it. That started Richard Greene's romance with Arleen Whelan.

Hollywood promptly tagged it a publicity romance, because it was much too good to be true. But it wasn't that. Dick Greene's romance with Arleen Whelan was very much on the level—it was another instinctive attempt on Dick's part to anchor to something real in a land of mirages.

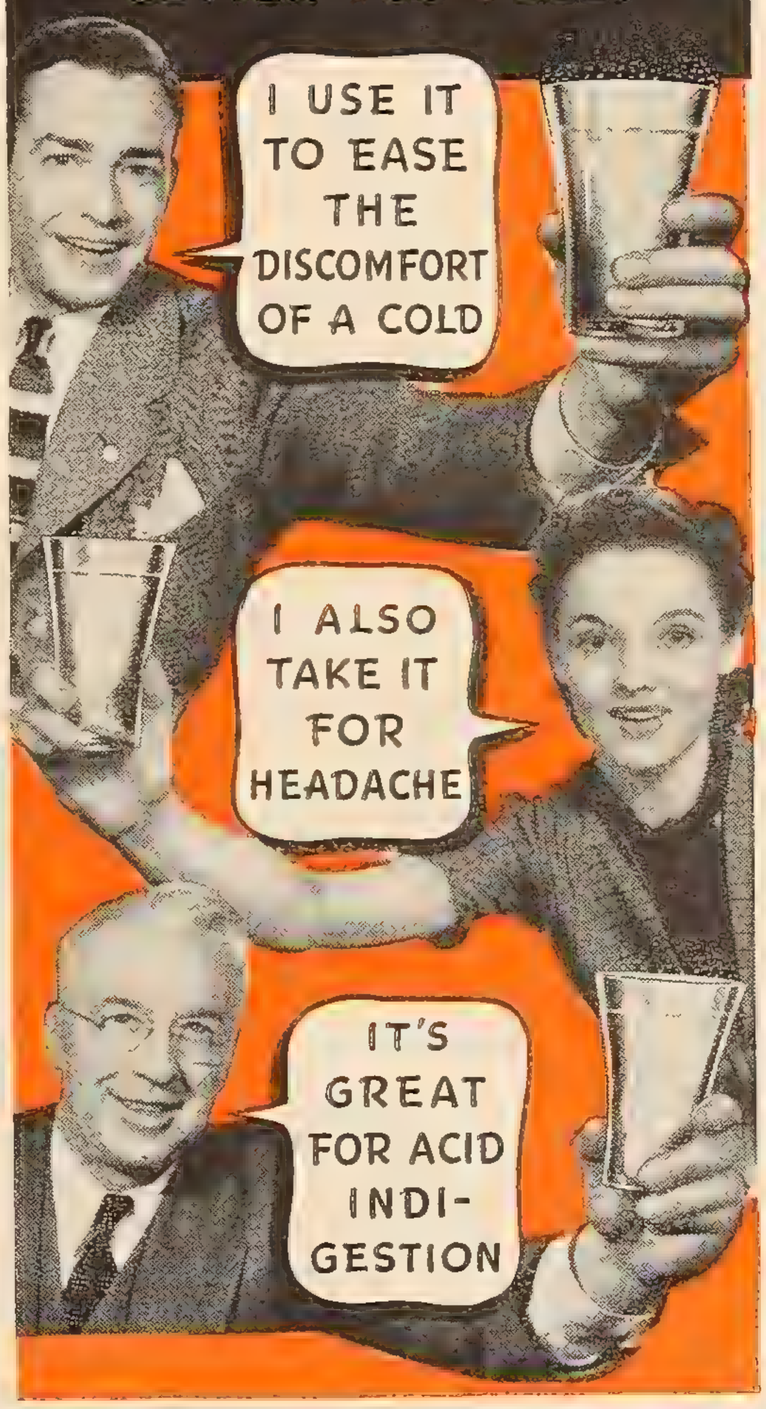
But he needed more than a pleasant romance with a pretty girl, more than lonely trips over the desert and into the hills to snap him out of it and give him what Dick calls "a look at myself." What he needed arrived in the form of double



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AT ALL DRUG STORES



trouble. Or "blessings in disguise," as Dick grinned.

An abscessed ear had kept him home three days from his very first picture. It was just a danger signal from a pair of badly infected tonsils. Under the strain of making the next two pictures at once —"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Stanley and Livingstone"—the septic throat sent him home to bed. An operation was the doctors' verdict, but by now the tonsils were far too swollen to take out. When they quieted down, Dick finished "The Hound of the Baskervilles," then went into the hospital.

He had hemorrhages of the throat that no doctor in town could stem for three days. Along toward the end, his life hung in the balance. A couple more hours of bleeding and Dick wouldn't have had to worry about himself or his career for a long, long time. He rallied, however, and finally pulled through.

But Dick was still as weak as an anemic cat when he went into "Here I Am A Stranger."

He worked six days. On the seventh he drew a bye and stayed home to fool around his car. Dick lives in a hillside place and the garage driveway tilts at a sharp angle. He was fixing the front bumper on his car when another up the hill slipped its emergency brake. It rolled down on him, crushing Dick between the two cars.

In the hospital again, the report on Dick's mangled leg was serious. All the ligaments had been ripped from the bones, the mashed flesh was a dark mass of bursted blood vessels. Quickly the leg ballooned to thrice its normal size and turned a ghastly black and blue. If it had become infected, Dick would have lost it. Luckily it didn't.

As it was, he lay for a solid month with the leg hoisted up in a sling. It was another month before he could hobble on crutches. He still wears his steel brace and spends every lunch hour taking diathermy. He can't stand for more than a few minutes in a scene. Doctors tell him his leg won't be fully sound for another two years. That means the tennis, riding, hunting and other active sports Dick loves will be out, because any undue strain on the weak muscles might cripple him for good. On the financial side, the whole business has run into important money, and Dick isn't in the four-figure pay check class yet by any means. His salary stopped, too, the minute the picture shut down.

But if you think any of these things has made Richard Greene downhearted in the slightest degree, you have several more guesses coming. His face is a little drawn, it's true; perhaps he's not quite so pretty. But his grin is just as ready and sincere and the dimples are deeper, when he states that in his humble opinion Mr. Greene is a lucky guy—and for the very things that are bringing him sympathy.

"I learned plenty mentally that more than compensates me for the physical crackups," explained Dick. "I had long days to read and plenty of nights to think, and believe me I used them. I used them to think back on the various phases of my life, and the Hollywood phase of last year particularly. My ambition has always been to live so that when I'm sixty years old I can look back on every part of my life and put a personal okay on what I did. I think I can now; I couldn't before. I think I know what I'm doing now, and I didn't before. I was in a daze. You know, if things had gone on as they were without these bad breaks, I might have become insufferably stuffy. I might have wandered around in a fool's paradise.

"But now—well, for one thing," he continued, "I think I know now what I want out of life. I want to act, of course. I know I'm still pretty raw, and I want to get better. But more than that I want to be capable of enjoying life and living it to the fullest. I don't ever want to grow soft or tired. I don't ever want to forget my fifteen-dollar-a-week days. In a way, I'm sorry my Hollywood break came so early in my life. I would like to have been hard up a little longer. I mean that. The days when a little money in the pocket meant a week in Paris, a binge and some pretty girls, are the days I don't want to forget. I want to get a thrill out of buying a new suit of clothes, a hat, a new tie. I want to stay interesting to myself.

"And to someone else? You mean romance?" Dick grinned. "Sure—all I can find! But marriage—not for five or six years anyway. I'm not that mature!

"I want to see as much of the world as I can first, meet as many people as I can and find out as much as I can about them. I like Hollywood and I like making pictures. But if I lost my job tomorrow I wouldn't let it throw me for a minute. I know where I stand now and where I'm going. I'm relaxed about myself and confident.

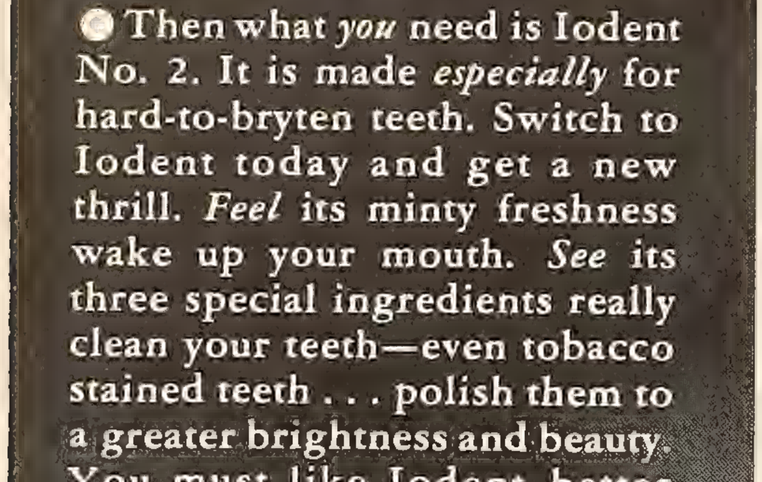
"And that knowledge, or philosophy or maturity or whatever you want to call it, that I found when I was laid up is a fair exchange for a bit of pain and danger and the discomfort of having to watch out for myself a while."

Dick Greene rose to shuffle off into his scene and banged his game leg against the chair. "Ouch!" he yelped. Then he grinned. "I take it all back, I didn't mean a word I said," laughed Dick.

But I think he was fooling.

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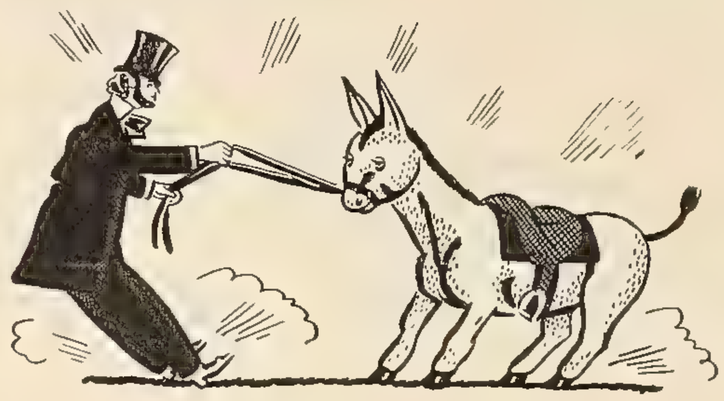
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A DOLLAR

Fans, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "flop," that star you are simple cuh-razy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Hollywood styles, miscast roles, scene-stealers—what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning Cinemaland? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten $1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keep it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



"I Told You So"

To the undiscerning skeptics who doubted his ability and rated him a dull, uninteresting personality, I give you Henry Fonda as "Young Mr. Lincoln."

Ordinarily I'm not one of those insufferable know-it-alls who gloat and say, "I told you so!" but I'm going to be, now. Ever since I saw this charming, unassuming young actor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," I've watched his career with keen interest. I looked on with a satisfied chuckle, when he stole "Jesse James" from Mr. Power. I've wondered when, if ever, producers would have the astuteness to realize what a find they had in Fonda. And now, at long last, I've seen my faith justified.

Fonda didn't *play* Lincoln, he *was* Lincoln. From the opening scene to the final fade-out, his was an inspired performance. No finer scene has ever been filmed than the last one of the picture, when Lincoln walks slowly to the hilltop as if drawn inevitably toward the tragic destiny that awaited him.

My sincere congratulations, Mr. Fonda, on a truly great and inspired performance. And you "doubting Thomases"—eat humble pie and like it!—W. M. Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.



Paging Mr. Chips!

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips!"
You of the eloquent eyes
You, of the timid ways,
Though manly size.
One short hour I knew you,
But through my tears
Gained more from you
Than from friends I had known
For years.
You taught me to understand
Fame must be won.
Often we go unheralded
For what we've done,
Yet the reward is ours
If we can know
We have inspired another life
To grow.
You've given hope
To many a teacher's heart
You, like they,
Met pitfalls at the start,
But conquered them
And, through it all,
Forgiving.
You have revealed
The very purpose
Of living!
. . . I've made a friend.
'Tis only with my lips,
Not with my heart, I whisper
"Goodbye, Mr. Chips!"
—Marcella Alexander, Illiopolis, Ill.



Weighty Thinking

Just a word on the subject of weight and pounds. It really distresses me to see our favorite stars look as though they are on the verge of a serious breakdown. Here are just a few of the leading actors and actresses whom I would like to see gain some pounds: Loretta Young, Margaret Sullavan, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, Claude Rains, Jimmy Stewart and Fred Astaire.

And while we're on the subject of pounds, I want to say that here is one fan who thinks the stars deserve every cent they make. If all of these people who think the stars make too much had to memorize thousands of lines of dialogue, had to work long hours through scorching sun and beating rain, if they had to sign millions of autographs every year, if they had to make public appearances before goggling curious fans, they would think it was worth every cent they made.

So my word may not bear much weight but believe me, here is one fan who sincerely wants to see the movie stars pick

FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Write a letter and win a prize! Ten are given away each month

up a few more extra pounds—both kinds.—Lucia Harding, Charlotte, N. C.

A Find!

What a find! I'm referring to Mary Healy who made her movie debut in "Second Fiddle." I recently saw the picture and when this beautiful girl appeared, I realized that right before my eyes a new star had been born.

She has the curves of Sheridan, the personality of Rogers, the voice of Alice Faye and the looks of Ellen Drew. With a combination like that she's sure to get far. Give us more of this Healy gal.—Rose Blazek, Cicero, Illinois.

He-man Bogart

Isn't there any way to prevent it? Something must be done, because we fans will not allow our Humphrey Bogart to be cast in any more softy-smoothie roles. There is a superfluous number of actors who can portray such roles, but they are not for He-man Bogart. We don't want to see Humphrey in parts where he has to take orders, or live in Park Avenue penthouses. We would rather see him giving the orders and narrowly escaping from Alcatraz or Devil's Island. We want him to be such a cold-blooded villain that he would be capable of being hated to death. So please, Mr. Boss, no more roles such as O'Leary in "Dark Victory." Give us some more Dead End, Kid Gallahad stuff.—Alma Brown, Newark, N. J.



Plus Entertainment

Everyone recognizes that the movies are the greatest force in our national life today, but I sometimes wonder if we realize the specific cultural value they have. They influence our manners, our attitudes and our ideals. They enlarge the mental horizon of millions. They bring laughter and release. They take the over-introspective out of themselves and give the ultra-extraverts glimpses into the depths of the human soul.

But to my mind, their greatest value lies in the interest and the desire to learn more which the historical pictures arouse. Librarians tell me that they have a run on history and biography books after every historical picture is released. In the library in our town, after "Young Mr. Lincoln" there wasn't a volume on Lincoln in for days. "Juarez" taught an interested public the story of Maximilian and Carlotta as no college course could have done. "Marie Antoinette" sent thousands to the history books for further knowledge of the French Revolution.

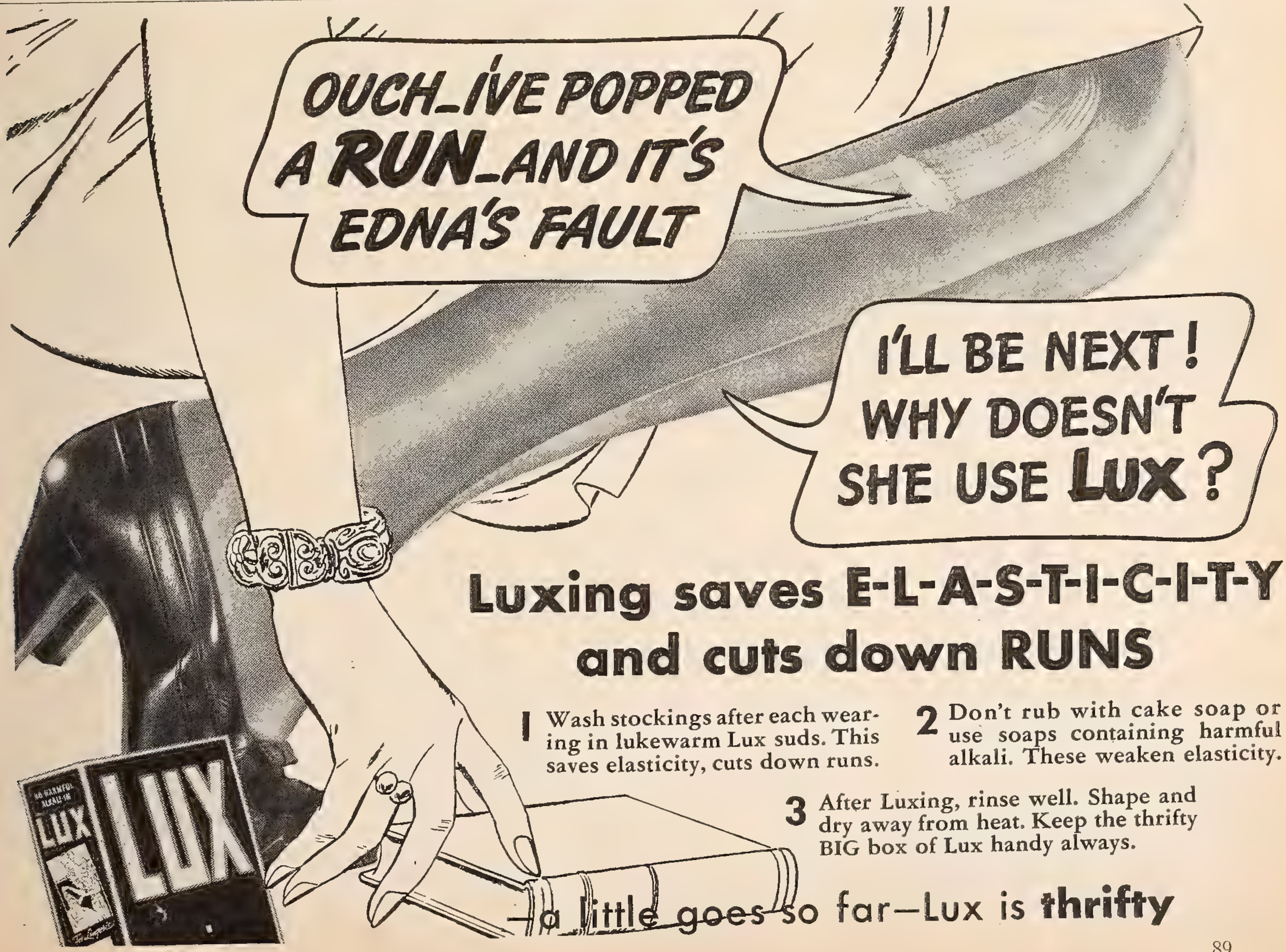
We should be very grateful for the movie industry!—Rowena Bridgers, El Paso, Texas.

The "Oomph" Girl

We've had our share of Sheridan as the "Oomph" girl. Heavens, she looks like "the morning after" with her lovely tresses pulled up and shoved carelessly over one eye.

Instead of clinging gowns and extreme hats we want to see her in plain, girlish frocks, the kind that match her sweet face and her could-be sweet personality which has been covered up by unfit roles and too much ballyhoo.

This rage for "Harlow, the second" will soon die and thousands Hollywood has undoubtedly spent on her build-up will be wasted in another forgotten star. The stars that work up by their own merits continue to shine brightly, but those who gain popularity through false build-ups, shine for a while, but soon fade out. That, we know, is what will happen to Miss Sheridan if something isn't done to save her—and very soon, too.



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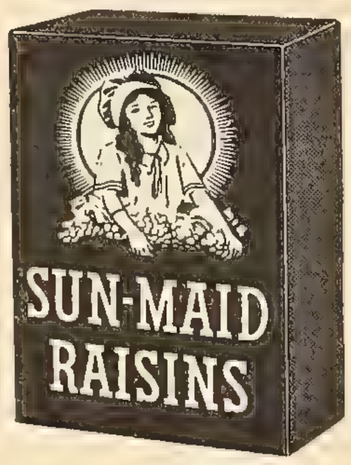
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Let's have a few more dollars spent on her dramatic coaching and less on elaborate hair-dos and exotic gowns. We are sure that the fans will accept Annie more readily as a natural, unaffected girl than with the artificial mask of glitter and glamor which has been thrust upon her. But, until this artificiality is discarded and her true character brought back, we say "Ugh" to the "Oomph" girl. —S. Brown and C. Peppler, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Leo Carrillo

It is with sympathy that I read of the objections certain film actors have toward being typed. Basil Rathbone and Robert Montgomery are two actors who have given voice to their complaints in that respect, but I cannot recall having once seen a written complaint by the actor in Hollywood who has the most reason to complain. I refer to Leo Carrillo. No matter what the story, Leo Carrillo enacts the same character in each picture—a good natured, lovable, kind-hearted foreigner.

Now while I am very fond of Mr. Carrillo on the screen, I am getting just a little bit tired of constant repetition. Surely an actor of Carrillo's ability could be given an opportunity to portray a variety of characters instead of being permitted to fall into a rut.—Hannah Hannay, Gisborne, New Zealand.

Bona Fide Westerns

I want old-fashioned Westerns
With heroes rough and tough
Where bold, bad villains roam the range
And gamble on a bluff.
Where white sombreros heroes scorn
For an old ten-gallon hat,
And handkerchiefs aren't made of silk
(I'm sick of stuff like that.)
And please, just one without a car
A horse instead is fine.
And when the votes come pouring in
Among them will be mine.
—Ethel Johnston, Portland, Oregon.

Bob Young

What's the matter with Robert Young? Why doesn't Hollywood open up its eyes? Bob has good looks the same as Taylor, Gable, Boyer, Power and all the others. He can be a real actor only Hollywood won't give him a chance!

The people get tired of seeing Bob in those second fiddle pictures. In "Navy, Blue and Gold" Bob revealed what he could do in the line of good acting. Give him a real dramatic part for a change and see what a hit he'll be.—Bertha Donner, Pasadena, Calif.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

(*Continued from page 37*)

what key. Or I may go into my imitation of Al Jolson or feel the call to give a Barrymore monologue. But I can't be depended upon for either or even both and that's what I mean, never be dependable at a party or something. Never do card tricks, imitate the call of birds, ring door-bells or pinch your hostess unless one of these calls comes over you, suddenly.

NEVER have scheduled entertainers. The point is to let your guests be entertainers since they are sure to think themselves funnier than any entertainers you could possibly provide for them. The thing is to just get downstairs with that little piano, Groucho and four other people and there you are.

"Food is really only important when there isn't any. It is revolting to have to eat at such and such a time, in such and such a room, with such and such a fork and knife. Of course, if you can have foreign food! Some of the best parties in Hollywood are given by the Ernst Lubitsches, the Dimitri Tiomkins (Mrs. T. is Albertina Rasch) where Russian food is served or the parties the Jean Hersholts give where Danish food is served and everyone yells 'Schole!' or something. Charlie Butterworth gives good, little parties, too.

"Huge parties," said Frank firmly, "are wakes. Carpets of gardenias and your names announced and all that. Great things with the Zanucks over there and the Mayers over here and agents or something in between! Twenty or twenty-five people," said Frank, "is about the limit. No Life of the Party who considers his Art wants to play to a hippodrome.

"There are certain things, too," Frank said, mournfully, "which 'condition' the Life of the Party. In my own case, if I am not up to my nippiest notch, you can be sure it's razor blades. What I mean is what kills me is when people steal my razor blades. Admitted, you can buy 'em, five hundred for ten cents, but it's the principle of the thing. It's that feeling of fury and frustration when you know that there were twenty there yesterday and where are they today?

"Or when my manager shows us the prospectus of last year's expenditures, or something! I am terribly extravagant. I believe you'll find that every Life of the Party is. We all stay up so late nights, you know, we haven't time to figure. Anyway, we are both terribly extravagant, my wife and I. When the bills come in, I holler my head off but I'm just hollering to Little Sir Echo. No one listens to me because most of them are my own. We don't want to see the year's prospectus. We don't look at it, we throw it away. No Life of the Party should be thieved of his razor blades or be made to look at prospectuses.

THE Life of the Party," said Frank, "shouldn't take life seriously. Now, I don't. No, really I don't. I have those terribly serious spells, but they only last half a minute. When I'm having them I just pace the floor and don't talk. I am serious about one or two things in life, of course. I'm very serious about my work. You have to work, or don't you? I do."

For six minutes, Frank was very serious indeed as he talked about his work—how he sometimes wishes he could have lived two distinct lives, one life where he might have stayed in the theatre following up his "serious" success in "Topaze" with other equally pithy and poignant parts; how he worries because only about fifteen per cent of anything he can do in Hollywood is "nice," the rest, piffle; how he wants very much to remain on the air because he feels his recent parts in pictures have been too few and too feeble.

He went on, "Yes, I'm very serious

about my work, but even so, nothing ever keeps me from sleeping. Even in my dressing-room at the studio! I'm sound asleep in there when they think I'm studying my next scene. I am temperamental, I suppose. The things my wife tells me about myself are frightening. I come in the front door after a day at the studio and she can tell me what kind of a day I've had. If it's been one kind of a day she tells me that the bills are on my desk. If it's been the other kind of a day she mixes me a drink. I must be moody or temperamental if my moods show through like that. Well, people who are on high must have a low for an average, I suppose. If things don't hit you where it hurts the most you're phlegmatic, or something. A Life of the Party can't be phlegmatic, now, can he?

"Then there's being a book-worm. I don't suppose the Life of the Party can be a book-worm, do you? There's nothing very congenial about a worm, book or hook, or is there? I'm not even introspective. I never think about what I am thinking under my thoughts. I see you looking at all the books in here. My wife is responsible for them. She's responsible for everything in our home. She has exquisite taste and is excellent at interior decorating.

"Left to my own devices, I wouldn't have a home at all. I don't see why a Life of the Party should have a home, he never goes to it, do you? I would be a nomad. I don't want to settle down. Settling down is frightening. But my wife is mad about houses. We built a little 'dobe house in Palm Springs just so she could 'do' it. One nice thing is, no sooner does she get one house 'done' than she wants to 'do' another. A nomadic home-maker, wouldn't you call it? Such a nice quality. It's like the old gag, 'I don't want to own anything I can't put on the Chief.' I didn't make that one up but you can say I did. I would have if I'd thought of it. So, as I was saying, I seldom read. I hate long books, 'Forsyte Sagas' and things. My wife reads everything. She gives me the Best of the Books of the Year and all that. A Life of the Party sometimes has to seem bright about books.

"Mr. Morgan," I here interrupted, "haven't I heard that you are, actually, a very shrewd business man?"

OH have you?" asked Mr. Morgan. "Oh, that—well you know how they are here in Hollywood; they always go to extremes. In their endeavors to make a 'story' out of you, they make you a Rockefeller or something—like the little item I read about my owning a frog farm. A frog farm! I got more silly letters. One man wrote, 'I have the biggest frog in Ohio.' I could just see the writer saying to himself, 'Maybe we can sell Morgan our frog!'

"I read where I had a furniture store at Palm Springs. Well, there was a residuum or something of fact in that one. My wife wanted to have an antique shop, for making reproductions, you know. We bought the land and built the shop. Then we sold the land and the shop, because the gentleman who made the reproductions was so good that if you ordered a what-not in January you got it in June. After our customers had yelled 'What-not-*yet*?' a few times, we folded."

"Then there was the oil well," I reminded him, briskly. "I read in your own studio publicity, that you bought an oil well and that it came in a gusher."

"Oh, you read that, too, did you? Oh, dear, it went along all right for awhile—but we won't go into that. Amos 'n' Andy, Ralph Bellamy and I went into it once. It was in Louisiana or somewhere. We won't go into it again, do you mind?"

I said, "I won't mind . . . but what I do want to know is this: is this vagueness of yours—kind of stuttering and all that you do on screen and air—is it an act or is it . . . I mean, were you born that way?"

"It's definitely an act," laughed Mr. Morgan. But now I noticed, as when he talked about his work before, that his eyes were not laughing. "Definitely an act," he repeated. "I mean, I hope it is. You know how it is, you develop a method of your own, individual or something. I developed mine when I was in stock, back in 1920. It reached maturity when I did 'The Affairs of Cellini' on the screen. People have written about me, attributing my professional vagueness, stuttering and all that, to the fact that I don't know my lines. But that isn't so. I started out to be a great study, a quick study and an accurate one. I still almost am.

"You know," said Mr. Morgan authoritatively, "you know, comedy, like music, comes on a definite beat. You can kill any comedy line by two extra words. If you're ad libbing, timing is even more important. A beat too long and it just lays there on the floor."

Reluctantly I rose to leave and Mr. Morgan rose with me, handed me my fur and gathered his dressing-gown about him, with great dignity. "No," he said, "it's not nearly so haphazard as it sounds, my comedy. I'm not nearly," he laughed again, "so dithering as I appear."

He didn't need to tell me that. I had guessed long before!



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THE COME-BACK QUEEN

(*Continued from page 35*)

another contract, that she'd had enough of contracts and the way in which they can sting you to death with "B's." "There I was wrong," said Ann. "I did say that but then I realized that I might have to wait too long between pictures, might not be able to find the right kind of parts. Also, I specially like M-G-M and I figured that, having an investment in me, they would keep their story-eyes open for me. So I signed.

"And now, with the last rounds behind me, some lost, some won, where am I? What have I learned? What am I?

"Well, I've certainly learned the value of money. A value I didn't have before. It's when the money isn't coming in that you get the hang of it. For one long year the money wasn't coming in. I've learned how "important" you are here in Hollywood while you are on top, how unimportant you can become. Much has been written of overnight success, little about overnight failure. I could write a tasty little book on that untender topic. You've seen a magician take a rabbit out of his hat? Yes, but have you ever seen him put the rabbit back again? I was that put-back rabbit.

"I've learned who my real friends are. I'm no mathematician but a child of three could do that sum in addition for me—it adds up to five.

So much for that. Now let's begin with the Sothern face. It's not too bad as a composite," laughed Ann. "But analyze it and what have you got? My eyes are my best feature. But I look too healthy. And my face belies my entire character. I'm not like my face!"

As Ann said this, a chord was struck in my memory and I remembered Jean Harlow saying the same thing to me one distant day. Odd, I thought, here is another link in common between the little Harlow and the little Sothern. It is said that Ann will make some of the stories bought for Jean and that Ann may use Jean's dressing-room. Ann is thought to be so much like Jean, especially in that very "humanness" of which Ann speaks. Ann, like Jean, has that "common touch" which makes the whole world her kin.

"I've yet to meet anyone," Ann was saying, "who, an hour after we've said 'how do' hasn't told me, 'You're not one bit the way I expected you to be!' They always add, with varying degrees of diplomacy, that they had expected me to be stupid, silly, frivolous, stuck-up. I don't blame 'em. I know why. My nose goes up. A person with a going-up nose is never taken seriously! My mouth is curly, has a permanent wave. You just don't expect words of wisdom to issue from a curly mouth. I have a manner of holding my head which is a bit on the snooty side. I look like a—well, like one of those frilly, useless, sort of bumbly dolls flung down on gold-fringed, lace-dripping cushions, a thing of swansdown and white rose perfume—ach!

"But I'm not snooty, however, and that's to the good, I'd say. For everyone that it pays to be snooty in this business, there are ten others it pays off." I was recalling the day that Roger came home from his first day at Columbia, how he laughed and said that instead of everyone greeting him, they'd all chorused, "How is Ann?" Not the stars, directors and producers, but the grips, electricians, props, all the boys and girls Ann calls by their first names, as they do her. I was recalling how, on the sets, Ann's best friends are always the character women, Mary Boland, Jessie Ralph, Billie Burke, Helen Broderick—character women and women *of* character. Perhaps that's why.

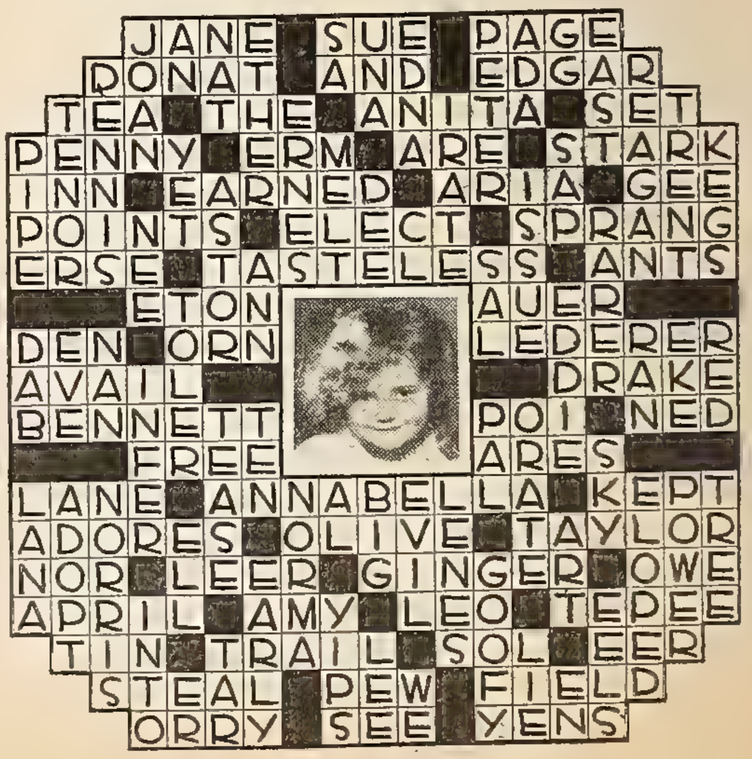
I was remembering how, just the other day, they'd told me at the studio, with positive awe in their voices, that Ann had posed for stills mounted on a merry-go-round horse. They'd been trying for years to get a star to pose on a merry-go-round steed! Ann's stock soared eleven points because of it.

"Soft, fluffy, dolly . . ." Ann was now murmuring to herself, consideringly. "No, I'm not. I won't say that I'm a Master Mind but I do read a book—almost every day. I read all of Paul de Kruif's books. I have an insane curiosity about medicine, I told you that. I'm terribly interested in psycho-analysis. But," she sighed, "I can't get an analyst to analyze me. I'm so disgustingly normal. I drag out all my little dreams and hope to get a rise but not a thing. I'm not a softie. Let there be an accident anywhere, moans, blood, and I'm Sothern-on-the-spot. Then I promptly faint. Yeah, I know. All I'm trying to do is get a line on myself, as regards my work. And all this leads to is that I won't need a double for any of the rough stuff, the tough spots. I'm no 'fraidy-cat!

"I'm not torn asunder by conflicting elements in my life, either. I won't give the studio a stroke by suddenly deciding that my place is 'in the home.' I know what I want more than anything in the world—my career. I want it even more than I want happiness. I'd give up anything for it, if I had to. So I tell myself, but sometimes I wonder. I'm not particularly domestic. I'm an excellent housekeeper, that I admit. I see to it that things run smoothly, comfortably, the way we like them run. I'm a coat-putter-awayer, a closet-straightener, a linen-counter. But I can't cook a lick. I really admire Hedy Lamarr, by the way, for her knack at scrambling eggs!

"I'm a good business woman in some ways, in other ways I'm just 'a song at twilight.' I'm shrewd, I guess that's what you'd call it. The studio won't have to appoint a guardian for me to prevent me from buying phony stock in gold mines. I am terrible about living within my income. But I am swellelegant about putting away money for my income tax. I won't get any front page publicity on that score! I watch the dollars," chuckled

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14



Ann, "and let the pennies take care of themselves! I'm not extravagant about clothes. I didn't buy a rag all last summer. I do sort of go haywire over shoes and hats. I'm always buying hats which sit on shelves because I have nothing to wear with them.

"It's things for the house that drain my purse. For instance, I am an antique addict—old Adam pieces, Chippendale, Waterford glass and the like are my vices. But even where my passions are concerned I'm fairly shrewd. For instance, I recently ordered, from New Orleans, a Waterford cut crystal chandelier for our dining-room. But did I have it delivered to Ann Sothern, Beverly Hills? Not so. I had it addressed to Harriette Lake (my real name), address somewhere on Main Street. And down to Main Street I went to pick it up, thus saving myself the fat little "overhead" which is the curse of all screen stars. Yes, I have my little softnesses but I'm not a sucker!

"Nor," continued Ann, self-apprais-ingly, "am I sentimental. I am sentimental about children, dogs, cats, birds, but I'm not sentimental about old dance programs, a faded rose leaf here and there. I think that sort of thing is cluttery and silly. On the other hand, I am a saver-upper of stills from all my old pictures. I have all of them up in the attic. That doesn't really come under the head of sentiment—they'll be good for some laughs in our old age."

Nor is Ann superstitious, she continued. Give her a swell part in a swell story and she'd start any picture on Friday, the 13th. The other day she broke "the biggest mirror in the world," at Elizabeth Ardens, and all she said was, "The heck with it. I don't believe it!"

"I have a sense of humor," she said, but gratefully, "which should be Mother's little helper. I have, thank goodness, the kind which enables me to laugh at myself. There's never a time when I can't say to myself, 'Come on, Toots, let's face it. Why are *you* so important?'

"I may look the playful type," grinned Ann, "but boy, when I work, I work. I study. I'm in bed at the right time. I worry. I lose weight. On the first day, I just plain die.

"Even between pictures I'm not exactly a bon vivant's idea of a good time gal. If Roger and I go to the Troc once in six months we're dissipating. We like to stay home and have people here. We play a lot of bridge. We do a lot of talking, just the two of us. My husband," said Ann, with proper pride, "is a very stimulating person, knows all about political matters and things I don't read up on and we discuss 'em. I've become a rabid horticulturist." Here Ann waved a hand at her chaise-longue table, "See all the Garden Books. I've already ordered three hundred and fifty tulip bulbs from Holland for next Spring's planting. Well, I don't lay claim to being one of those stable, folksy folks, but at least I try not to be the dizzy dame type and cause the publicity department to work nights keeping my name out of the scandal sheets.

I'M not what you'd call moody. With me, it's entirely up or very down. When I'm down, I'm downer than anyone you ever saw I hope. When I'm down, it's usually about my work. I get dark, blue periods thinking that I can't act, I don't know how to act, I'll never act again. Writers get the same 'going stale' periods, I know, and the only way to work out of them is just to sit down and write or stand up and act, just *do* whatever it is you do.

"And I guess that about does it," said Ann, planting her small feet firmly on the floor. "Now let's go downstairs and look at a lovely old piece I bought yesterday. I sit and look at the things in our house like one in a trance. You should see Roger giving an imitation of me staring, hypnotized, at my possessions."

On the way down the lovely, winding stairway, Ann said, "I'm worried because of that old Bogeyman, Bad Parts. I'm divinely happy, of course I am, but I know that happiness is something that doesn't just 'stay put,' like a chair or a picture hung on the wall. It's something you've got to keep on wooing, every hour of your life. I've signed a contract but contracts have clauses. I've 'come back' today but there's always tomorrow. What it really comes to," said Ann, her voice spirited, her goldeny head high, "is that the gal who signed the contract has the courage of her convictions and the will to fight. So, gimme a hand, will you, as I go into the next round!"

Answers to Quiz on Page 11

1. Ronald Colman.
2. Francis.
3. Louella Parsons.
4. "The Star Maker."
5. Ellen Drew.
6. Roger Pryor's.
7. May Robson.
8. Director Rouben Mamoulian.
9. Daisy.
10. Annabella.
11. Raymond Massey.
12. "The Blue Angel."
13. Jack Benny.
14. "On Borrowed Time."
15. Champion.
16. Tyrone Power and Annabella.
17. Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again."
18. Priscilla Lane.
19. Ilona Massey.
20. "The Rains Came."
21. Cliff Edwards.
22. Joan Crawford.



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HE'S IN DEBT

(Continued from page 29)

I learned far more from just watching this man than I could have learned throughout my life if I had never seen him. And as debts, like all things, interweave, one with the other, the fact that I would go to see Lucien Guitry twenty times in one play, I owe to Dr. Mouchet. It was my way of doing research on my job as Dr. Mouchet did on his.

"And then there is Henri Bernstein, the great French playwright. For the eight years before his death, Lucien Guitry did all Bernstein's plays. When Guitry died I was called by M. Bernstein to do his plays. He helped me in many ways and of these ways the greatest, I think, was when he would tell me how Guitry would have done this or that.

"I am in debt to Hollywood, to America. It is not in an attempt to be flattering. It is merely gracious, it is completely true that Hollywood has taught me naturalness, not to be strained. Hollywood has taught me, too, to restrain my emotions. On the French stage," smiled Mr. Boyer, "we feel sorry for ourselves and make no effort to conceal this. When we have a sad scene to do, we cry, we sob aloud. I once did a play there which, later, Basil Rathbone did here in America. In a scene where I had sobbed aloud, Basil did not shed a tear. I asked him about this and he explained that, in America, a man who cries is thought ridiculous. So I have learned to temper the emotions, to the audience for which I am playing.

"I owe a debt to a school teacher I had when I was a lad of fourteen. I am skipping about in my life," smiled Mr. Boyer. "I am thinking out loud, and at random. I fell in love with my teacher. When I would write my themes in class, they would not be about the subjects assigned to us. They would be the most passionate love letters. I was always thinking how impressed she would be with me, with my "experience" with women, how one day I would clasp her in my arms and she would say to me, awed, 'How do you know so much? You must have had a terrific life, Charles!'

THEN came the day, long waited for, when I was all alone with her in the classroom. She said to me, 'You must have read a few books, Charles, but you cannot have understood what you read!' And then she laughed at me! I was not only broken-hearted. I was humiliated. The great lover (in his own esteem) was reduced to the awkward boy in his teens. Now I am grateful to her, because since that day I have never made love to any woman without the lurking fear that she might laugh at me. And this is good. For it is not good for a man to be too self-confident, too much the dashing Casanova, with more egotism than heart. No," smiled Mr. Boyer, "not even the flattery, which is the lot of the motion picture star, can erase the memory of that early blow to my young ardor.

"I owe an especial debt to a book I read when I was at the age where impressions are important, at the age of eighteen. It was a book called 'Deux Hommes' by George Duhamel. It told of the friendship between two men. And it gave me a conception of friendship which has stayed with me always. Friendship has always meant a very great deal in my life. My friendship with Maurice Chevalier, for instance. We compliment one another, Maurice and I. I have, also, many valuable-to-me-friendships with

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"I am very specially in debt to Pat, my wife. For her love, which I do not need to speak of, but also because of the many tendencies which I had and which, thanks to her, I have no longer. I was very much afraid of marriage. I did not think it would be for me. I had to make the right choice to find out that I was wrong. I had always a tendency to be older than my age. And now," Mr. Boyer laughed a little, at himself, "now, since my marriage, it is the contrary! Now I am younger than my age in many of my actions and my thoughts, because Pat is even younger than her age which is much younger than mine. I had a tendency to look always at the serious side of things, to stay at home and read. We do not go out very much, now, but it is because we have more fun in our home. My sense of humor was not very good before I married. It is better now. It was as though I had always lived in the shade and now I am living in the sun.

"The love of one woman teaches you, too, that if you could have all the women in the world, and did not have the one woman you want, it would be no good. That is why it is absurd when people ask 'does it affect you, the adulation of many women?' It is as I said, flattering, of course. But when the heart belongs to one woman, the others cannot matter.

"Yes, I am in debt to all women, to all the women I have met and to all the women I have been a little in love with. For it is women who make men what they are, or what they are not. It is women who mould us, beginning with our mothers. It is women who mould us, especially, as lovers. It is women who make men understand the heart.

"Since we made 'Love Affair,' I have had many letters asking me what are the ingredients which should be in the successful love affair. That is not possible to answer because in every love affair, as in every friendship, in every human relationship, it is the individuals who determine what is there, what color, what tone, whether it is poetry or prose, whether it is passionate, profound, gay.

IF it should happen to be, for instance, a love affair with a very young girl the ingredients, then, would be chivalry, protectiveness, the rendezvous in places suitable for a young girl to go, the pleasures which are simple. If the love affair is with an older woman, herself sophisticated and experienced, the ingredients are entirely different. If the love affair is with a gay and frivolous girl, it is played to the strains of a Strauss waltz. If with a grave and serious girl, one reads the poetry, the philosophy, there are the minor chords. To one woman, one sends the marguerites. To another, the orchids. Books and music to one, jewels to another according to the type, the age. So that one cannot say what are the ingredients for a love affair unless one knows the persons involved.

"I think that in any love affair, it is the woman who tells what the ingredients are to be. Just as in 'Love Affair,' it was the girl, Terry, who made the man, Michel, what he became. The girl, almost always, plays the piper and calls the tune. The man, sooner or later, dances to that tune. Especially in Europe, I think, is it true that the women make the man understand the way of love affairs. In America, I think, the woman teaches the man a little too much. Which is to make him feel more the waiter, the butler, than the lover. When a woman gives an order to a man, like saying, 'Bill, pick up my glove,' Bill picks up the glove but he does not understand from within. Or if the woman waits for the man to allow her to pass out of a door before him, that is not good.

"In Europe, the women do not teach the men, they make him understand the gallantries by making him ashamed of his own gaucheries. In Europe, once, a lovely lady dropped her glove. She did not wait for me to pick it up, she picked it up herself. This made me ashamed of myself so that, the next time, I remembered. In Europe, a woman does not wait for a man to permit her to precede him out of a door, into a car. If he does not do so himself, she will go out of the door after him. But he will never commit the *faux pas* again! In Europe a woman once said to me, 'A friend of mine gave a friend of his something charming —*not on her birthday!*' And this gave me the idea that it is charming to do, for a woman, the unexpected, the graceful, the surprising thing.

"So, little by little, you find yourself doing these charming things. And so, I should say that if there is any one ingredient which one can name for a love affair, it is that we do what we do out of impulse, not because it is 'the thing to do.' And so I say, too, that if I have acquired any dexterity in playing a love affair, on the screen, it is because a lovely lady once dropped her glove and I did not pick it up!

"So it is that all my life, I am in debt to that lady and to her fallen glove. So, all my life, I am in debt to these others I have mentioned, because all my life I must always be paying back these debts with the lessons they have taught me, which are the gifts they have given me."

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE MERLE OBERON'S

you'll find new complexion flattery in MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP



Starring in Alexander Korda's "OVER THE MOON" in technicolor

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, *Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!*

What enchanting new loveliness it brings—this amazing new discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied girls and women of every age and coloring and found that *eye* color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that the color of your eyes is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you!

So whether your eyes are brown, blue, hazel or gray—it's *easy* now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick, keyed to the color of *your* eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, *natural* glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, *long-lasting* color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are *right* for you!



MARVELOUS
MATCHED MAKEUP
Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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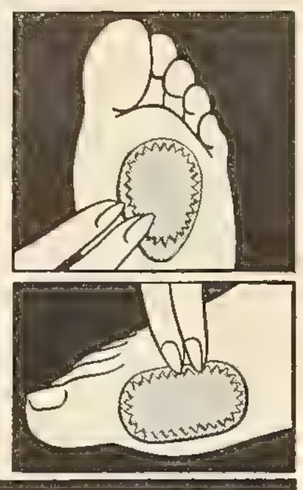
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Try this new sensation in foot relief—New *SUPER-SOFT* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Discover for yourself how speedily they relieve pain of your corns, callouses or bunions; how comfortable they make new or tight shoes; how easily you can keep free of corns, sore toes or blisters this new, scientific way!

These soothing pads of fleecy softness stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. 630% softer than before! Thin SEAL-TIP Edge molds pad to toe. Does not come off in the bath. Separate Graduated *Medications* included for quickly removing corns or callouses. Get a box today! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes.



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Send me your name, address and 3c stamp to cover mailing costs and I'll prove you can QUICKLY clear your skin of blackheads and reduce enlarged pores amazingly. Lovely cream created by one of America's 5 most expensive beauty experts does the work. Contains camphor and special medicinal powders. Even first application removes dust, dirt and make-up embedded in pores for weeks or months. Skin quickly becomes cleaner, softer, smoother. Ask at any drug or department store for Beatrice Mabie's Pore Cream.

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Beatrice Mabie, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me free gift package of your overnight treatment for blackheads and large pores. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover postage.

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Address.....

MODERN ROM. 11-39

SUGAR AND SPICE

(*Continued from page 31*)

proffering jelly and honey. "Oh, honey," oh-ed Olivia. "Just what I adore." And into her mouth she popped an edge of muffin spread with the sweet sticky stuff. I couldn't help thinking when Greek meets Greek.

She talked about her sister, how thrilled she was because that morning, "Louella wrote Joan is being considered for the lead in 'Rebecca'."

She talked about Joan's good friend, composer Alexander Steinert. She admires Steinert's drawing-room poise. "He's at home everywhere. How I envy him!"

It seemed that the very next evening Mr. Steinert planned bringing over a gentleman who had asked to meet Olivia.

"But," her hand quickly covered her mouth. "I guess I shouldn't have said that." With the next breath such coyness was forgotten in order to pump the press agent. She asked him if he knew this gentleman and what did he do.

The press agent spoke kindly. He said the gentleman in question was a personable chap, who had once been married to and since divorced by the heiress to a famous fortune.

"But what does he do?" persisted Olivia.

Remembering that fortune, I said I thought he had done enough. She looked very serious. I spoke again, saying, "I guess it is a problem."

"What?"

"The chance of men chasing you for your money."

IT IS a problem," she echoed. "But it's not only the money. Sometimes they go with you just to meet people or get in places. Hollywood men are so strange. Any other type would seem refreshing to me now. Yet I only meet motion picture people and I only go with them. After all, they do understand my work, especially when I have to leave a party and go to bed early.

"I never get fooled twice," she said. "But I do get fooled in different ways. Do you know I never know when people are kidding me and playing jokes on me."

I wasn't altogether surprised.

"I'm the original easy mark," she said. "Yet I have no patience with gullibility. With all that, only two years ago a boy came to the door saying he was working his way through college and sold me a two dollar subscription to a newspaper I didn't want to read. After I paid him I realized I had no receipt, and of course I never saw the paper.

"But I'd rather be fooled again and again than become so suspicious I don't trust anyone. It's worth being fooled for the few times you're right. Like when I was back in Saratoga, that's where I was raised—I ordered some antiques, and left it all to the lady who sold them to me. She sent everything honestly and perfectly. I furnished the lower floor of our house with them.

"Have you and your sister liked the same men?" I asked.

"Yes, but we never have fallen in love with the same men. And now that Joan's married to Brian Aherne, she's found her permanent romance."

"Then you have been in love?"

"Trapped!" She laughed again. "Yes, twice. Really, four times. But only twice since I've lived in Hollywood. And that's nearly five years now."

Here's the EASY way to natural looking Blondeness



DO YOU sometimes envy other girls whose lovely blonde hair seems to attract men like bees to honey? Do you worry because your own hair is getting darker or looks drab and colorless? Stop envying, stop worrying—let Marchand's make your hair just the way you want it to be! Marchand's will give you radiant, natural-looking blondeness with glamorous new highlights...OVERNIGHT!

Get Marchand's from any drug or department store, or if unobtainable, mail coupon below.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

"Tell me about them. I mean . . . the twice."

"They were completely different. The second man was everything the first one wasn't.

"I was disillusioned, disgusted. No—say disappointed in the first one. He may read this, and I wouldn't want him to be hurt.

"The second will always be my friend. I admire him tremendously."

As to who these men were, Olivia wouldn't say. And whether one was George Brent I couldn't discover. She told me not to believe anything I read about her in the columns.

THE things they write aren't true. And the things I do, never get into print," she added with a would-be air of mystery. She has four more years to go on her Warner Brothers contract.

"Have you a marriage clause?" asked the Goldwyn man.

"No."

"Goldwyn has."

"Oh," said Olivia, mischeviously eyeing me as she must have remembered that loan out to play opposite David Niven in Mr. Goldwyn's 'Raffles'."

"Oh," she repeated. "Then David's out!"

She wouldn't talk any more about marriage except to say that if she did marry she would undoubtedly go on working.

"Otherwise I'd make such a pest of myself trying to boss my husband's business that he'd get sick and tired of me."

She has finished a small part in Warner's Queen Elizabeth picture. She is disappointed they wouldn't let her do "We Are Not Alone."

Having heard about her temper and her studio fights for her rights, I thought this was as good a time as any to ask what she would fight for.

"Nothing," said she. "I just love peace."

What are you going to do with a girl like that. Questioning her is like facing a wall of prune whip.

"But didn't anything annoying ever happen?"

"Once the hairdressers went on strike, and I had to wear a wig and do it myself. It was nearly impossible, but I just laughed it off."

Pollyanna . . . every time.

She has played in six pictures with Errol Flynn.

"So it's no fun anymore. Just a bore. We say good morning and good evening . . . and that's that."

She has just finished "Gone With The Wind" for Selznick. And here I make a prophecy . . . that she runs away with the picture. For little Olivia, who bemoaned to me the strong competition flourishing in Hollywood, got herself what I think is the best role of the year, that of Melanie. *You* can have Scarlett. Melanie dies! And there is nothing like a good death with which to steal a picture. It wins every time.

"It was the first time I died," she said. "I enjoyed it thoroughly. I died for Sidney Howard and George Cukor."

She raved about both gentlemen.

"Howard is amazing. David (that's Selznick) persuaded him to come on the set and show us how to read our lines. As for Cukor, I worship him more than any man in pictures. His taste is admirable. I've only been to his house twice and I wish it were oftener."

She is likably, youthfully proud that her best friend is a Saratoga woman twenty years her senior. She returned to the subject of Joan, how Joan can talk Japanese, and so bowled over a Japanese florist that he completely fell and gave her all the plants in his shop.

2,650 CHILDREN PROVE
THAT VICKS PLAN CUT
COLDS SICKNESS IN HALF

CHILDREN'S sickness from colds reduced 54%—school absences 77%! Sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it? Yet that's what doctors' *certified* reports show Vicks Plan did in clinical tests on 2,650 children. Will it do as much for *your* family this winter? It's easy to find out—just follow a few rules of hygiene and use these two *specialized* medications whenever needed:

WHEN COLDS THREATEN...

Millions of families now use Vicks VA-TRO-NOL to help keep many colds from developing. It is expressly designed for the spot where most colds start—the nasal passages. So easy to use, too—you just put a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle, sneeze or any other sign of nasal irritation. Right away you can feel the tingle as it stimulates Nature's own defenses to *prevent* development of colds. Also great for clearing your nose of stuffiness when you have a miserable head cold.



VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

IF A COLD STRIKES...

All over America, 3 out of 5 mothers depend on this external poultice-and-vapor treatment to *relieve* the coughing, phlegm, irritation, muscular soreness and tightness of a developed cold. There's no needless dosing. You simply massage Vicks VAPORUB on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. It acts swiftly—*2 ways at once:* (1) like a warming, stimulating poultice, while (2) its medicinal vapors are breathed into the air passages. This *direct* action brings comfort and invites restful sleep.



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SEE FULL DIRECTIONS FOR FOLLOWING VICKS PLAN IN ANY VICKS PACKAGE

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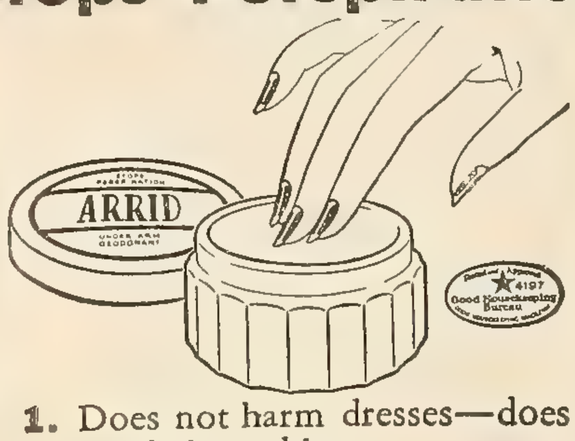


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safely
Stops Perspiration



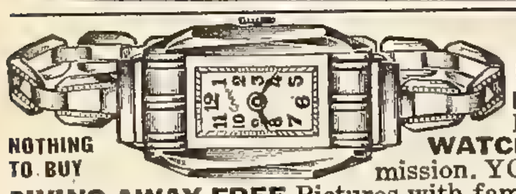
1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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I noticed the press agent looking at his watch, so we wound up the tea, and Olivia drove off in her Ford. I felt I knew as much about her as I had known in the beginning, except for one thing. Meeting her, you can see she has a strain of quality, of good breeding. She has no oomph, but she has something infinitely better and more lasting—caste.

Nevertheless, whether Olivia de Havilland is a little girl, swimming beyond her mental depth, or an astute young lady, playing a clever game, is a question too deep for this interviewer to decide. One fact is certain, in this, the most competitive of all communities, Miss de Havilland was smart enough to get herself some darn good parts.

Anyway, there you have her. As to what she is actually made of? Your guess is just as good as mine.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

SANDY'S ANTIQUE

Private life note on Hollywood's leading glamour girl: Sandy Henville goes in for antiques. The baby thinks the best piece of furniture in the Henville home is her high-chair. And it's the same high-chair that belonged to her mother and her grandmother. When the million-dollar baby was signed to her new contract, Mr. Henville brought home a gayly painted modern version of a high-chair. But such a howl went up from his daughter that the antique was hastily brought from the garage.

NOW, MR. MEEK!

Maybe you think every name in Hollywood is made up to suit its owner—or his studio. But Donald Meek's name, believe it or not, is his very own. His father was Mathew Meek, the famous Scottish artist, if further proof is wanted. But we're not so sure of the authenticity of the following, even though Mr. Meek himself told it to us on the set of "The Housekeeper's Daughter." He said in his younger days he was engaged to marry a girl named Mabel Milde.

MARLENE'S MARRIAGE

Marlene Dietrich's Viennese secretary tells us that there's nothing to the rumor that Marlene has divorce plans under way. Rudolph Seiber will continue making his home in Paris, which he likes better than any other place on earth. And if his wife wants to make her permanent home in Hollywood, now that she is an American citizen, he has no objections. "They're very much in love," says the secretary. "One of those cases where absence really makes the heart grow fonder?"

DICK AND JOAN

The Dick Powells have only one dissimilarity in tastes and that's their feeling toward Dick's yacht. Every year Joan has made the supreme sacrifice and gone for a two-week cruise with Dick, since she believes a good wife is always sympathetic with her husband's hobbies—no matter how obnoxious. This year she hit on a happy solution to the problem by renting a cottage on the shore of Catalina Island, right alongside the Yacht Club. Her two weeks' boating was confined to taking her husband back and forth every day to his yacht via rowboat.

WHY SOME HAIR "STAYS PUT"



• Is your hair all limp, flat and droopy after a home shampoo? Even when you spend more for a permanent than you think you should, does your hair seem dry, wiry, and more stubborn to put up than before? It seems tragic now . . . but please don't give up hope! This week try a new easy to use, home shampoo called Admiracion Oil Shampoo. A single application and dirt, perspiration and dust are thoroughly washed away. The dulling film that mars otherwise naturally pretty hair goes. The sparkle and glory that's hidden in your hair is yours with practically no effort on your part. Ask your druggist today for Admiracion Oil Shampoo. There are two types . . . "no-lather" in the *red* carton and "lathering" in the *green* carton. Money back if this new shampoo isn't the perfect short-cut to a lovely, easily managed coiffure. Admiracion Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

"UNCORK" YOUR CORN *THIS EASY WAY*



NOW IT'S easy to remove painful corns. Put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. Felt pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted out. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—only 25¢ for 6.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and non-systemic and non-organic Kidney and Bladder troubles may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription **Cystex** helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of **Cystex** may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try **Cystex** under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. **Cystex** costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

DID YOU KNOW?

That big-hearted Dick Powell was so impressed with the new sweetheart song "May I Speak My Heart" that Marjorie Weaver and her stand-in Judy Parks wrote for the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity that he made a transcription recording for the collegians at his own expense, and donated it to the U. S. C. chapter to make copies for other Pi Kaps? . . . That Janet Gaynor is the envy of every glamor girl because one family argument won't be her fault from now on? Not with Adrian in complete charge of what the Missus wears. . . . That Maxie Rosenbloom always insists that his name be embroidered on his handkerchiefs? . . . That Lana Turner not only drives a car that's painted to match her red hair, but has living room rugs and drapes to match. . . . That former stars, Jack Mulhall and Leatrice Joy, both have roles in Deanna Durbin's new picture "First Love?" . . . That Hugh Herbert went to the premiere of "When Tomorrow Comes," and got the biggest reception from the fans as he walked up the foyer? Some of the town's most important stars joined the crowd in calling "woo woo" to him . . . That it takes Perc Westmore three hours every day to make Charles Laughton up as the Hunchback of Notre Dame? . . . That Ronald Reagan is teaching Jane Wyman how to play golf? . . . That Paul Muni is doing his own violin playing for "We Are Not Alone?" He learned how to play when he was a small boy. . . . That the Lava Lava Dorothy Lamour wears in "Typhoon" is even more abbreviated than her usual sarong? . . . That Joan Bennett's hair is its natural color when she appears as a brunette? . . . That the telephone in Garbo's dressing room on the lot is equipped with chimes? . . . That Universal is extremely perplexed about what to do with requests for Baby Sandy's autographed pictures? She won't know how to scrawl her name for years. . . . That Myrna Loy's favorite recording which she plays between scenes is Mozart's "Magic Flute?" . . .



"Knit two, purl two, drop two," counts Rosalind Russell, who's busy with the needles on "The Women" set.

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HAND CREAM



Harsh weather, frequent washings and household tasks rob the hands of vital skin oils—leave them rough, raw, dry and chapped. Mystic Cream overcomes the damage—makes rough red hands soft, smooth and white.

Mystic is a pure white cream, acts quickly, vanishes at once, and is not the least bit sticky or greasy. Sold at drug, department and ten cent stores everywhere . . . 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ sizes.



MYSTIC Cream

FAMOUS FOR HANDS

Convince yourself! Send for FREE trial size to Mystic, Jersey City, N. J.



Love's picture of You

Thrilling things happen to a girl who is always fragrantly lovely. That's why so many of this season's glamour girls use Blue Waltz Perfume. Its magic, intoxicating fragrance invites romance. Just try it and see! Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics are only 10c each at 5c and 10c stores.

Blue Waltz

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NO DULL, DRAB HAIR

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5 rinses 25¢ at drug and department stores. 2 rinse size at 10¢ stores.

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the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

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Please send me Willems Eyebrow Balm. I enclose 10c (Canada 15c).

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Address.....

ROMANCING AROUND

Franchot Tone has been taking Loretta Young to previews and night clubs. She's one of Joan Crawford's best friends, which may mean that Joan still has an eye on her ex-husband . . . the town's newest singing star, pretty Mary Healy, has Ken Murray running in circles. He says it's really love on his part, but she's not so smitten . . . the Allan Joneses recently celebrated their third wedding anniversary . . . Jack Oakie and Venita Varden are holding hands all over town and telling everybody how happy they are . . . the odds are in favor of a Natalie Draper-Tom Brown reconciliation before their divorce becomes final. Both are unhappy over the split . . . Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund still aren't making any marriage announcements, but it won't be a surprise when they do say they're married . . . Marjorie Weaver is dating Shipwreck Kelly, and says he's "more fun" . . . don't get confused over those photographs of Lucille Ball and Orson Welles at previews and the Troc. It was all for publicity, for she's still madly in love with Director Al Hall . . . Ann Sothern's happiness is secure and complete now. Hubby Roger Pryor, who gave up his dance band to be near her, is the master of ceremonies for the "Screen Guild Theater" for the entire winter season and will stay by her side . . . Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are still devoted in spite of all the romance rumors connecting her name with Wooly Donahue . . . Olivia de Haviland is surprising everybody with her about-face into romance. Always so shy and hesitant about being seen at nightspots, the fair Olivia during one week was spotted at popular clubs with three different swains, namely Howard Hughes, Bob Ritchie and Pat de Cicco . . . and Sister Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne are soooooooo happy.

SHORT SHOTS:

Guess who's the best whistler in Hollywood? None other than Garbo, and she's that proud of her talent. . . . Jane Withers' mother says she hates to do it, but tourists have swarmed all over the family estate ruining flowers and lawns so much that a fence has become a necessity. . . . M-G-M talked Greer Garson into bobbing her beautiful red curls for her new picture, in spite of her mother's strong arguments against it. Unhappily her mother salvaged the shorn curls which will be added to an earlier collection —from the head of baby Greer. . . . Over at 20th Century-Fox the situation was reversed. Henry Fonda hadn't had a hair cut in nine months and was getting pretty well fed up with it. He took Wifie Frances off to the Troc to celebrate when the barber finally finished. . . . Rumors from Norway are that Sonja Henie has gained weight and will have to go on a strict diet immediately upon her return to picture working. . . .

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.



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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you *must* change to new shoes often.
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WEE WALKERS for the *wee* walker



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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. 109, Detroit, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Isabel Jewell gained ten pounds while in Idaho for "Northwest Passage" location, but she's one star who doesn't reduce. Her problem is keeping any weight she can gain. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond entertained Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz at a garden tea party when Lily sang at Hollywood Bowl, but nobody paid any attention to the guests of honor. Jenny's luscious sunburn held the spotlight the entire afternoon.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP:

Jack and Mary Benny driving by on their way to NBC and rehearsals for their fall radio season. . . . Cliff Edwards wearing a hat while he eats his lunch at Tobey's Drug Store. And him with a new hair-growing salon, too. . . . Lucille Ball trailing an ankle-length white fox coat as she enters Cafe Lamaze with Orson Welles, the town's current spine-chiller. She's been delegated by the studio to show him the town. . . . Solemn faced Sidney Toler, dressed in blue denim overalls, quietly munching on a piece of toast while he thumbs through the movie magazines at his favorite drug store. . . . Mickey Rooney out for a drive in the night air with his pal, Judy Garland, both all dressed up but afraid to drop in at a night club because they have to work early the next day.

JUDY'S GENEROUS

Judy Garland's long been the dream girl of the college boys. And now Judy's proved that she has their interests at heart, too. She's solved that expensive business of corsages for them. U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. students can get attractive flowers for their girls for the sum of twenty-five cents. Those two bits will pay for an attractive corsage of sweet peas and roses from the Garland Flower Shop.

FASHION SHOW

The bridal shower given by Anne Shirley in honor of Mrs. Duke Daly (Paula Stone) turned out to be a fall fashion show. The guests wore their newest and best, with Joan Bennett's chapeau getting the most attention. It was a red and black bandana hat, for all the world like the southern mammies wear. But with the difference that Lily Dache had designed it for Joan and sent it to her that morning, via the airways, so she could spring it on the party.

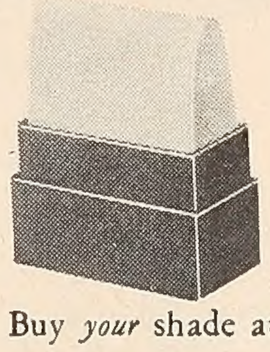


Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye, those talented big-mouths, tear off a torch tune just for exercise.



Now you can double-dare the harshest daylight or evening spot-light to show a trace of line, freckle or blemish. Look lovelier than you ever dreamed—by using the new POWD'R$_x$-BASE stick.

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TOUCH UP Gray HAIR

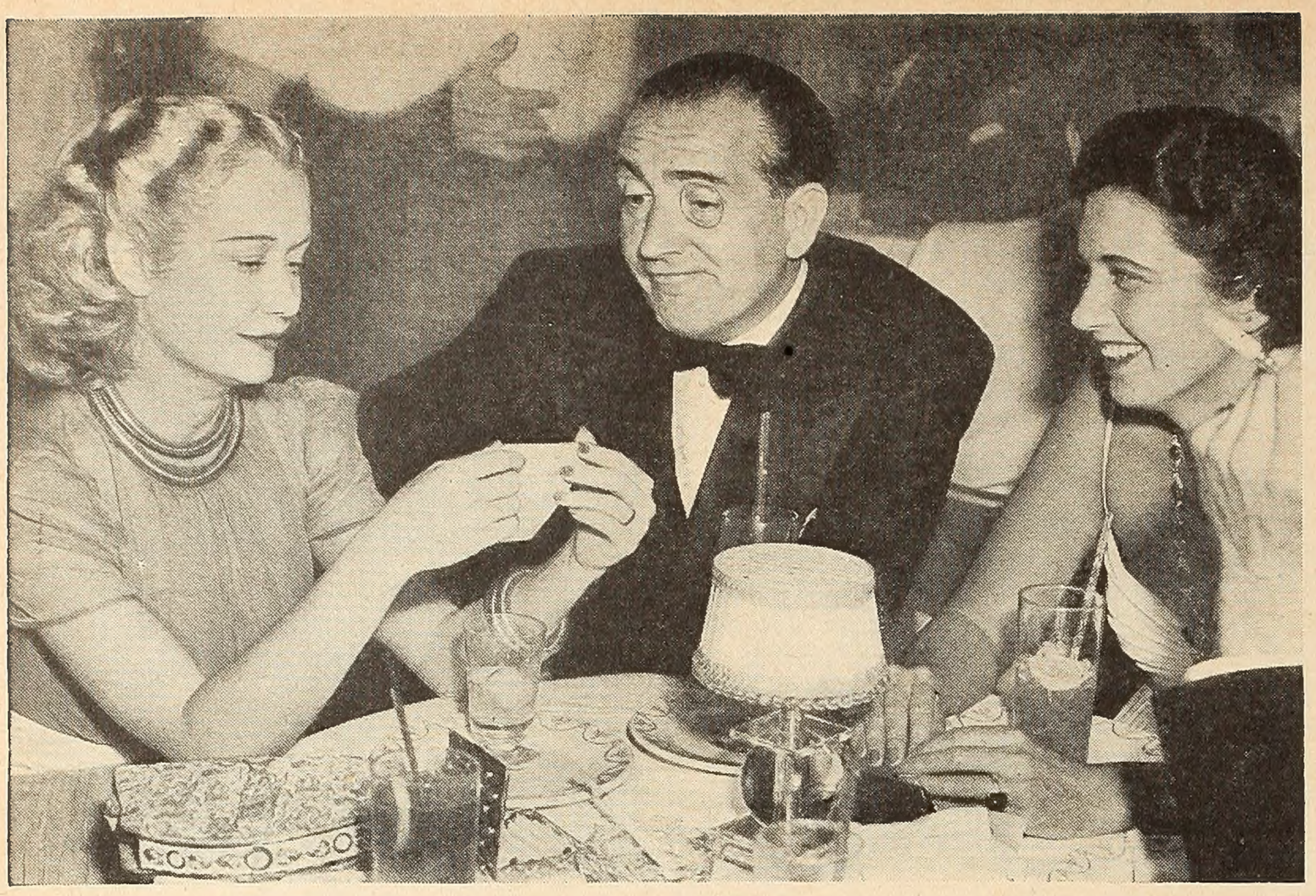


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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR



Miriam Hopkins, Fritz Lang and Kay Francis at the Troc. Note Miriam's novelty necklace and bracelets.

IN LOVE AGAIN

Mickey Rooney has it oh, so bad, for a Pasadena deb, Jeanie Swaisgood. The pretty blonde has taken his heart completely away from Dolly Taylor, the glamorous little Abbott dancer, and the pictures plastered all over the Rooney dressing-room on the lot are of Jeanie. Her portrait has the place of honor on the grand piano in his home. Mickey's admitted to intimates that his intentions are matrimonial, but what chance has a guy got on a fifteen dollar a week allowance?

MR. THIN MAN, JR.

They're having troubles on the set of "Another Thin Man." The studio spent weeks interviewing babies for the role of Mr. Thin Man, Jr., in order to find one with a supremely bored look to match that of Thin Man William Powell. At last William Anthony Poulsen's mother brought him over. William Anthony looked Director Van Dyke and the studio over with such a disinterested eye that he was signed on the spot. The studio was jubilant, until the first day of shooting when Bill Powell put in his appearance. The moment the baby laid eyes on the actor he broke into a wide grin. Van Dyke's now having double trouble for neither Powell nor the baby can disguise how charmed they are by one another.

MYRNA'S GIFTS

Every evening members of the cast and crew of "Another Thin Man" go home loaded down with flowers from Myrna Loy's garden. The star arrives at the studio in the morning with pails full of the flowers which she gathers at six a.m. The buckets are left in her station wagon until the day's work is done, with the posies immersed in water, and then distributed among her friends. The Loy garden is one in town that wasn't dreamed up by a press agent. The star herself did the dreaming and then made it come true by hours of hard work every single day.

HOORAY FOR LIONEL

Good news for the Lionel Barrymore fans. The actor has improved so greatly in the last few months that he no longer needs to stay in his wheel-chair. In the "Secret of Dr. Kildare," you'll see Barrymore walking around in several scenes. On the set he is surrounded by maps on which are traced all the best trout fishing streams in the state. "Maybe I'm getting too optimistic," the actor said, "but I'm planning to take in at least ten of these streams as soon as this picture is finished." For the last few years, Barrymore has had to confine his fishing activities to a stream that runs across his property which he's stocked yearly. No wonder there's that glow in the Barrymore eye when he talks about fishing somewhere else besides his own backyard!

TCH, TITLE CHANGE!

The preview of "Stanley and Livingstone" brought out the largest crowd in cinema history. At the last minute an extra corps of policemen had to be called, for the regular number of guardians of the law couldn't hold the crowds back. A siren suddenly screamed and when the car drew up at the curb, a special deputy from the Chief of Police office stepped out. "Unless you folks control yourself," he bawled out, "nobody'll get a chance to see "Zanuck and Livingstone!"

THOSE MUNCHKINS!

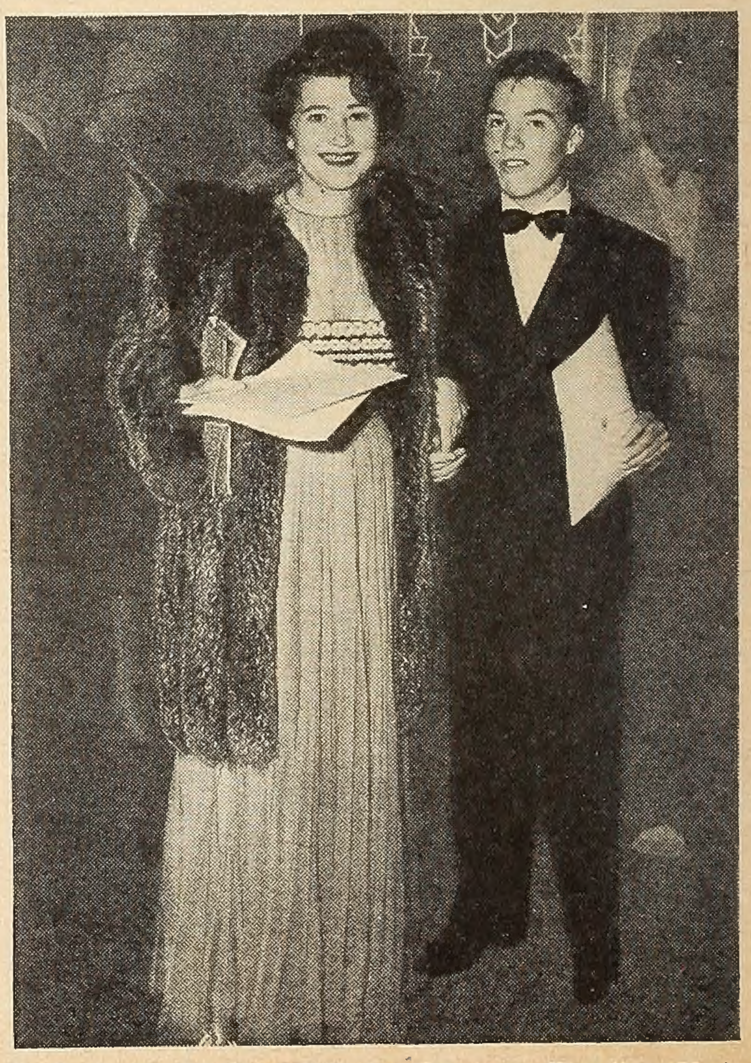
The premiere of "Wizard of Oz" was a high spot in the youngest movie set. Harold Lloyd arrived with a pretty daughter on each arm, Eddie Cantor brought his youngest daughter and Joan Bennett had Diane and Melinda along with her. It took all Joan's persuasion to get Melinda, the five-year-old, into the theatre to see the picture. She was too fascinated with the live dolls out in front. The "dolls" were the Singer Midgets who showed up en masse to see how they looked as the Munchkins in the picture.

THE LUCKY TAYLORS

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck haven't been seen around the night spots for the last few weeks. Their undivided attention is being given to their respective pictures and all social activities have been barred. Reason for the conscientious attention to their careers is that the Taylors don't want a single scene to go wrong, that may call for retakes. For plans are all made to plane out of town the day that Barbara's picture, "Remember the Night" and Taylor's "Remember" is finished. From New York they hop a boat to France. And from then on the Taylors are going to fade out of the news, for they'll do Europe on bicycles. If, of course, things abroad are calm.



Joan Crawford and Charles Martin have evidently kissed and made up, for here they are together again.



The very handsome young man with Fay Bainter, far right, is her son, Reggie Venable. Are *they* proud!

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Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.



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Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

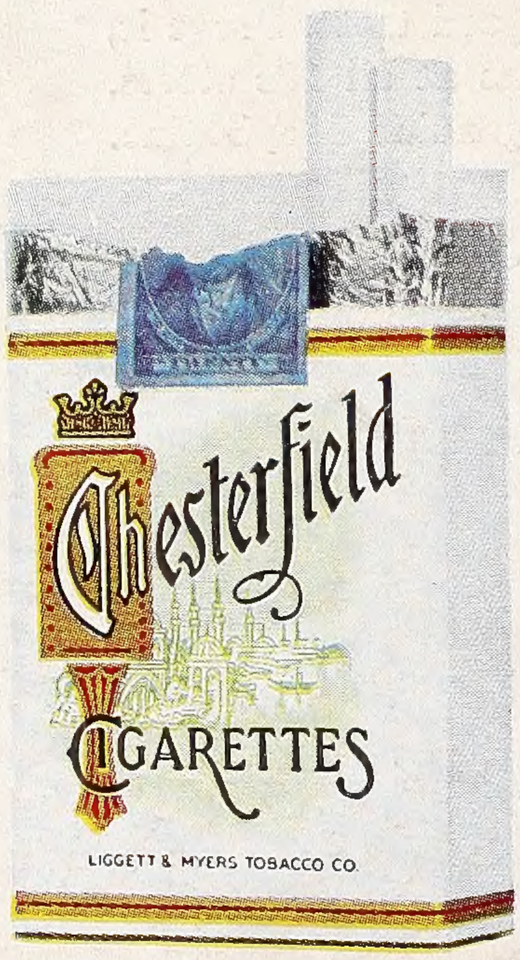
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